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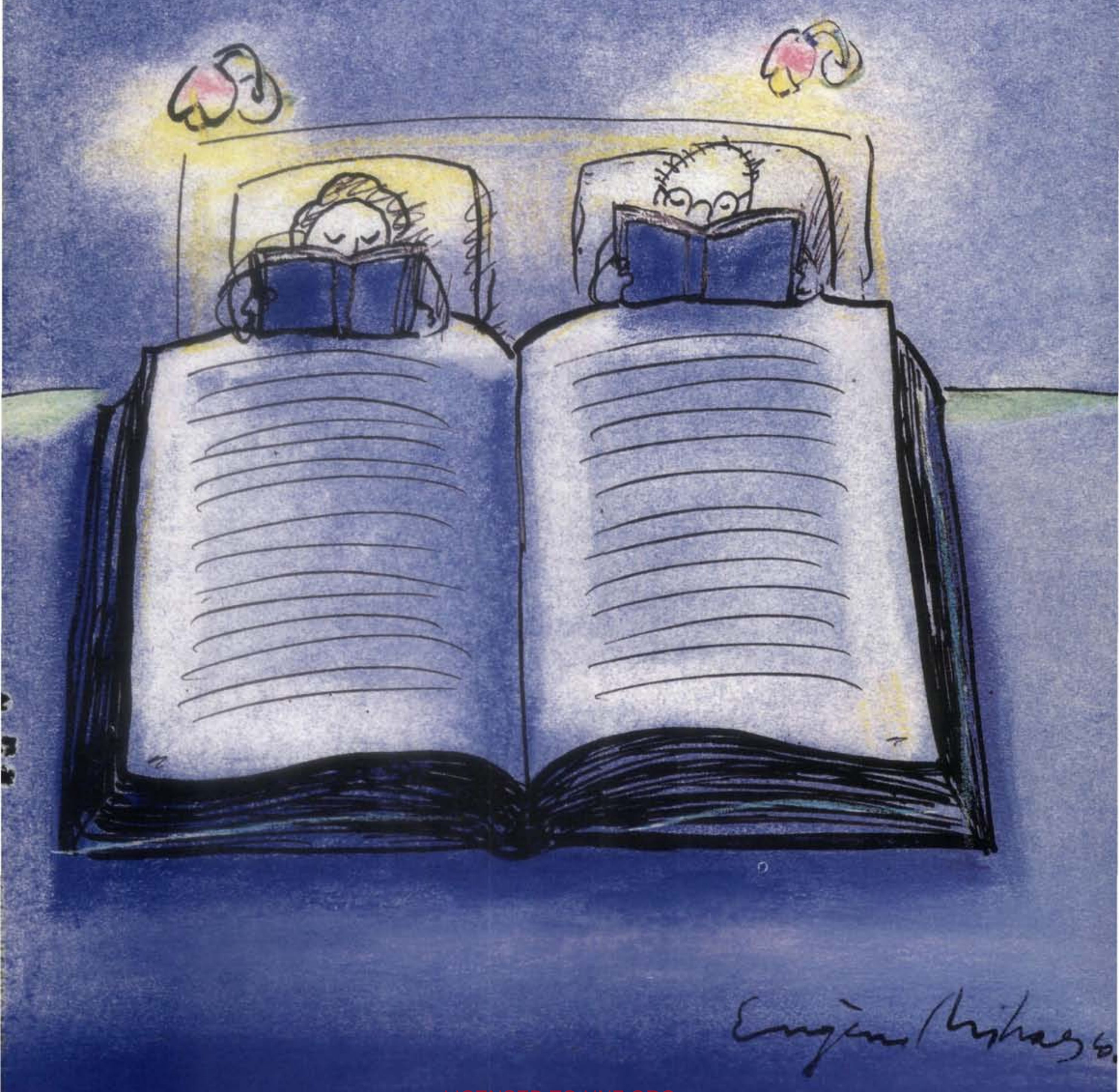

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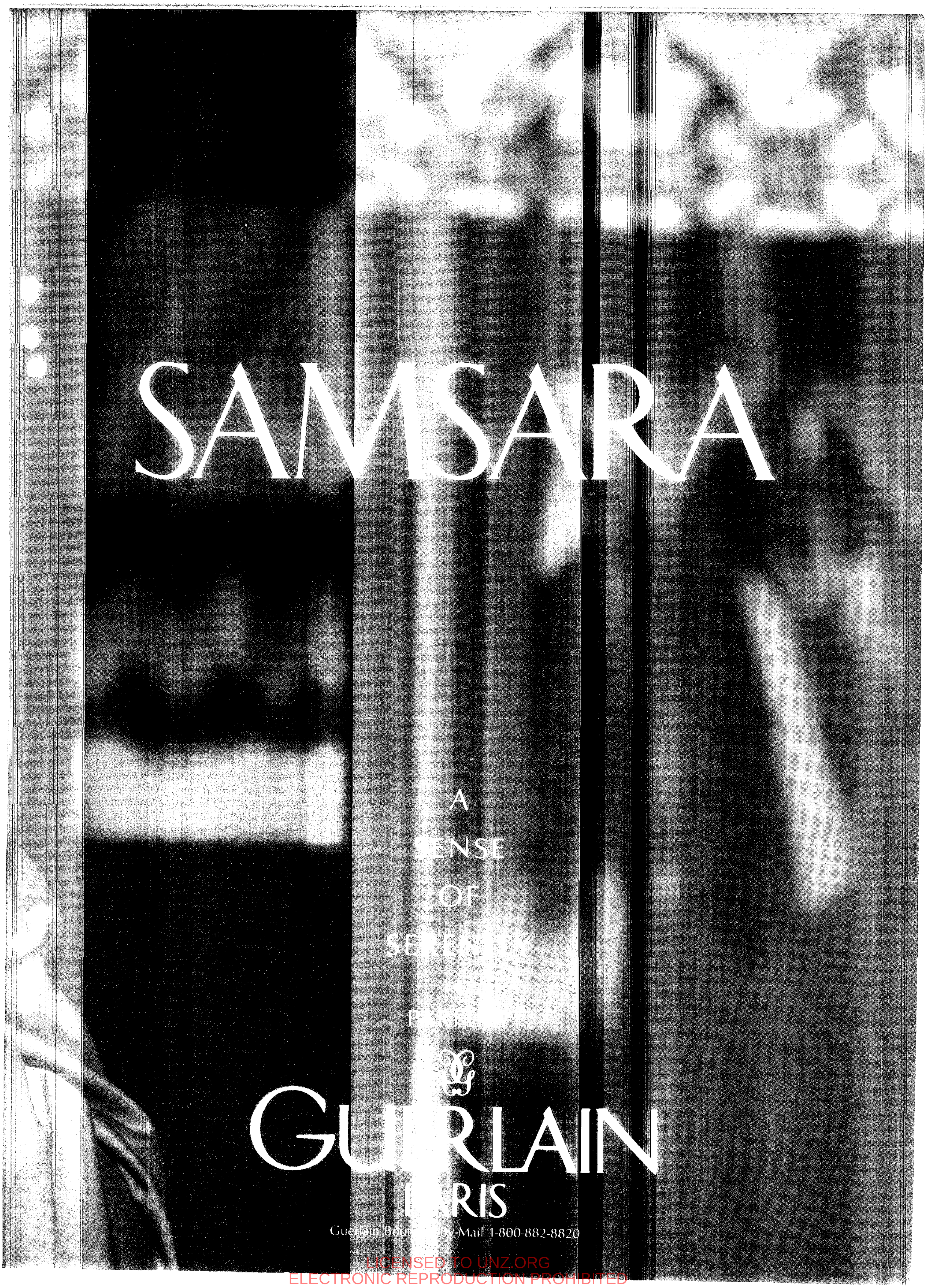
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TABLE OF CONTENTS

DECEMBER 3, 1990

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 4
THE TALK OF THE TOWN 37
"TRISTAN AND ISEULT" . . . . *John Updike* 42
"AT WHOM THE DOG BARKS" . . . . *Lore Segal* 44
"ST. NICHOLAS" (POEM) . . . . *Karl Kirchwey* 46
THE SPORTING SCENE (BASEBALL) . . . . *Roger Angell* 50
"SCULPTURE GARDEN" (POEM) . . . . *Mark Levine* 52
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR MEN AND WOMEN) 134
(AND CLOTHES FOR CHILDREN) 156
THE THEATRE . . . . *Edith Oliver, Mimi Kramer* 162
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 164
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Terrence Rafferty* 170
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON . . . . *Elizabeth Drew* 174
BOOKS . . . . *John Newhouse* 188

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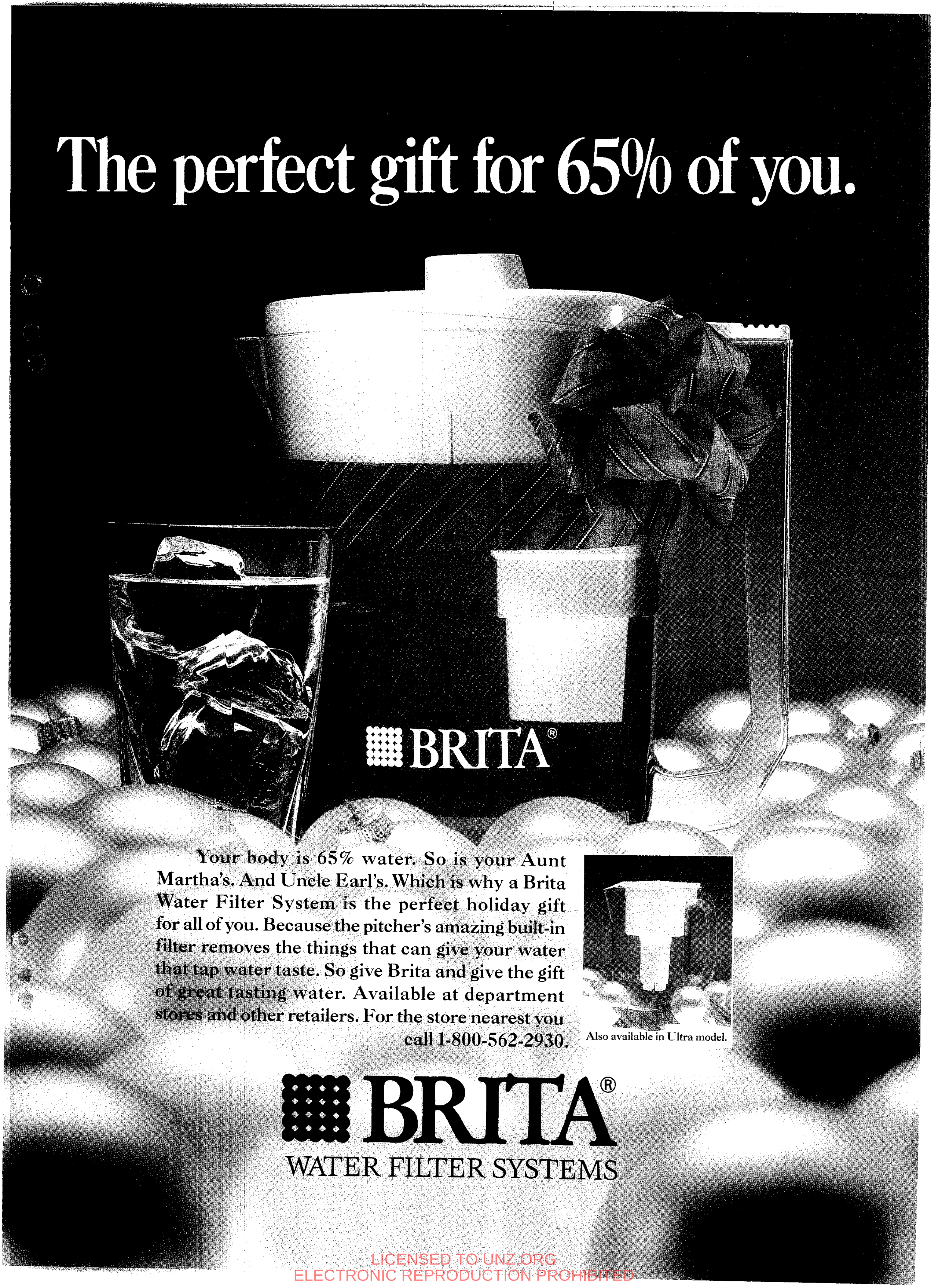

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

THERE'S been a rash of actors returning to roles on Broadway lately. Stockard Channing has resumed performances in "Six Degrees of Separation," for example. And Topol's back, on the stage this time, in "Fiddler on the Roof." Less heralded but no less noteworthy is the case of David Carroll. On December 3, Mr. Carroll will check back into "Grand Hotel," after a six-month absence from his role as the Baron Felix Von Gaigern. He won't be the same impoverished aristocrat, however. For one thing, the mustache he previously sported for the part will be gone. "It got me pneumonia," he joked to us pluckily the other day, referring to the illness that caused him to bow out of the show last spring. He won't be wearing a wig again, either—"I can't believe what women have to go through with this stuff." Other changes will be less cosmetic. "When we were trying the thing out last year in Boston the character became too arch. And we were under all the usual pressures of bringing a show in. I want the character to be more fun-loving this time." To the objection that the Baron, at least as millions know him from the 1932 film "Grand Hotel," should not be completely devoid of Weltschmerz, Mr. Carroll counters, "The musical is based on the Vicki Baum book, not on the movie."

That Mr. Carroll has been able to focus on the part at all is a marvel, given his recent schedule. There's the "Best of Broadway" show he'll be touring off and on with the singer Judy Kaye, and the album he's putting together with dab hands Wally Harper (arranger) and Peter Matz (orchestrator), and his preliminary stint with "The Secret Garden," the Marsha Norman–Lucy Simon project slated for New York in the spring. And he almost forgot about his work on "Girl Crazy," a new recorded version of the Gershwins' 1930 musical. The near-lapse is understandable: "It was a quick in-and-out last winter, with little rehearsal. We all knew the songs already in our heart of hearts." Speaking of rehearsals, is Mr. Carroll back in touch yet with the physical rigors of "Grand Hotel"? "It's funny," he replies. "So much has been made of the Baron's derring-do, of his death-defying leap into space. But climbing the set's monkey bars is nothing like having to hit a high A at the end of a song every night."

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

The Big Funk—A new play written and directed by John Patrick Shanley. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

The Caucasian Chalk Circle—Brecht's play, adapted by Thulani Davis from a translation by William Spiegelberger and directed by George C. Wolfe. With Charlayne Woodard, Reggie Montgomery, Novella Nelson, and Kevin Jackson, among others. Previews through Dec. 1. Opens Dec. 2 at 8. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

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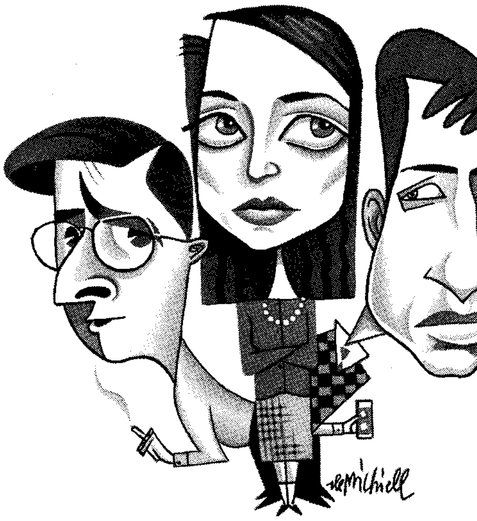
The Fever—A one-man play written by, and starring, Wallace Shawn. Preview on Nov. 27. Opens Nov. 28 at 7:30, and runs through Dec. 1. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

I Stand Before You Naked—A new play by Joyce Carol Oates. In previews. (American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074.)

Lake No Bottom—A new play by Michael Weller, with Daniel Davis, Robert Knepper, and Marsha Mason. Previews Nov. 27-28. Opens Nov. 29 at 8. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)



Judd Nelson, Justine Bateman, and Jon Cryer in "Carnal Knowledge"

Love and Anger—A comedy by the Canadian playwright George F. Walker. Previews Nov. 23-Dec. 2. Opens Dec. 4 at 8, and will run through Jan. 6. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 279-4200.)

The Lunatic, the Lover & the Poet—Brian Bedford's one-man Shakespeare show. Opens Nov. 28 at 8, and runs through Dec. 16. (Mazur Theatre, 555 E. 90th St. 534-5366.)

Romeo and Juliet—Robert Sean Leonard and Gerit Quealy star in this Riverside Shakespeare Company production, directed by Charles Keating. Previews begin Nov. 30. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

Township Fever—Mbongeni Ngema's new South African musical. In previews. (Majestic, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-4100.)

Village Light Opera Group—Presenting a brief engagement of Gilbert and Sullivan's **IOLANTHE.** Opens Dec. 1 at 8, and runs through Dec. 9. (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. 279-4200.)

RECENTLY OPENED

Aspects of Love—Andrew Lloyd Webber's latest extravaganza, based on David Garnett's frail 1955 novel of the same title, aspires to good taste and sophistication (it's about artists and theatre *folk rather than cats or* trains) but ends up being a monument to vulgarity. The combination of Garnett's triviality and Lloyd Webber's pretentiousness produces something so empty it implodes. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/23/90.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Buddy: The Buddy Holly Story—Anyone who thinks that rock and roll lives had better steer clear of this ersatz docu-musical about the life of Buddy Holly. (11/19/90) (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Camille, A Tearjerker—Everett Quinton and the late Charles Ludlam are both at their best in this revival of Mr. Ludlam's 1973 spoof, which gives Mr. Quinton a chance to "play the whore" on a grand scale. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, 1 Sheridan Square. 691-2271.)

Carnal Knowledge—Jules Feiffer's play, which was made into the 1971 movie. The cast includes Justine Bateman, Jon Cryer, and Judd Nelson. Directed by Martin Charnin. (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

Daugherty & Field Off-Broadway—The cabaret team of Bill Daugherty and Robin Field in a limited engagement. (Double Image Theatre, 15 Vandam St. 924-1120. Closes Dec. 9.)

Falsettoland—This latest installment of a three-part cantata by William Finn (music and lyrics) is a sequel to "In Trousers" and "March of the Falsettos." Mr. Finn's story presents a number of new elements (among them a bar mitzvah in the hospital room of a man who is dying of AIDS) before dissolving in its own syrup. The music sounds agreeable enough, and the performance goes smoothly, under the direction of James Lapine. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Topol heads the cast in [illegible] revival of the 1964 musical by Joseph Stein (book), Jerry Bock (score), and Sheldon Harnick (lyrics). Direction based on Jerome Robbins' original. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510.)

Forever Plaid—Stuart Moss's loving, tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. The performances of Jason Graae, Stan Chandler, David Engel, and Guy Stroman (as the Plaids, a close-harmony group snuffed out in the prime of life and brought back to earth for a single evening) are so deadpan, and the songs (arranged by James Raitt) are rendered at such a heightened pitch of musical good faith, that only from Ross's script and choreography would you know the thing is a parody. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.)

Grotesque Love Songs—A play by Don Nigro, with Felicity Huffman and Chad Lowe. Directed by Kenneth Elliott. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

Jackie Mason: Brand New—The comedian brings his one-man show to Broadway again. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

Jean Cocteau Repertory—Presenting two plays in rotating repertory: Ibsen's **WHEN WE DEAD AWAKEN** and Cocteau's **INFERNAL MACHINE.** (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

King Lear—Hal Holbrook has the title role in this production of Shakespeare's tragedy, which was directed by Gerald Freedman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Closes Dec. 9.)

Lettice & Lovage—The marvellous Maggie Smith plays Lettice Douffet, a freewheeling guide to England's stately homes, and the elegant Margaret Tyzack plays a reprimanding envoy sent by Lettice's employers, in Peter Shaffer's merry comedy about an unlikely friendship and other matters. Paxton Whitehead and Bette Henritze are effective in supporting roles. Michael Blakemore was the director. (4/9/90) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Lucky Come Hawaii—A play by Jon Shirota, presented by the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Closes Dec. 1.)

Major Barbara—Shaw's comedy, directed by *Anthony Cornish.* With Robin Leslie Brown and Frank Geraci. (Pearl Theatre, 125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708. Closes Dec. 8.)

The March on Russia—Bethel Leslie and John Carpenter in a play by David Storey. (Chelsea Stage, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Closes Dec. 2.)

The Miser—This tiresome, simpleminded, infantile *revival of the* Molière *classic* is an almost total washout saved from ignominy only by a dashing comic turn by John Christopher Jones. The director, Stephen Porter, would seem to have found for the divine Philip Bosco a part he can do nothing with. (10/29/90) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

Monster in a Box—*Spalding Gray's latest* autobiographical monologue. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

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THE THEATRE—Cont'd

Oh, Kay!—A joyous revival of a musical originally done here in 1926, this time with an all-black (all-gifted) company. The score, by George Gershwin, with lyrics by Ira Gershwin, and the singing and nimble dancing of the whole company are so glorious that they nearly compensate for the damnable din of amplification. With Brian Mitchell and Angela Teek as the romantic leads, and with fleet-footed Gregg Burge, Kevin Ramsey, and Stanley Wayne Mathis as the principal dancers. (11/12/90) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)

Once on This Island—A musical by Lynn Ahrens (book and lyrics) and Stephen Flaherty (score), which is based on Rosa Guy's 1985 novel, "My Love, My Love." (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

The Piano Lesson—August Wilson's newest drama, the fourth in his series chronicling the black-American experience in the twentieth century, is set in Pittsburgh, in 1936. In its exquisite writing and over-all structure (involving the conflict over a piano that figures hauntingly and intricately in one family's history) the play resembles "Joe Turner's Come and Gone" more than "Fences." Wilson takes refuge in an overly mystical and melodramatic ending, but there are some great scenes—even if the subtle ensemble acting in Lloyd Richards' production is thrown out of balance by an excessive performance by Charles S. Dutton. (4/30/90) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022.)

The Playboy of the Western World—John Millington Synge's play, presented by the Irish Repertory Theatre. With Patrick Fitzgerald and Madeleine Potter. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes Dec. 2.)

Prelude to a Kiss—Craig Lucas's entertaining romantic comedy slips into fantasy when an old man kisses a bride at her wedding. Barnard Hughes is the old man, Ashley Crow is the bride, and John Dossett is the groom. (3/26/90) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.)

Remembrance—Aideen O'Kelly and Malachy McCourt in the New York première of a play by Graham Reid. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318.)

Shadowlands—William Nicholson's vulgar stage adaptation of the beautiful television film that he wrote for the BBC about C. S. Lewis is essentially a tourist trap. It Broadwayizes everything that, in the movie, was subtle or sincere. Directed by Elijah Moshinsky, with Nigel Hawthorne and Jane Alexander. (11/26/90) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099.)

Shogun: The Musical—Based on the novel by James Clavell. John Driver wrote the book and the lyrics, and Paul Chihara the score. With June Angela, Philip Casnoff, and Francis Ruivivar. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102.)

Six Degrees of Separation—You're best off knowing nothing about the new John Guare play other than that it represents a perfect meeting of the playwright, director Jerry Zaks, and actress Stockard Channing. Out of a true story—one apparently about celebrity and Good Samaritanism—Guare has fashioned a wistful comedy about race, class, money, imagination, collective conscience, individual psyche, and the impulse toward art. What more do you want? (6/25/90) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

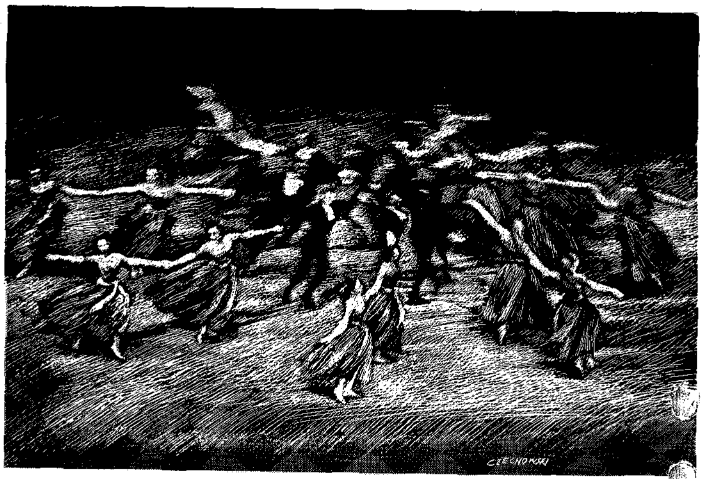
Smoke on the Mountain—This loving satire of old-time gospel music, set in 1938, is perfectly delightful. Written by Connie Ray (who also performs, along with six other versatile actor-musicians), it re-creates a Saturday-night service at a small church in rural North Carolina, where a family of more or less devout gospel singers have been invited to appear. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

Subfertile—A play by and with Tom Mardirosian. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes Dec. 2.)

The Sum of Us—David Stevens' poignant comedy about how hard it is for parents and children to break free of each other (particularly if they get on too well) is set in present-day Australia. Depending on how you look at it, the play is either very dear and rather flawed or rather dear and very flawed; but cast and direction are both excellent, and Tony Goldwyn is electrifying as a young homosexual who wishes his father weren't quite so laid back about his homosexuality. (11/5/90) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

LONG RUNS

Black and Blue: An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while La Vern Baker, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.) . . . **Cats:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **City of Angels:** Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; James Naughton and Gregg Edelman, leading men; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. The plot concerns the making of a private-eye movie (and the unmaking of its author). The spectacular setting and costumes were designed by Robin Wagner and Florence Klotz and lighted by Paul Gallo. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.) . . . **The Fantasticks:** The longest-running long run celebrated its thirtieth birthday last May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **A Few Good Men:** "Mister Roberts" meets "The Mary Tyler Moore Show." Aaron Sorkin's military courtroom drama treats issues such as justice, honor, loyalty, and morality with the slick, facile smugness of a half-hour comedy series. Directed by Don Scardino. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **Forbidden Broadway 1990:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **Grand Hotel:** The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show, but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.) . . . **Gypsy:** This revival of the great Sondheim-Styne-Laurents-Robbins musical (directed by Arthur Laurents himself) is so delightful that we think anyone would be happier for having seen it. One suggestion: don't applaud when Mama Rose comes down the aisle (you'll drown out the first number). With Linda Lavin. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.) . . . **Les Misérables:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **Nunsense:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **Other People's Money:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York corporate raider's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **The Phantom of the Opera:** This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

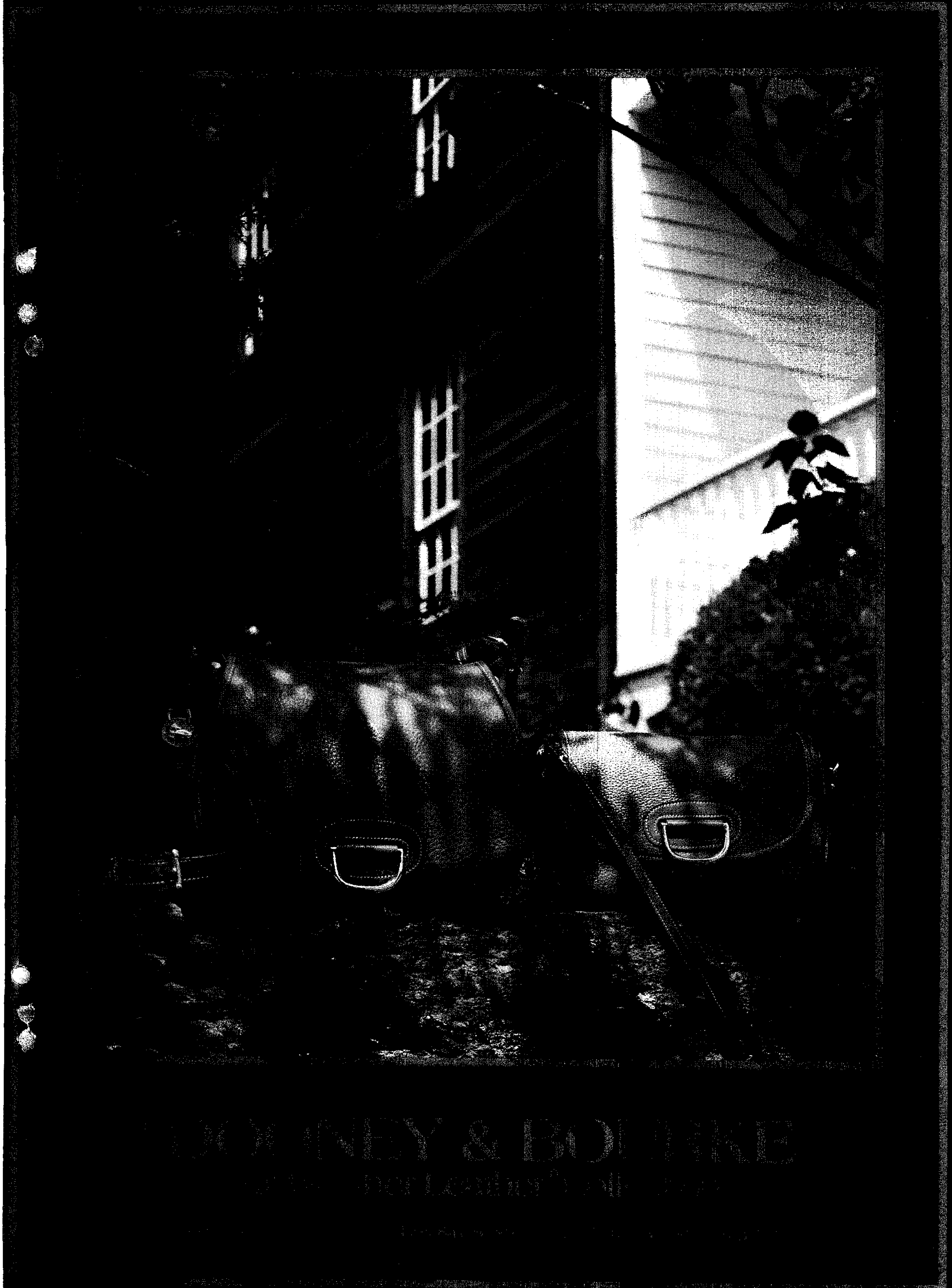


"La Valse"

DANCE

As Harold C. Schonberg tells the story, the first time Maurice Ravel unsuccessfully competed for the Prix de Rome, he played a joke on the jury by setting a stuffy text for a cantata to music largely in waltz time. "M. Ravel should not think he can ridicule us," the jury foamed. "M. Ravel may well consider us flatfooted pedants, but he will not go unpunished for taking us for imbeciles." The jury was tasteless but it wasn't dumb. Much of Ravel's music has a dance quality so knowing that it seems an expression of intelligence. Debussy railed against its "artificial Americanisms"; Stravinsky called Ravel "a Swiss watchmaker"; Diaghilev envisioned magic.

Ravel's "La Valse," subtitled "a choreographic poem," was composed for Diaghilev in 1920. Although Diaghilev paid for the piece, he never produced it on the stage, considering it undanceable. (Schonberg notes that Ravel was so hurt by the rejection that when the two men met for the last time, in 1925, Ravel refused to shake hands, leading Diaghilev to challenge him to a duel—never fought.) But later choreographers have seen the possibilities in "La Valse." Balanchine had worked with Ravel on "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges" for Diaghilev in 1925; in "La Valse," which he appended to the eight "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales," he discovered a theatrical masterpiece. Ravel's original title for "La Valse" was "Wien" (Vienna), and he said it was "a kind of apotheosis of the Viennese waltz, linked, in my mind, with impressions of the mad whirl of some fantastic and fateful carousel." As with other Balanchine ballroom ballets, much of the fantastic and fateful aspect is a matter of suggestive action for the hand, especially the gloved feminine hand, spelling out dark secrets to the air. The next time someone tells you that Balanchine ballets are not exciting above the performers' waists, you can take him right to the edge of the volcano: after four years in inexplicable retirement, as of this week "La Valse" is back in N.Y.C.B.'s repertory.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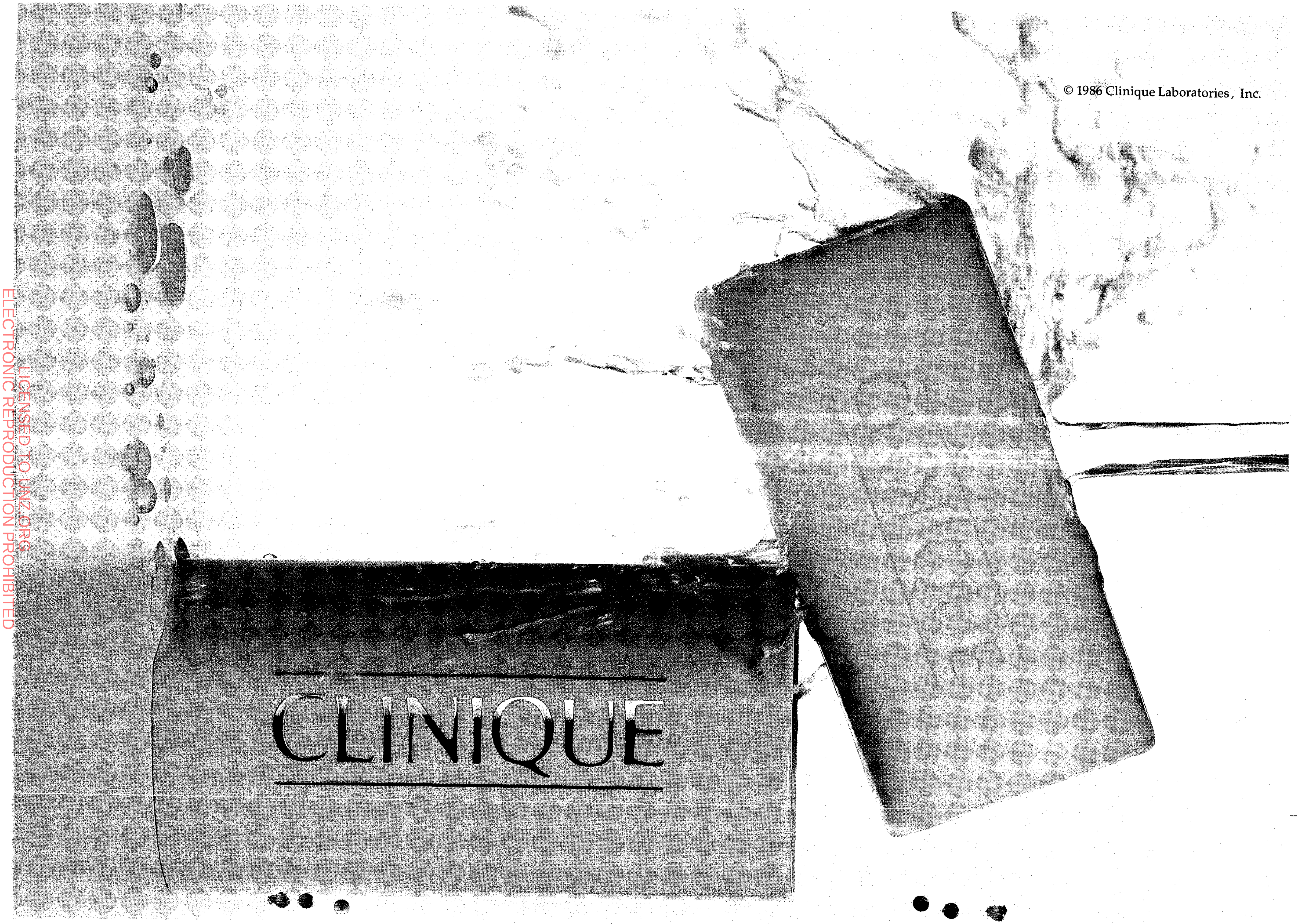
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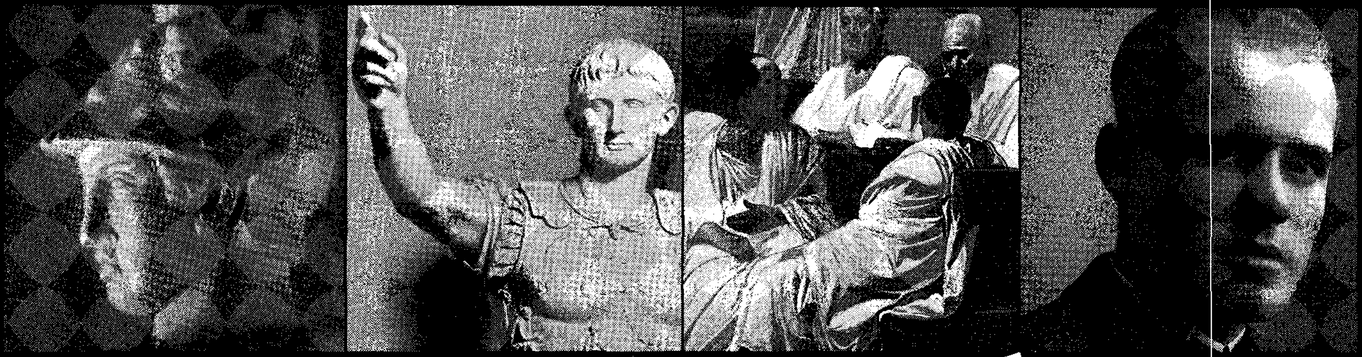

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DANCE–Cont'd

New York City Ballet—Nov. 27 at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Songs of the Auvergne," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 8: "Mozartiana," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Four Gnossiennes," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 8: "Scotch Symphony," "The Cage," "Eight Easy Pieces," "Eight More," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "La Valse," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 2: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Eight Easy Pieces," "Eight More," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 8: "Mozartiana," "Songs of the Auvergne," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 1: "Concerto Barocco," "Valse Fantaisie," "Four Gnossiennes," and "Scotch Symphony." . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 7: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "The Cage," "Eight Easy Pieces," "Eight More," and "La Valse." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Feb. 24.) . . . **note:** Performances of "The Nutcracker" begin Dec. 6 and run through Jan. 6.

Joffrey Ballet—Presenting "The Nutcracker" through Dec. 2. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Nov. 27 and Nov. 29-30 at 7:30, Nov. 28 and Dec. 1 at 2 and 7:30, and Dec. 2 at 2.)

Ballet Hispanico—Presenting, among other works, premières by Graciela Daniele and George Faison. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Nov. 27-30 and Dec. 4-5 at 8, Dec. 1 at 2 and 8, and Dec. 2 at 2 and 7:30. Through Dec. 9.)

Risa Jaroslow & Dancers—"Shuffled Hearts" and the premières of "Jagged Mesa" and "On an Overgrown Path." (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Nov. 29-Dec. 2 at 8. Tickets at the door on the evenings of the performances.)

NIGHT LIFE

NOT long ago, we saw the PBS special "Spike Lee & Co.: Do It A Cappella" and liked it so much that we bought the soundtrack. The liveliest performance on the recording is an over-the-top rendition of "Zombie Jamboree" by Rockapella. That same young, genre-hopping quartet has been holding sway at Upstairs at Greene Street every Friday night, and we recently took in one of their sets. (The group winds up its engagement at Greene Street on November 30; they'll perform at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine on December 5 at 9.)

Few things about the show surprised us—tenor Sean Altman, a YWM who has braids like the ones Bo Derek wore in "10," even acknowledged that a-cappella groups are more or less legally required to do an arrangement of "Under the Boardwalk." Still, we liked what we saw. It was goofy and nostalgic—not just for the fifties ("Hound Dog"), but for the seventies ("Long Cool Woman in a Black Dress"). High tenor Steve Keyes and bass Barry Carl told some cheesy jokes about the respective size of their vocal cords. Everybody cavorted onstage in a lot of wonderfully amateur put-your-*left*-foot-in choreography. The set made the club's near-capacity crowd equally giddy—never before have so many whistles and catcalls been heard in SoHo.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**susannah mc corkle,** a tall, blonde, silky-voiced singer and musical scholar (she's known for unearthing forgotten tunes, some of which she sings in Portuguese), begins an engagement in the Oak Room on Nov. 27. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine-fifteen, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—It's everything a cabaret should be: sleek, elegant, intimate, and slightly decadent. It also offers something that other cabarets do not: tapas, which come from the Spanish restaurant adjoining the club. **karen akers,** one of the brighter lights of the cabaret scene, who has lately been spending more time on Broadway (she was in "Grand Hotel") than in the clubs, continues her performances here through Dec. 1. The **manhattan rhythm kings** begin work on Dec. 2.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—This blue-on-blue club is the place to find big-league jazz artists; it's an institution and it knows it: how many other clubs sell their own belt buckles? **illinois jacquet,** whose name alone conjures images of coat-tails flying, leads his big band Nov. 27-Dec. 2; trumpet virtuoso **freddie hubbard** and his outfit get going on Dec. 4. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, pleasant room where they pack them in until someone says uncle. The spirited and, of late, ubiquitous trio known as **betty** will be here Nov. 27. Musically, they're postmodernist scramblers—part Laurie Anderson, part Frank Zappa, part Parliament/Funkadelic, part Bill Murray as a schlock lounge lizard. **rosanne cash,** a cross-over singer—she appeals to devotees of country, pop, and rock—holds forth on Nov. 29. The **elvin jones jazz machine,** which features **wynton marsalis,** claims Nov. 30-Dec. 1; and **robert fripp** and the League of Crafty Guitarists come in Dec. 3-4. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar where, if your neighbors coöperate, you can hear the beautiful, singular sound of musicians thinking. A trio consisting of pianist **larry willis,** drummer **al foster,** and bassist **rufus reid** can be heard Nov. 26-28; the same outfit, with **george mraz** taking over bass duties, continues Nov. 29-Dec. 1. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home to His Shortness, **bobby short,** Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans' Bar, **barbara carroll** presides at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Cat Club, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—Every Sunday night, this club, usually dominated by heavy-metal fans, is ceded to a gang of Lindy Hop enthusiasts called the New York Swing Dance Society. An older couple glides across the floor, lost in a nostalgic reverie; an eager young man, his tie loosened and his face perspiring, throws his date around like a crazed cossack. The music begins at around eight and runs until midnight.

Astrud Gilberto at Fat Tuesday's

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The city's most famed rock club, a dark, narrow cave with neon-beer-sign stalactites and ancestral graffiti, is part sacred burial ground and part historic landmark, but it hasn't succumbed to nostalgia: new and used bands of every stripe continue to pass through nightly. Music from nine-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

Condon's, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—In the shadow of the Zeckendorf Towers sits this stucco-walled grotto, whose intimate scale makes it a fine spot for jazz. **arthur blythe's** quartet is in ascendance Nov. 27-Dec. 2. **frank morgan,** who begins work on Dec. 4 (with **george cables**), is an alto saxophonist whose first, Charlie Parker-struck album came out in 1955. He didn't get around to making his second until 1986, but that recording shows his love of bop to be undiminished. Music after ten.

Continental Divide, 25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924)—Hipsters, posers, N.Y.U. students, the occasional skinhead—a typical East Village bar. The motif is prehistoric punk—there's a Stone Age mural, assorted toy dinosaurs and pterodactyls—and on peak nights there's a "take no prisoners" atmosphere. Shows at ten-thirty on weeknights and at midnight on weekends.

Delta 88, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—A pleasant hangout for white-collar trash, where you'll find cold Dixie beer, collard greens, and plenty of men who know how to wear a leather vest. As if that weren't enough, the bar-and-restaurant also features a corrugated-tin ceiling and a truckload of sort-of-Southern items: a photo booth, a giant Amoco sign, an Evel Knievel lunchbox. Most nights, the buffet turns into a bandstand at nine. Chicken-fried steak, deep-fried crawdads (a.k.a. Cajun popcorn), and other exotic Southern fare.

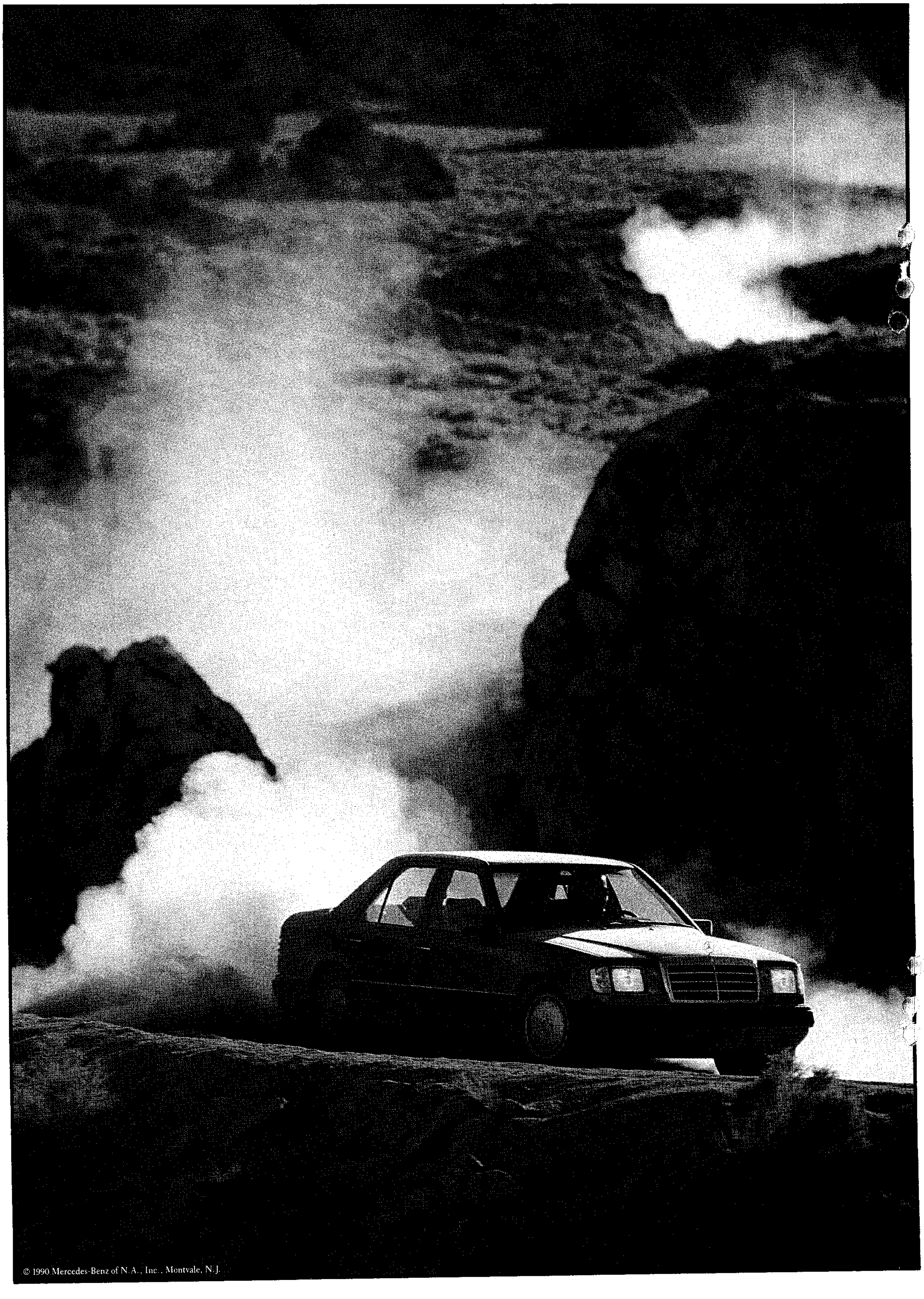
Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—An Irish bar, way out on the Western edge of town, where the great potholed boulevards turn to cobblestones, and the world across the Hudson flashes its come-hither signs. The back room has Hibernian sounds on Fridays and bluegrass on Saturdays. Larry Nugent, his flute, and his tin whistle will be here on Nov. 30; the John Herald band takes over on Dec. 1. Sets at nine and ten-thirty.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through the iffy-looking side door, down the famous fun-house tunnel that's lined with mirrors and corrugated tin, and down a short flight of stairs, you'll find this softly lit, low-ceilinged, roughly Manhattan-shaped jazz preserve. **astrud gilberto's** rendition of "The Girl from Ipanema," recorded in 1963, has sold enough copies to make Michael Jackson blush. We caught a performance of hers earlier this year, and found that she has a whole repertoire of Brazilian-tinged numbers every bit as winsome and seductive. She'll be appearing here Nov. 27-Dec. 2. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **les paul,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—With jazz you get eggroll. At this posh-looking two-floor Chinese restaurant, tucked into a midtown skyscraper, you'll find a lot of businessmen and a lot of hanging plants. From Nov. 27 to Dec. 2, you'll also find a trio headed by trumpeter **harry (sweets) edison.** Jeannie Bryson sings with a trio on Nov. 26. The rollicking, barrelhouse pianist and comedienne **dorothy donegan,** an Art Tatum devotee, punches in on Dec. 4, and will be accompanied by bassist Jon Burr. The music begins at eight Mondays through Saturdays, and at seven or so on Sundays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—This is such a gorgeous, thirties-ish movie set of a place that you expect gunmen to burst in at any moment. The restaurant-and-bar—forested and twilit—is about the size of a football field, with the piano at the fifty-yard line. Upstairs, there's a cabaret, where you'll hear some able entertainers, including **rockapella** on Nov. 30.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy bar-and-grill in the pi-



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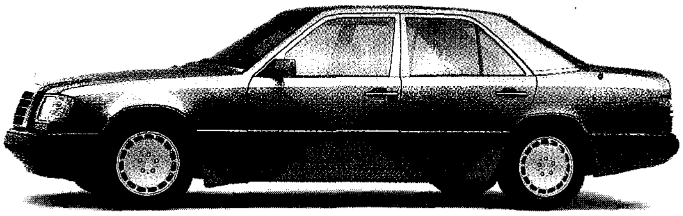

ano-bass district. Nov. 27-Dec. 1 belongs to **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA**; a duo consisting of **BILL MAYS** and **RAY DRUMMOND** commences on Dec. 5. Music from about nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor music-and-performance space, where people come to ponder the meaning of harmolodics and the post-ness of postmodernism. The room is run by two amiable young guys from Wisconsin, whose views on such things as cover charges are enlightened. A few highlights: the **DAVE HOLLAND** quartet Nov. 29-Dec. 2; the **WAYNE FRANCIS** trio on Dec. 3; and **NORA YORK** on Dec. 4. Music after nine.

Lone Star Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—A cheery, climate-controlled restaurant and bar featuring a load of snazzy Gibson guitars, some Washington Square-style portraits of folks like Bo Diddley and Dr. John, and funky French fry-potato chip hybrids. Earlier this month, the club started a no-admission, happy-hour music series (from five-thirty to eight), "designed to let business men and women kick their shoes off and have a hell of a good time." The lineup: the Blue Chieftains on Mondays; Mumbo Gumbo on Tuesdays; the World-Famous Bluejays on Wednesdays; Courtney & Western on Thursdays; and Wild Bill Durkin's outfit on Fridays. If you prefer to keep your shoes on, the **BAND**, who apparently have not had their last waltz, will be here Dec. 4-5, from eight-thirty. Dining.

Ludlow Street Café, 165 Ludlow St. (353-0536)—A modest below-stairs room that looks like a slightly spruced-up tenement-building apartment. There's cheap Ecuadoran food, a Greater East Village crowd, and, every Monday night, **BEAT RODEO**, a straight-shooting bar band that plays a mix of country, blues, Dylan, Byrds, the Velvets, and various found pop numbers. Sets at ten-fifteen Mondays and at eleven on other nights.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A good sound system, cheap drinks, and a regular-guy atmosphere make this restaurant-bar, home of the Hoboken Sound and of the phrase "jangly guitars," a popular hangout for musicians and their followers. Manhattanites who stay through the second set will need all their Scout training to get home, but the aroma coming from the nearby Maxwell House factory might give them a boost. Make room on the bandwagon for yet another trippy, neo-psychedelic band from the U.K.: **LUSH**, a young quartet that spaces out with acid guitars and affectless female vocals. They can be found here on Nov. 28. The Lyres and Original Sins share the bill on Dec. 1.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub for well-heeled gents and high-heeled ladies. It's not always easy to detect the music over the babble, but if you listen closely you should be able to hear Queen Bey, a Kansas City-based jazz singer making her New York début here. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A moondust-in-your-hair cabaret where a club soda costs, well, a *lot*. There are plenty of niceties if you're so inclined: an ear-popping express elevator in which you can mingle with the famous; tables scattered with plastic diamonds and sapphires; and rest-room attendants who hover near the sink asking, "Is the water too warm?" Singer **LORNA LUFT** starts up on Nov. 27. Ms. Luft's upbeat shows usually include some cabaret standards, *some more contemporary stuff*, and some wistful, there's-no-business-like-show-business stories. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Ritz, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—There's usually a good reason to go the Ritz, but there's almost always a better reason to stay away. Even leaving aside its midtown address—the sort of neighborhood you wake up in after you've been kidnapped—there's still the club's distressing pack-them-in, get-them-the-hell-out management tactics, and the fact that the atmosphere here, on any given night, is something between those of a high-school gym class and a police state. The **PIXIES'** 1989 album, "Doolittle," was a dark but uplifting, scary but fun recording that made big news on the alternative-music scene. The band's star has faded somewhat with this year's "Bossa Nova," which lacks the cohesiveness and power of its predecessor. Still, this is a group that can stomp with style. They'll perform here on Nov. 30. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven on Fridays and Saturdays.

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Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. The hard-blowing saxophonist and bop enthusiast **PHIL WOODS** brings in a quintet Nov. 27-Dec. 2. **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM AND EKAYA** get under way on Dec. 4. The electrified big band of the late Gil Evans, now under the direction of his son, the trumpeter Miles Evans, is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This windowless, pie-shaped basement has an illustrious history that embraces everyone from Judy Holliday to Lenny Bruce, from Pete Seeger and Leadbelly to Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins. The décor is homey and a little faded, like an attic full of memorabilia. **TONY WILLIAMS**, a hard-bop and jazz-rock drummer who began his career as a teen-age member of Miles Davis's group, leads his quintet Nov. 27-Dec. 2. The **RED RODNEY** quintet begins work on Dec. 4. Mondays are reserved for the late Mel Lewis's big band. Music after ten.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Two floors of no-nuke veggie entertainment and consciousness-raising. Listen to bands play in the Summer of Love-muralled back room; buy a tie-dyed T-shirt at the Volkswagen-bus curio shop; catch up on current events at the bulletin board and community calendar. Or, if you'd rather just be mellow, crash out in the basement hippie love pad. A Planned Parenthood benefit takes place on Nov. 28, with an all-star lineup: **INDIGO GIRLS, YO LA TENGO,** the **ORDINAIRES,** and others.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

CAN'T think of a thing to buy your club-promoter friends for Christmas? How about a copy of the newest Miss Manners or anything by Letitia Baldridge? Apparently, the promoters *du moment* are too young to have seen any of those Billie Burke or Norma Shearer movies where the thought of two people throwing parties—let alone dinner parties—on the same night was even more mortifying than soupy aspic. All of these kids currently operate on the premise that there is only one weekly evening of consequence.

And so here we sit on Wednesday, dying for something to do or somewhere to go, and surrounded by invitations from:

—Actress Justine Bateman, artist Ronnie Cutrone, and designer Michael Schmidt, to a dinner to celebrate the twenty-fifth birthday of publicist Kelly Cutrone. At Limelight. On Thursday, November 15.

—Nick Kardaras, Mark Morgan, Ari Theoharakis, and Asher and Jeff Zelin, to a dinner in the Big City Diner's Unisphere Dining Room (572 Eleventh Avenue, at 43rd Street) to celebrate its grand opening. On Thursday, November 15.

—Kate Miller and Jennifer Goode, to shake our "groove thing with thirty-five" trendy "Babes, Chicks, & Vixens," including standbys Diane Brill, Jenny Lumet, Veronica Webb, the Lady Bunny, and Jessica Rosenblum; a few what-the-hell-use-my-name types like Denise Carbonell and Sylvia Martins; and three surprises: Charo (actually, it read Charo!!), Drena DeNiro on the Wheels of Steel, and Maria Cutrone. (Doesn't she talk to Ronnie and Kelly?) At Caesars, né M.K. On the 15th.

—Lypsinka, to a private performance of the incredible new act John Epperson will present at Café Largo in Los Angeles. Only twenty-plus people invited. Thursday night. Eight-thirty, sharp.

But what's wrong with tonight? Energized by Delta Burke's trashing of everyone she's worked with in the last two years, we're now raring to stay out, collect drink tickets, and get crushed in stairwells. But phone calls across town reveal nothing, so we go to Le Comptoir in the East Sixties for burned chicken and apple tart and too tight-skinned women in too small velvet dresses, and follow this with a pass through Rex in Chelsea. We head home, thinking there might be more to life in Santa Clara, when we run into a friend dashing up Sixth. "They're crowning the King and Queen of New York at Limelight at one," he cries over his shoulder. King and queen, huh? Whoever heard of a coronation without engraved invitations? And then a horrific thought hits: maybe we're good enough for the Cutrones, but not good enough for royalty.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Next Wave Festival—Susan Marshall & Company in a new full-length work with a score by Pauline Oliveros. (Nov. 27 at 7, Nov. 28-Dec. 1 at 8, Dec. 2 at 3, and Dec. 4-5 at 8. Through Dec. 9.) . . . ¶ Rhys Chatham and a small electric orchestra in "The Heart Cries with Many Voices," an evening-length work. (Nov. 30-Dec. 1 at 8.) (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. The festival continues through Dec. 9.)

Big Apple Circus—Performances under the little big top run through Jan. 6 in Lincoln Center's Damrosch Park. For ticket and schedule information, call 268-3030.

"The Christmas Spectacular"—Radio City Music Hall's annual Yuletide dancearama—with the Rockettes, of course—runs through Jan. 3. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. For information about show times and tickets, call 247-4777.)

David Cale and Frank Maya—On a double bill. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nov. 29-Dec. 1 at 10. Through Dec. 8.)

Eric Bogosian—In a monologue. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 708-9500. Dec. 4 at 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art—Presenting two programs in its performance series. Nov. 27 at 6:30: David Antin will speak off-the-cuff on the subjects, "Determination, Suspension, Diversion, Digression, and Destruction." . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 6:30: Joan Jonas in her new work "Scenes 1-3," which incorporates elements of dance, theatre, and painting. (945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. No tickets necessary.)

Benefit—Allen Ginsberg, Philip Glass, Garrison Keillor, Ned Rorem, Fran Lebowitz, and others, in an evening of performances to raise money for writers and editors with AIDS. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Dec. 5 at 8. For information about tickets, call 334-1660.)

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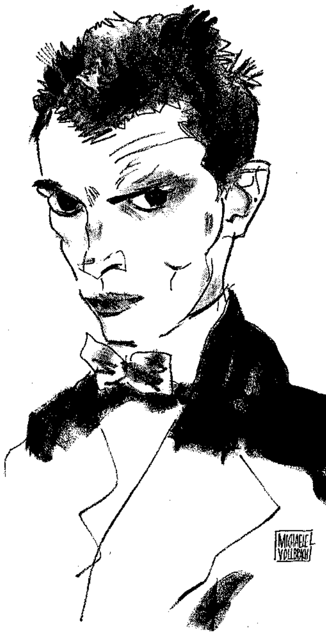
ART

WHEN America is spelled with a "k," Americans are usually being led to expect embattled critiques or to imagine nightmarish, fascistic situations. We think of pre-Nazi Prague and Kafka's mazelike constructs, of Teutonisms run amok, or, on the left wing of things, of Vietnam-era songs of insurrection by the Jefferson Airplane. More recently, in the visual arts, we have encountered "Amerika" through the works of Tim Rollins + K.O.S., namely their huge collaborative illuminations of pages from paperback copies of Kafka's book. Sumptuous and angelic as these paintings appear, we tend to read into them the unbridled energies and righteous indignations of the urban adolescent condition. Now we have a new installation, titled "Amerika," by the German artist and filmmaker Rebecca Horn, which includes several mechanized pieces and a group of wall-mounted vitrines (at Marian Goodman, 24 West 57th Street; open Mondays, through December 8). While some earlier works by Horn have addressed the themes of politics and repression (notably a 1987 installation, in Münster, West Germany, that was situated in a former Nazi interrogation bunker and consisted of creepy little mechanized hammers whose persistent, syncopated tappings conjured a battery of ills), her current exhibition is utterly playful and not sinister at all.

The show is linked thematically to a movie Horn has just made, titled "Buster's Bedroom," starring Donald Sutherland, Geraldine Chaplin, and Valentina Cortese, among others. Like the movie, the show is an eccentric homage to Buster Keaton and American silent films. And, like most of Horn's work, it is a hyper-cultivated, Dada-influenced comedy of the sexes. The larger exhibition room is occupied by four mechanical pieces, including a violin that seems to play for a moment before going limp, an umbrella-cum-pendulum with copper-pipe "snakes" that occasionally produce an electrical charge, and, best of all, a beat-up open suitcase, with what looks like a horse doctor's thermometer attached to its lining, that slides back and forth on a long, slack cable as if flapping its wings. We were reminded of the legend of Fantomas as it was put forth some years ago in a wonderful opera manqué with music by Stanley Silverman and directed by Richard Foreman, called "Dr. Selavy's Magic Theater." In the rear gallery are a group of Horn's comically straightforward, mock-Surrealist vitrines, which echo Joseph Cornell and have discreet titles such as "Uncle Harry's Dream After the Gold Rush" and "Love Affair Between a Goose Egg and a Brown Paper Bag," and in which the protagonists are accompanied by sheets of music. When Horn puts the "k" in America, it is as if she were making a pun: eye *see* Amerika first on the silver screen.



Egon Schiele at Galerie St. Etienne

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The mega-exhibition of Mexican art titled "Splendors of Thirty Centuries" renews one's faith in the blockbuster. While one could justifiably take issue with reducing the achievements of the Olmecs to a few exquisitely grumpy statues, this is an epic display in the best Hollywood tradition: a drama that encompasses the history of a land and its people. A map of Teotihuacán—a city whose wealth derived from obsidian trade—can transport one simply with its references to the Street of the Dead, the Plaza of the Moon, and the Pyramid of the Sun. Also on view are some haunting figurative sculptures from the Mayan City of Palenque, and astonishingly abstract sculptures of a shell and a feathered serpent from Tenochtitlán. The devastating impact of the Spanish conquest is clearly demonstrated when the exhibition shifts abrubtly to massive stone crosses and heavily embroidered vestments. Room after room in the show is devoted to second-rate liturgical art in a gloppy, morose style; unfortunately, the more compelling folk-art traditions inspired by religious zeal receive little attention. It's not until the exhibition reaches this century that the painting gets interesting. Displays of the extraordinary range of Diego Rivera, and of the equally single-minded vision of his tormented wife, Frida Kahlo—and of many lesser-known figures—leave one hungry for more extensive exhibitions of their work. Through Jan. 13. . . . ¶ "Wright of Derby," a retrospective of portraits, landscapes, and paintings with scientific themes by Joseph Wright (1734-97). Through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ A new skylit sculpture court has opened on the main floor, and is home to several large French and Italian works from the seventeenth century to the twentieth, including Sarrazin's "Leda and the Swan" and Rodin's "The Burghers of Calais." . . . ¶ The recently acquired "Evening: Landscape with Aqueduct" by Théodore Géricault (1791-1824) is the focus of a small exhibition of his landscapes and related works. Through Jan. 13. . . . ¶ Eighteenth-century Italian drawings, including works by Francesco Guardi, Giovanni Battista Tiepolo, and others. Through Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Fifteen American quilts and coverlets, made between 1803 and 1930, are on view. Through Jan. 20. . . . ¶ More than two hundred American portrait miniatures, most of them in watercolor on ivory, and none larger than six inches in size. Among the immortalized sitters are George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, and Abraham Lincoln. Through Feb. 10. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"High and Low: Modern Art and Popular Culture" is divided into four themes (graffiti, caricature, comics, advertising) and includes more than two hundred and fifty works. Through Jan. 15. . . . ¶ A breakthrough show of works in various mediums by Kiki Smith, one of the contemporary scene's outstanding originals. Smith, who seems to mistrust slickness and packaging of all sorts, has often displayed an offhand approach to exhibitions. Funky as it may be, however, this installation delivers her quirky and white-hot sensibility at full strength. The artist, who has trained as an emergency medical technician, takes an inside-out view of the body, her characteristic subject, that is at once very intense and dispassionate to the point of perversity. Two of the more memorable pieces on view here are a site-specific floor sculpture consisting of much-larger-than-life-size lead-crystal spermatozoa, and an exquisitely fragile wall relief, made of what appears to be flayed paper skins, that gives a whole new meaning to the word "bodysuit." And once again Eva Hes[illegible] comes to mind. Through Jan. 1. . . . ¶ Twenty-one new photographs by Paul D'Amato, Carl Pope, and JoAnn Verburg. Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ A video installation by Gary Hil[illegible] consisting of body images displayed throug[illegible] several stripped cathode-ray tubes. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, [illegible] to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until autumn, 1991.

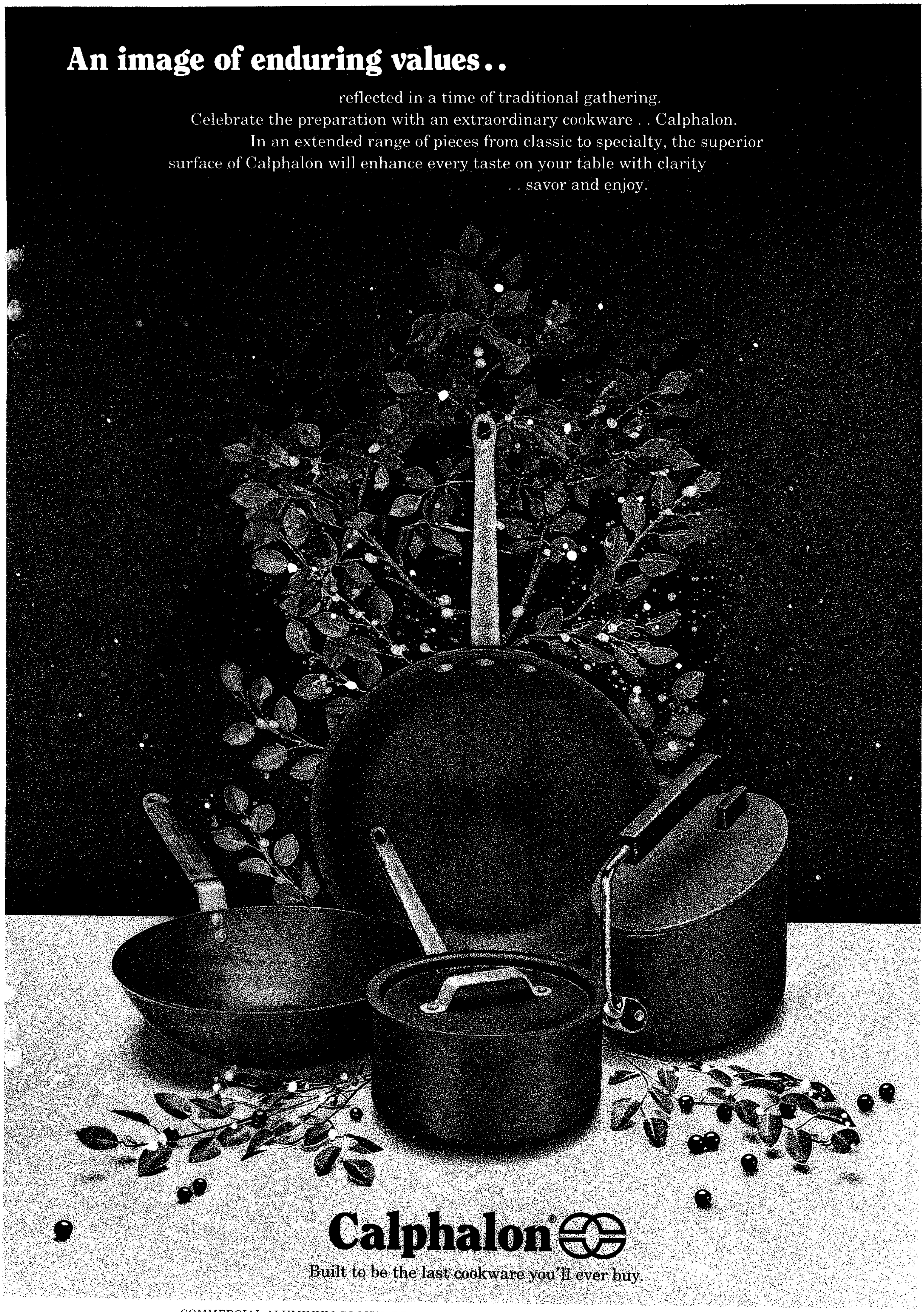
Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Mind Over Matter" attempts to delineate a youngish "third generation of idea-oriented" artists—Liz Larner, Ronald Jones, Tishan Hsu, Nayland Blake, Ashley Bickerton, and Annette Lemieux. Their works move away from what in today's climate may seem like the indulgences of commodification to an interest in socially relevant issues. The effort is laudable, the installation exquisite, the selections often quite thoughtful—but the show is a mess. It circles around some potentially interesting thoughts without ever taking off, largely because of the mediocrity of the work. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Several animal sculptures from the museum's collection are on view in the lobby, including works by Hunt Diederich, Elie Nadelman, Gaston Lachaise, and Alexander Calder. Through Jan. 6. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A lobby installation by Joseph Kosuth, who has selected works from the museum's collection that at one time or another may have been deemed offensive. Through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ An exhibition of sixty paintings by Albert Pinkham Ryder (1847-1917). Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ "Milton Avery in Black and White" is a display of eighty drawings in pencil, ink, and crayon, made by Avery between 1929 and 1959. Through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ Forty works of art from Oceania (mostly from the Sepik and Ramu river basins in New Guinea), including three-inch-long fishhooks, three monumental carved-wood "guardians," and a skull rack made of palm spathe, raffia, and bamboo. Through Feb. 4. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—An annual exhibition of paintings, drawings, and prints. Among the fifty-six artists represented this year are Eric Fischl, Joan Nelson, Jane Dickson, and Theophilus Brown. Through Dec. 9[illegible] (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—"Court *Arts of Indonesia" is a meticulously selected* and beautifully installed show, with just th[illegible] right number of pieces to titillate but no[illegible] overwhelm. Extraordinary detail abound[illegible] especially in numerous ceremonial lances, which were symbolic expressions of power; very delicate gold jewelry; woven fabrics; and shadow puppets. There are also some curiosities, including a belt of human hair; a Javanese scroll depicting a royal procession, with a perspective that is part Eastern, part Western, and as wacky as Uccello; a golden skeleton; and a modesty plate, which is a kind of Indonesian fig leaf. Through Dec. 16. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1040 Grand Concourse—"Visions of Home" is a display of ten prize-winning designs, along with forty other entries, for affordable housing at a specific seven-acre site in the South Bronx. The show is part of this fall's "Home: A Place in the World" series. Through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ Seventy prints produced by El Taller de



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ART—Cont'd

Gráfica Popular, founded in 1937 in Mexico. The show is part of the series "Mexico: A Work of Art." Through Jan. 27. (Open weekdays, except Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays, 11 to 4:30.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—"The Eccentric Painters of Yangzhou" presents thirty works by eleven unorthodox, innovative artists who lived in southern China in the eighteenth century. Through Dec. 15. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Scenic and architectural drawings by the eighteenth-century theatre designers and builders Francesco and Giovanni Carlo Bibiena. Through Dec. 30. . . . ¶ Two hundred pieces of elaborately worked gold jewelry spanning four thousand years of Grecian culture. From the Benaki Museum, in Athens. Through Jan. 13. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Oscar Wilde's "The Picture of Dorian Gray" is nearly a hundred years old, but the autograph manuscript, on display here, doesn't look a day over twenty-five. Through Dec. 2. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Through maps, paintings, photographs, and prints, "Within Bohemia's Borders" documents the turbulent history of Greenwich Village from 1830 to 1930. Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Forty-five oil paintings, by the hundred-year-old Theresa Bernstein, depicting the urban scene in New York City from 1914 to 1930. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—While the title "Women in Mexico" suggests an enormous and ferociously dramatic tapestry, this exhibition is in essence a sampler. This is not a complaint: the show is fast-paced and a lot of fun. We begin with the unfettered and varied Surrealism of the astonishing Frida Kahlo, and of Leonora Carrington and Remedios Varo. And we're brought up to the present with work by artists now in their thirties, for example the spooked still-lifes and gritty ex-voto mythologies of a wonderful photographer named Flor Garduño. Through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ A hundred and thirteen master drawings, from the seventeenth century to the nineteenth, by such artists as Poussin, Boucher, Fragonard, Delacroix, and Cézanne. From the Louis-Antoine Prat collection, in Paris. Through Jan. 20. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Manuscript fragments, letters, first editions, photographs, and illustrations are all part of "Charles Dickens: His Life and Work." (Berg Collection. Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Constantin Brancusi (1876-1957)—Once again the Gagosian gallery has mounted a museum-quality show, this time of six early works (1904-09) by perhaps this century's most enigmatic sculptor. Two of these works have not been seen outside the artist's native Romania. One of the three earliest pieces, in bronze, is a bit unformed, but the centerpiece of the show is another matter. It is the first version of the artist's masterpiece, "The Kiss," a carving in stone that is a blissful merger of figuration and abstraction. Also of prime interest is an exquisite little 1909 marble carving titled "Trunk," which is a very sexy representation of a woman's torso. The piece is half innocent and half naughty: one side of the marble is as supple and smooth as adolescent skin, the other is unarticulated and raw. There is also a fine work, titled "Sleep," of a rapturous head in a state of perpetual rest, carved out of a chunk of raw marble. Through Dec. 15. (980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Howard Hodgkin—This British artist considers himself a figurative painter, but his work has grown ever more unfussy, and more abstract in a Matissean sense—far from the rather bleary realm of so much English representation. Little painted sketches whose means are oh-so-minimal, such as "Venice in the Autumn" or "Indian Sky," leave us to marvel at the artist's power to transport. In more ambitious paintings like "Discarded Clothes," with its comic abandon in every flamboyant stroke, or "In the Black Kitchen," with its Proustian aura of seduction, we can't help but envy the precision of Hodgkin's sensory recall. Through Dec. 1. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Piero Manzoni (1933-63)—This is a wonderful show of conceptual works in many mediums—from paintings made of pleated white kaolin-coated canvas, to cotton-ball reliefs, to boxed, numbered, and signed pieces of the artist's excrement—by an irresistibly charming imp-provocateur who, as we are told in the exhibition catalogue, had "drunk himself to death" by the age of thirty. Manzoni also aestheticized entire human beings, for instance by issuing a certificate stating that this or that person had been "signed by my hand and therefore is to be considered as an authentic work of art. . . ." (Some people were accorded lifelong status as art objects; others got more limited warranties.) Manzoni seems to have descended directly from the gesturing brows of Lucio Fontana and Yves Klein (Joseph Beuys, too, to a lesser degree). For all his supposed outrages he had impeccable taste, and today seems a breath of fresh air. Through Dec. 1. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Open Mondays.)

Jules Olitski—This retrospective of sorts includes a number of "dot" paintings from the early sixties—sprightly, buoyant works with a flattened pictorial space, a lot of visible raw canvas, several heavily saturated dots, and an unerring color sense—and three pieces from the late sixties and the seventies. From there the show moves on to a group of recent canvases that could be parodies of gestural paintings. Consisting of gargantuan, megathick paint strokes in dark, opalescent colors coated in a splattered black mist, these are very ugly but nonetheless funny works. Through Dec. 1. (Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Short List—**conrad marca-relli,** Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St. (through Dec. 15); **maryan,** Bernard, 33 E. 74th St. (through Dec. 22); **joan mitchell,** Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (through Dec. 15); **andrew wyeth,** Marcelle, 996 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (open Mondays, through Dec. 15); **jamie wyeth,** Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. (open Mondays, through Dec. 1).

PEREGRINATION

A good place to walk off a hefty holiday dinner is the Siwanoy Trail, a new path through Pelham Bay Park—at two thousand seven hundred and sixty-four acres, the biggest green space in town. The trail meanders past marshy meadows full of tall, tufted phragmites (a cattail relative); stands of honey locust, tulip, walnut, birch, and ash trees that glow now with gold and red; and low-lying thickets dotted with pale-green porcelain berries. The Appalachian Mountain Club began blazing the trail four years ago, to give the public access to the park's wilder areas; they are still adapting its route to get closer to scenic vistas and to avoid mud, and they encourage visitors: "The more feet, the harder the trail bed," says Kate Bukofzer, the principal blazer.

The most picturesque sections run along the shores of the park's lagoons and ponds, where some geese, ducks, cormorants, and egrets remain before flying south, and where in the summer speedboats rumble past on their way to Orchard Beach. In the winter, only the blocky tops of Co-op City let you know you're anywhere but Vermont.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

David Hammons—In Thailand, elaborate "spirit houses" are constructed near the entrances to homes and businesses to give spirits their own dwelling places; in Central Africa, certain tribes drive iron stakes into human statues called "spirit catchers" in order to engage sympathetic magic. At the entrance to his current exhibition, the sharp-minded, ever-poetic, and virtually unsung Hammons has combined these two forms in a piece entitled "Spirit Catcher," which consists of a makeshift, mirrored basketball hoop surrounded by flickering candelabra arms. The sculpture, of fragile construction and indomitable spirit, is an invitation to viewers to leave their aggressions outside. The main event, in the larger gallery here, is an eloquent installation, titled "Who's Ice Is Colder?," that critiques the racial battles taking place in food stores in some of New York's black neighborhoods. It is a politically incisive and timeless musing on racial identity that answers its own troubling questions about African-Americans and their own thwarted empowerment. Through Dec. 28. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

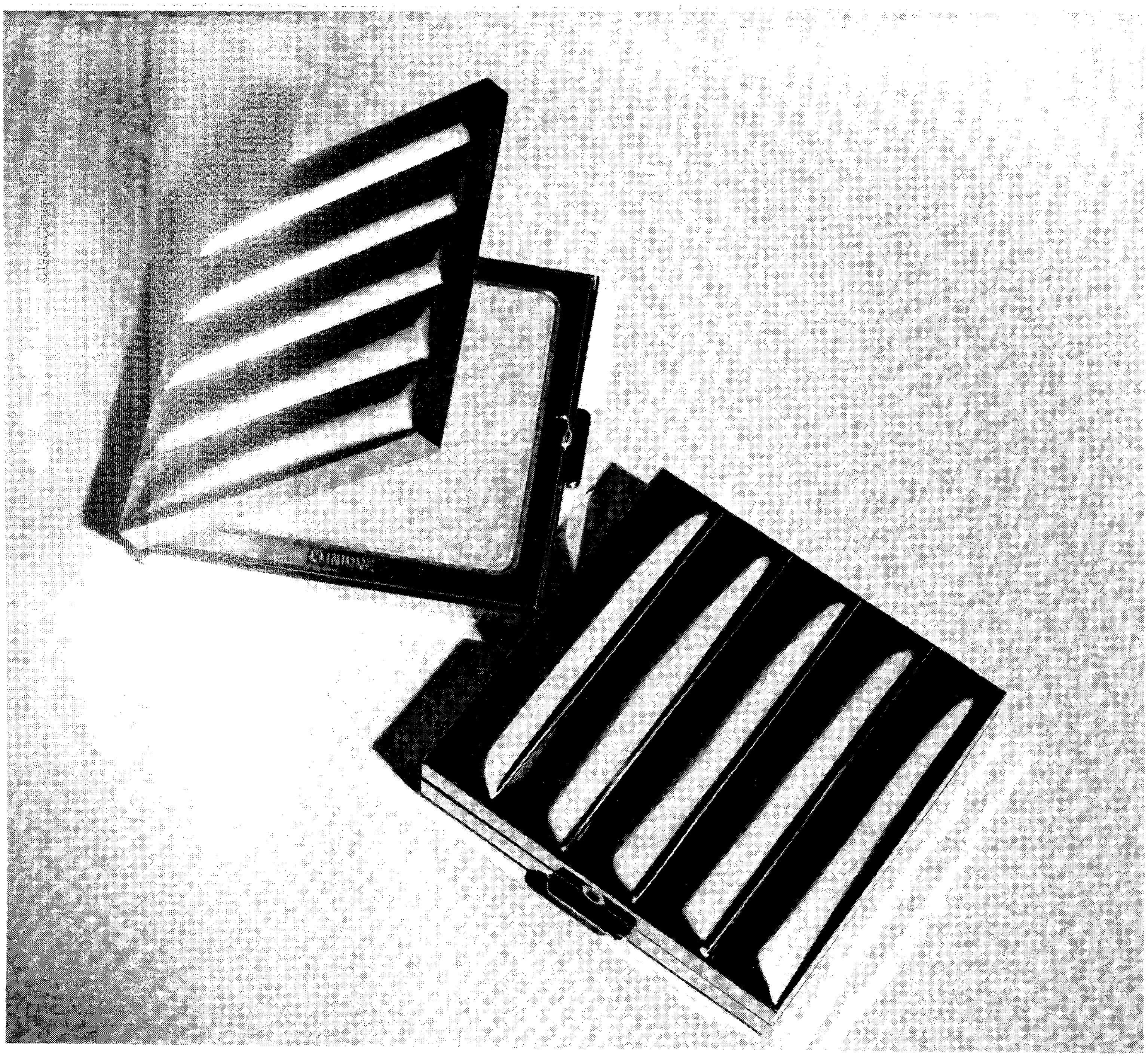
Al Held—Over the years Held has become one of the most sophisticated colorists around. His new paintings are of triangles, tubes, cubes, and rings floating through a celestial space. Held renders irrational perspective quite rationally, with a wonderful sense of disjunctive scale, and he works with a luscious combination of bright colors and rich, dark tones. Through Dec. 1. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Richard Pousette-Dart—The most spectacular early canvas in this exhibit is a mysterious 1944 painting that displays a frenetic kind of Surrealism on the edge of abstraction. It is somewhat evocative of Pollock's "She-Wolf" and Gottlieb's pictographs. There is an even earlier painting (1939), of a skull, executed when the artist was just twenty-three years old. While it has a certain awkwardness, it is a fascinating work, one that may remind some viewers of Jean-Michel Basquiat. Although by age and social affiliation Pousette-Dart is often counted among the first generation of Abstract Expressionists, a handsome work here from 1959 seems more closely aligned stylistically with the second generation. The show goes downhill when it turns to works of the past few decades, which depict solar and celestial light with a programmatic Pointillist technique. The artist proves that he can create a glowing, internal light, but the imagery is lacking. Through Dec. 1. (ACA, 41 E. 57th St.)

Short List—**jean-michel basquiat,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 1); **troy brauntuch,** Kent, 41 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 15); **jean dubuffet,** Urban, 500 Park Ave., at 59th St. (open Mondays, through Dec. 22); **lucio fontana,** Daverio, 41 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 5); **mary frank,** Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through Dec. 28); **william king,** Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. (through Dec. 20); **robert m. kulicke,** Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (through Dec. 22); **wifredo lam,** Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (through Dec. 22); **gordon matta-clark,** Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through Dec. 15); **clement meadmore,** Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St. (through Dec. 15); **george negroponte,** McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 15); **victor pasmore,** Center for International Contemporary Arts, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Feb. 17); **katsuhisa sakai,** Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St. (through Dec. 12); **egon schiele,** Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (through Jan. 12); **david smith,** Washburn, 41 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 1); **richard tuttle,** Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (through Jan. 12).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Donald Baechler / Ford Beckman—Recent paintings, bronzes, and works on paper. Laconically naïve subjects couched in subtle, sophisticated, beautiful surfaces are this artist's stock-in-trade. Baechler has a marvellous sense of scale, and he is on to something interesting, if still rather inchoate. His images, whether in two or three dimensions, seem to exist suspended in a state of Proustian amnesia. It is as if there were madeleines to be found everywhere but no story. New or revived motifs in this good-looking exhibition include pine trees and playing cards. The former suggest an auspicious departure in the direction of landscape.



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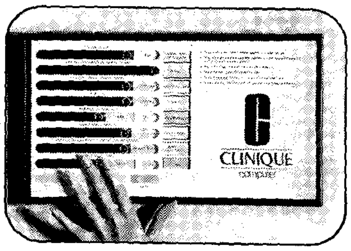

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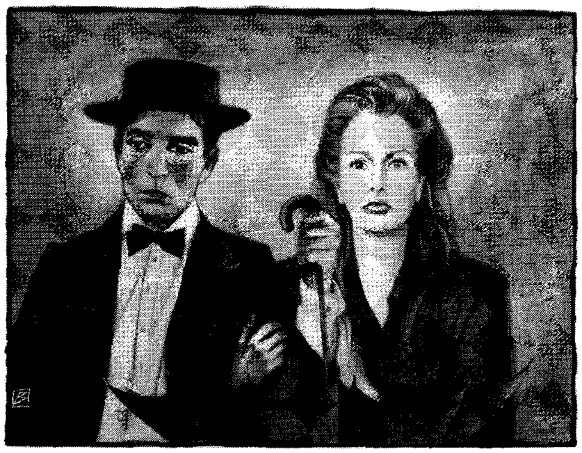
The latter, handsome and clever as they are, are also a bit glib. / Pleasing but rather indifferent neo-minimalist paintings. Through Dec. 8. (Shafrazi, 130 Prince St.)

Scott Burton (1939–89)—A few key early sculptures make up this show, which is a pleasure to see. The earliest of them—conceived in 1972 and executed in 1975—is a Chippendale chair cast in bronze. It is no exaggeration to say that this ghostly, even haunting piece was the cornerstone of Burton's ideas: it is all about the body and the absentee body. It was also a pivotal work for the development of recent American art, serving as an inventive reintroduction of the human form at a time when figuration seemed doomed to the nostalgia pile. The show also includes a child's table and chair, which deals with ideas about childhood, scale, and mobility, and two luxurious early tables, one made of ivory, the other of the unlikely but highly soothing combination of galvanized steel and mother-of-pearl. Through Dec. 1. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)



Rebecca Horn (with Buster Keaton)

Vincent Desiderio—The most startling image in this show of heroically painted grand narratives depicts the artist's model collapsed on the floor, and the artist, straitjacketed and in a stupor, being interrogated on a sofa behind her, as the police stand by. This is but one panel of a huge neo-neoclassical triptych, titled "The Progress of Self-Love," that also takes on history painting, in the form of a body-littered battle scene, and literature, in a retelling of "Moby Dick." But even this narrative tour de force does not fully reveal the artist's talents. A single-panel painting shows a couple on a bed in a glorious compositional conundrum of windows and frames; checks and checkmates that might have given Whistler a chuckle. There are also some small, exquisitely painted wood-panel works. Through Dec. 8. (Lang & O'Hara, 568 Broadway.)

Stephen Ellis—Incredibly beautiful abstract paintings. Some are most appealing for their odd color juxtapositions: one work has bright yellow interrupting bands of deep rust with deep-green accents. Others are characterized by a resonant combination of horizontal and vertical, which in one instance gives the impression of a forest of trees viewed during a storm. Through Dec. 1. (Koury Wingate, 578 Broadway.)

Michael Joaquín Grey—The most recent in a long line of artists who make quirky, near-enigmatic objects utilizing scientific materials and processes. The works include a large, shiny, spidery sputnik lying on its side; a pair of plastic dogs under a Plexi box; and an unseen light bulb encased in an aluminum capsule reminiscent of Woody Allen's orgasmatron. There are also a number of "non-works," or scientific objects, such as air captured in silicon gel. Although the ideas here may seem a little too familiar to those who have been tracking the course of chaos theory in the visual arts, some of the work suggests great potential. Through Dec. 1. (Petersburg, 130 Prince St.)

Keith Haring (1958–90)—Two very large sculptures and several smaller pieces. These works, among the last the artist made, consist of his best-known images—radiant children, barking dogs—in bright red, yellow, and blue. Sculpture was not the artist's forte, but these are so large that they become funny, in a mildly surreal way. They beg to be installed near a playground. Through Dec. 22. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Willy Heeks—Multilayered abstract paintings with lots of stains, smears, and drips. Strong and thoughtful, these works have a nice watery quality. Through Dec. 22. (Beitzel, 102 Prince St.)

Erik Levine—This show consists of three large and very elegant sculptures, made of wood, spackle, and glue, that look like immense pencil tips. They have the humble but strong presence of Joel Shapiros, the workmanlike integrity of Donald Judds, and the somewhat organic form of Richard Deacons. Through Dec. 5. (Brown, 560 Broadway.)

Joel Shapiro—In the seventies, Shapiro established himself as the master of tiny objects that commanded a great deal of space. His newest works are large, figurative sculptures formed by piecing together beams of wood or bronze. These new figures are on the move: one glides like Fred Astaire; another is awkward and chunky, like a jointless, lumbering oaf. Whereas his earlier work was self-contained and had a low center of gravity, the six pieces in the main gallery are so gymnastic in the way they fill space that the room looks jammed. The show is a bit scattered in selection, but these are fine works by one of our most consistently compelling artists. Through Dec. 1. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Lily van der Stokker / Tony Greene—Defiantly incidental drawings and little paintings that are a cross between tattoo designs and doodles—a little Dada, a little Fluxus. Some were done in several versions, although nothing appears to have been worked out in the process. / Odd portrait paintings—with thick, glassy garlands around closeup photos of men—that have a memorial feeling. Through Dec. 1. (Feature, 484 Broome St.)

May Wilson (1905-86)—A startling and disturbing exhibition of work that was created over a twenty-year period by a woman who learned about modern art through correspondence courses and did not start making her assemblages until she neared retirement age. She is a Cornell of sorts, but aggressive and violent where he was restrained and meek. Her pieces consist of such things as discarded mementos shoved into children's shoes; matted dolls bound with string, rope, and gauze; a teacup stuffed with umbrella handles; and a doll strapped tightly to a box, one of her arms left loose. Most works are spray-painted a deadly silver, copper, or bronze. A saner hint of humor is revealed in a series of collages in which the artist has glued goofy photo-booth pictures of her face onto postcards of nudie girls and high-art works ranging from a Parthenon metope to a Gauguin native. Through Dec. 8. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 532 Broadway.)

David Wojnarowicz—No artist has been more angrily eloquent about AIDS and societal neglect of those who have it than Wojnarowicz. His catalogue for a recent group exhibition dealt frankly with his own HIV infection and his bitter frustration with the current state of AIDS education. The publication resulted in the first of the recent wave of rescindments of N.E.A. grants and the subsequent mutilation and distortion of his work by a political group. Every aspect of his new work—which spans painting, photography, and sculpture—is now stronger, more complex, and more incisive. A staged photo of a shaman, fully outfitted like a skeleton, with a gloriously fearsome expression and an exaggeratedly large phallus covering the real thing, is a celebration of the self, one that equates homophobia with anthropocentrism. A globe in which maps of various regions around the world have been cut into the shape of the United States is a concise representation of American imperialism. The artist's writings, which appear primarily in his paintings, are stirring and poetic. One story, about sex in an abandoned warehouse, articulates the depth of the artist's passion and loneliness: "In loving him, I saw men encouraging each other to lay down their arms. . . . I saw a hand in prison dragging snow in from the sill." The artist's eloquence is not limited to the works themselves but extends to the actual flow of the exhibition. The first piece is a photograph of a deadly-looking spider bearing the face of Jesse Helms and a swastika painted on its body. Initially, the work may seem unnecessarily sensationalistic, but by the end of the show it seems appropriately charged. One of the final images contains an impassioned, chillingly familiar quote from Adolf Hitler encouraging people to quash troubling art. Through Dec. 1. (P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway. . . . ¶ Exit Art, 578 Broadway, has a retrospective of the artist's works from 1979 to 1989. Through Jan. 5.)

Short List—**eric fischl,** Boone, 417 West Broadway (through Dec. 22); **sam francis,** Foster Goldstrom, 560 Broadway (through Dec. 21); **anton henning,** Baghoomian, 555 Broadway (through Dec. 22); **robert mason,** Katzen, 475 Broome St. (through Dec. 31); **mc dermott and mc gough,** Sperone Westwater, 142 Gree[illegible] St. (through Jan. 5); **joseph raffael,** Hoffman, 429 West Broadway (through Dec. 12); **harold shapinsky,** Helander, 415 West Broadway (through Dec. 1); **myron stout,** Flynn, 1[illegible] Crosby St. (through Dec. 15).

PHOTOGRAPHY

What would coffee tables do without the reassuring weight of Ansel Adams books? A new one has come along that's so big it will have to go to the bottom of the pile if it's not to tip the others. The cover is as crisp as can be; it features the snowy tops of an Alaskan mountain range and a veil of cotton-woolly clouds. Called "The American Wilderness," this luxe book (published by Little, Brown) appears at the same time as a similarly titled exhibition that opened last week at the International Center of Photography. The show includes about half the book's images; there are both vintage and modern prints, which were all overseen by Adams himself.

As always with Adams, some of the pictures in "The American Wilderness" are passionate proof of the physical beauty of this country and a testament to an unspoiled earth. Few photographers have captured the landscape—whether a sliver of a moon above a mountain or a dot of a moon over a valley, a geyser shooting up or a waterfall rushing down—as obsessively as Adams has. Unfortunately, his pictures, while ecologically attuned, do not always persuade. There are plenty in "The American Wilderness" that are just plain sedate.

New Photography at MOMA—There is not a speck of glamour to be found in this engaging exhibition of photographs by Carl Pope, Paul D'Amato, and JoAnn Verburg. Instead there's fat, sweat, dirt, poverty, alienation, self-defense. None of the pictures try to woo the viewer. But D'Amato's photo of rose bushes covered in plastic is particularly haunting. It's a lyrical, beautiful image breaking through the pessimism that characterizes the rest of the show. Through Jan. 8. (Museum of Modern Art.)

Short List—**ansel adams,** International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6; through Feb. 3); **sid avery,** Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (through Dec. 8); **ilse bing,** Min-Lowinsky, 584 Broadway (through Dec. 29); **george platt lynes** and **mitchell syrop,** Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St. (opens at noon on Saturdays, through Dec. 22); **sheila metzner,** Danziger, 415 West Broadway (through Dec. 15); **william noland,** Prats, 24 W. 57th St. (through Dec. 1); **olivia parker,** Sikkema, 155 Spring St. (opens at noon on Saturdays, through Dec. 1); **andres serrano,** Stux, 155 Spring St. (through Dec. 8).

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MUSIC

THE only one of Rossini's serious Italian operas that has ever been done at the Metropolitan is "Semiramide." Don't dive for the reference books; two of his French grand operas have been done in Italian at the Met, but that isn't quite the same. In his years of writing for the Italian stage he produced masterpieces within a form of florid Italian opera that dominated his countrymen's work through most of the operatically fertile nineteenth century. His system was actually referred to, and only faintly in jest, as the "code Rossini." Even Verdi in his last maturity shows unmistakably in every scene that he had been through the Rossinian school.

At around this same time George Bernard Shaw was writing riotously about Rossini. Shaw knew his "Semiramide" (which "appeared to our greener grandfathers as a Ninevesque wonder") as we dare say no current critic knows it, number by number, from years of playing it at the piano and hearing it repeatedly in the theatre. After a fashion, he loved it, and he defended Rossini's best inspirations against the easy brickbats of his fellow Wagnerians. But a taste that discerned in Rossini a great composer, or even a preëminent Italian master, he thought a shallow taste; and he thought the man's influence pernicious ("I cannot say 'Rest his soul,' for he had none; but may at least be allowed the fervent aspiration that we may never look upon his like again").

Now, just short of a century later, the Met, where taste for Ninevesque wonders runs strong, is bringing back "Semiramide," with distinguished and experienced Rossini-revivers in all parts, and with Philip Gossett, the scholar who, among many who have done much, has done most to restore Rossini's reputation as a serious artist, helping to guide their efforts. Is he right, or was Shaw? New Yorkers will have one of their better chances to judge this season.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for the Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 415-5440.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—**LA TRAVIATA,** with Diana Soviero, Jerry Hadley, and Brian Schexnayder; conducted by Rico Saccani. (Nov. 26, Nov. 29, and Dec. 4, all at 8.) . . . **SALOME,** with Hildegard Behrens, Mignon Dunn, Graham Clark, and Ekkehard Wlaschiha; James Conlon. (Nov. 27 at 8:30.) . . . With Hildegard Behrens, Helga Dernesch, Graham Clark, and Ekkehard Wlaschiha; James Conlon. (Dec. 1 at 8:30.) . . . With Hildegard Behrens, Helga Dernesch, Graham Clark, and James Courtney; James Conlon. (Dec. 5 at 8:30.) . . . **PORGY AND BESS,** with Myra Merritt, Marvis Martin, Camellia Johnson, Larry Marshall, and Andrew Smith; Robert Duerr. (Nov. 28 at 7:30.) . . . With Myra Merritt, Marvis Martin, Karen Williams, Larry Marshall, and Terry Cook; Robert Duerr. (Dec. 1 at 1:30.) . . . **SEMIRAMIDE,** Rossini's tragedy wherein the Queen of Babylon discovers that being involved with too many men at the same time can prove problematic; the first performances of a new production by John Copley, with Lella Cuberli, Marilyn Horne, Chris Merritt, and Samuel Ramey; James Conlon. (Nov. 30 at 7 and Dec. 3 at 7:30.)

"ORFEO SUBURBANO"—A new opera with music and libretto by John Sichel (with more than a few twists to the classical myth), in a concert performance by the Turnpike Camerata. (Rutgers Presbyterian Church, 236 W. 73rd St. Dec. 1 at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the performance.)

"THE MAGIC KNIGHT"—Victor Herbert's sendup of Wagner's "Lohengrin," staged by the Apollo Opera. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Dec. 2 at 5:30. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

JOHN BROWNLEE OPERA THEATRE—Siegfried Matthus's "Cornet Christoph Rilke's Song of Love and Death," sung in English. Conducted by David Gilbert and staged by Linda Brovsky. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. 749-2802. Dec. 5 at 8. Through Dec. 9.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall. Charles Dutoit conducting. Nov. 27 at 7:30: Stravinsky's "Danses Concertantes," Debussy's "La Mer," and (with pianist Jean-Yves Thibaudet) Liszt's "Totentanz" and Szymanowski's "Symphonie Concertante." . . . ¶ Nov. 29 and Dec. 1 at 8, Nov. 30 at 2, and Dec. 4 at 7:30: Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique," Jacques Hétu's "Images de la Révolution," and Glazunov's Violin Concerto, with Cho-Liang Lin.

ZURICH TONHALLE ORCHESTRA—Matthias Bamert conducts symphonic works by Haydn and Ravel, as well as Mozart's A-Major Violin Concerto (with Bettina Boller) and Berndt Alois Zimmermann's Oboe Concerto (with Heinz Holliger). (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 30 at 8.)

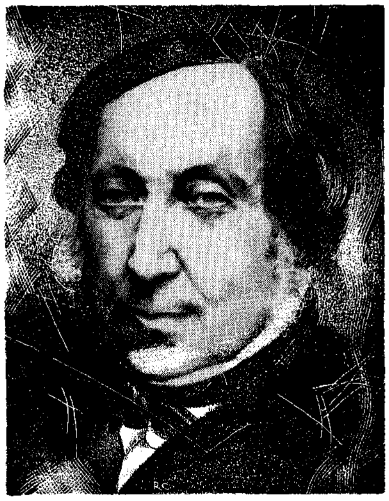
ORPHEUS—The chamber orchestra performs music by Haydn, Kodály, and Frank Martin, as well as Mozart's Piano Concerto in B-Flat, K. 595, with Alicia de Larrocha. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 1 at 8.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Catherine Comet conducting. At Avery Fisher Hall, Nov. 28 at 7:30: An evening of new works. Morton Gould's "Diversions," a tenor-saxophone concerto, with soloist James Houlik; Christopher Rouse's "Concerto per Corde"; Ned Rorem's "Schuyler Songs," with soprano Lucy Shelton; and Samuel Zyman's "Concerto for Cello and Orchestra," with Carlos Prieto. . . . ¶ At Carnegie Hall, Dec. 2 at 3: The rarely heard First Symphony of the nineteenth-century Russian composer Vasily Kalinnikov; Poulenc's "Concert Champêtre," with harpsichordist Anthony Newman; and Chausson's "Poème de l'Amour et de la Mer," with tenor Paul Sperry.

JUPITER SYMPHONY—Jens Nygaard conducts music by Haydn, Elgar, Mikhail Ippolitov-Ivanov, and Mozart (the D-Minor Piano Concerto, with Lilian Kallir). (Alice Tully Hall. Dec. 3 at 8.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Christoph Eschenbach conducts Bruckner's Seventh Symphony and, from the keyboard, Mozart's C-Major Concerto, K. 467. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 4 at 8.)

ORCHESTRA OF ST. LUKE'S—Roger Norrington conducts Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. (Avery Fisher Hall. Dec. 5 at 8.)



Gioacchino Rossini, composer of "Semiramide" (at the Met)

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHOIR—James Litton directs the choir and the Fairfield Orchestra (performing on period instruments) in two Haydn Masses, and William Trafka performs as soloist in a Haydn organ concerto. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. 751-1616, ext. 227. Nov. 28 at 8.)

CHANTICLEER—The twelve-member, all-male a cappella choral ensemble from San Francisco performs holiday music. (Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 145 W. 46th St. 921-2939. Dec. 1 at 8.)

CANTICUM NOVUM SINGERS—Choral works by Mendelssohn and Brahms, directed by Harold Rosenbaum. (Merkin Concert Hall. Dec. 1 at 8.)

CONCERT CHORALE OF NEW YORK—Amy Kaiser directs the première of Robert Starer's "Night Thoughts," as well as works by eight other noted American composers. (Gershwin Theatre, Brooklyn College, Campus Rd. at Hillel Pl., near the intersection of Flatbush and Nostrand Aves. 1-718 434-2222. Dec. 2 at 2.)

THE TALLIS SCHOLARS—Peter Phillips directs the ten-member vocal ensemble in Renaissance music for the Nativity season. (Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 145 W. 46th St. 921-2939. Dec. 4 at 8.)

RECITALS

GRACE BUMBRY—Soprano, sings opera arias with the Orchestra of St. Luke's, conducted by Daniel Nazareth. (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 27 at 8.)

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY CONTEMPORARY ENSEMBLE—In conjunction with the New York University Percussion Ensemble, the group plays recent compositions, including Dinu Ghezzo's "Freedom," featuring Esther Lamneck playing the *tárogató* (a clarinetlike Hungarian reed instrument). (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 27 at 8.)

GUADALUPE PARRONDO—*Piano, performing music* by Mexican composers. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Nov. 27 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—Violinist John Dalley, violist Michael Tree, and cellist David Soyer play Beethoven's String Trio, Op. 9, No. 1. Violinist Arnold Steinhardt is out with tendonitis. Two guests, clarinettist Harold Wright and pianist Seymour Lipkin, perform trios by Mozart (with Mr. Tree) and Brahms (with Mr. Soyer). (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 28 at 8.)

MC DERMOTT TRIO—The three-sister ensemble (violinist Kerry, cellist Maureen, and pianist Anne-Marie) performs trios by Mendelssohn (his Op. 66), Schumann, and Shostakovich. (92nd Street Y. Nov. 28 at 8.)

MANNES TRIO—Performing C-minor trios by Beethoven and Mendelssohn, as well as Nathan Currier's "A Musical Banquet." (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Nov. 28 at 8.)

JAN HENRIK KAYSER—The pianist focusses on works from his native Norway—Grieg's "Holberg Suite" and G-Minor Ballade, and Arne Nordheim's "Listen." (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Nov. 28 at 8.)

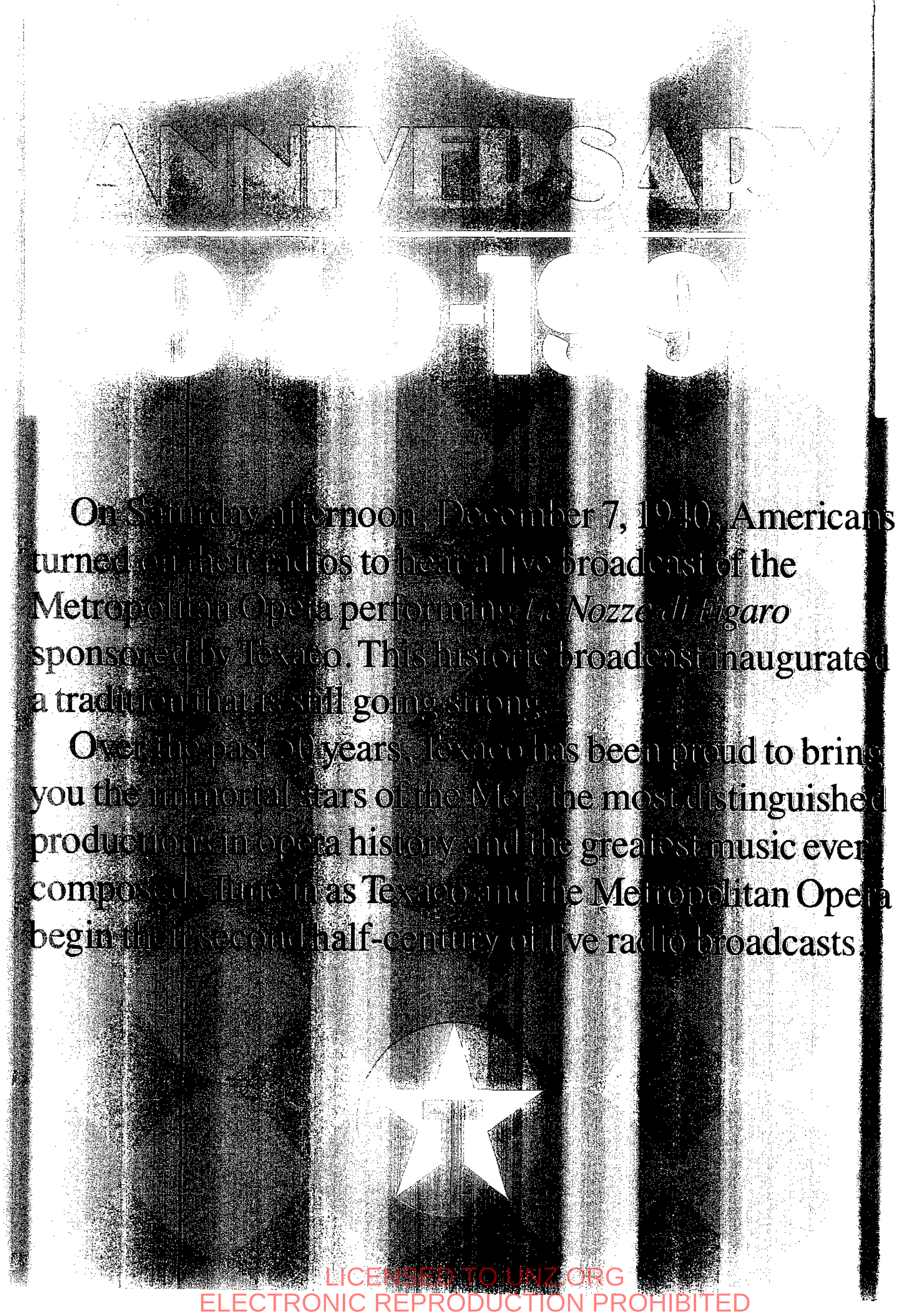
BARGEMUSIC—A chamber group performs a Beethoven cello sonata and piano trios by Haydn and Arensky. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Nov. 29 at 7:30 and Dec. 2 at 4.)

KALICHSTEIN-LAREDO-ROBINSON TRIO—Performing piano trios by Haydn, Brahms, Ellen Taaffe Zwilich, and Rebecca Clarke. Ms. Clarke (1886-1979), who was a distinguished English violist and a close friend and colleague of Myra Hess, composed prolifically (on the fringe of atonality) for a decade following the First World War. (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 29 at 8.)

"THE NEW ENGLANDERS"—An evening of music by early-twentieth-century New England composers, whose works are suddenly making frequent appearances on concert programs: in this case, Ives, Quincy Porter, Amy Beach, and Arthur Foote. With pianist Margaret Mills and the Laurentian String Quartet. (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 29 at 8.)

PAULINE OLIVEROS—The composer-performer customizes her accordion to the acoustics of her performing space, with the help of computer technology. (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. Nov. 29 at 8. Admission by contribution.)

RICHARD STOLTZMAN—The clarinettist performs



ANNIVERSARY

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MUSIC–Cont'd

pieces by (or derived from) Bach, Debussy, Steve Reich, and others, against a background of slide projections by John Pearson. (Metropolitan Museum. Nov. 30 at 8.)

Helicon Ensemble—Albert Fuller plays a harpsichord sonata by Elisabeth Jacquet de la Guerre; soprano Julianne Baird solos in a cantata by Michel Pignolet de Montéclair; and an ensemble plays Mendelssohn's Octet. (Weill Recital Hall. Nov. 30 at 8.)

Paula Robison—Flute, plays C. P. E. Bach's unaccompanied sonata and, with a chamber ensemble, concerted works from the baroque. (Metropolitan Museum. Dec. 1 at 8.)

Ralph Kirshbaum—The cellist performs music by Beethoven, Schumann, Shostakovich, and Lutoslawski, assisted by pianist Roger Vignoles. (92nd Street Y. Dec. 1 at 8.)

Omni Ensemble—Chamber music for winds by Rossini, Ponchielli, Stravinsky, and Poulenc. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Dec. 2 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Edmund Battersby—Performing music by Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, and Chopin on a replica of an 1824 Viennese pianoforte. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. Dec. 2 at 5.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Music by four Romantic masters, performed by soprano Dawn Upshaw, violinist James Buswell, clarinettist David Shifrin, cellist Leslie Parnas, and pianist Lee Luvisi: Schubert's "Shepherd on the Rock"; a selection of songs from Schumann's "Myrthen"; Mendelssohn's D-Minor Piano Trio; and Brahms' F-Minor Clarinet Sonata. (Alice Tully Hall. Dec. 2 at 5 and Dec. 4 at 7:30.)

Downtown Chamber and Opera Players—A benefit concert including works by four composers who died of AIDS (Calvin Hampton, Deolus Husband, William Turner, and Louis Weingarten) and a new song cycle by Chris De Blasio dedicated to victims of the disease. (Middle Collegiate Church, Second Ave. at 7th St. Dec. 2 at 8. For information about tickets, call 477-1594.)

Palma Toscani—Soprano, performs Schumann's "Frauenliebe und -leben," as well as songs to French texts by non-French composers. (Merkin Concert Hall. Dec. 3 at 8.)

Jean-Yves Thibaudet—Piano, performing works of Brahms, Liszt, and Ravel. (Metropolitan Museum. Dec. 4 at 8.)

Todd Palmer—Clarinet, with pianist Carol Archer, in a program of Debussy, Ives (the clarinettist's own arrangement of the Third Violin Sonata), and others. Presented by Young Concert Artists. (92nd Street Y. Dec. 4 at 8.)

John Cage—The composer performs (or doesn't perform, depending on one's point of view) what may be the definitive interpretation of "4′33″," his notorious work from 1952 that consists of four minutes and thirty-three seconds of silence. The evening also includes four other Cage works (performed with a little help from his friends) and some conversation with the composer and an interview by filmmaker Allan Miller. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Dec. 4 at 8.)

Eugene Istomin—Piano, performing three Beethoven sonatas and a fantasy. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 5 at 8.)

Angelina Réaux—The soprano performs songs from each of Kurt Weill's nine musical theatre works composed for Broadway, accompanied by the Music Today ensemble (playing the composer's original orchestrations), conducted by Robert Kapilow. (Merkin Concert Hall. Dec. 5 at 8.)

Panayis Lyras—The Greek pianist performs Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata and Schumann's "Carnaval," among other works. (Alice Tully Hall. Dec. 5 at 8.)

Finnish Music—To celebrate the hundred-and-twenty-fifth anniversary of Sibelius's birth, soprano Taru Valjakka and the Arioso Ensemble perform selections from his songs and chamber music, as well as works by Thomas Byström (a Finnish contemporary of Beethoven), Toivo Kuula, Aulis Sallinen, and Jouni Kaipainen. (92nd Street Y. Dec. 5 at 8.)

JAZZ / POP / ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Heart—There's not much to be said for this slick power-pop quintet except to note the meticulous professionalism with which they cram familiar hooks and incessant crescendos into their formulaic classic-rock songs—it's great car-commercial music—and to mention that two sisters, Ann and Nancy Wilson, lead the band. Their inspirational significance has been close to nil—Chrissie Hynde and Patti Smith are the faces that launched a thousand female rockers. Heart's shiny songs of bosom-heaving availability are little more than balm for the eighteen-to-twenty-four-year-old male soul. The ubiquitous hit from their latest album was a strange chestnut from 1979 titled "All I Wanna Do Is Make Love to You," which tells the story of a woman who picks up a hitchhiker and conceives a child with him at a hotel because the man she loves is either impotent or infertile. But it's the chorus that sells. (Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. Nov. 29 at 8. . . . ¶ Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 794-9300. Nov. 30 at 8.)

The Neville Brothers—The four Neville Brothers (Charles, Art, Aaron, and Cyril) have been brewing soulful New Orleans gumbo rock for more than a decade. Their most popular record, 1989's "Yellow Moon," produced by Daniel Lanois, brilliantly captured in the studio the spiritual exhilaration of their live shows. The beauty of a Neville Brothers performance is that they are so relaxed that they fan each other's sparks of individuality. "Brother's Keeper," their new album, doesn't have the terrific Dylan covers of its predecessor—it's a more wistful, wandering record. But the popping bass lines and funky keyboards are still in place, and the Nevilles are still writing the occasional great song. Their music is mystical funk, with a depth that—like Aaron's heavenly voice—is unique to them. (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. 947-5850. Nov. 30 at 9.)

Harry Connick, Jr.—Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Nov. 27-Dec. 1 and Dec. 4-8 at 8.

Mario Bauza and His Afro-Cuban Orchestra—With Graciela. (American Museum of Natural History, 77th St. between Central Park W. and Columbus Ave. Nov. 29 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

GRP All-Stars—Benefit concerts. Nov. 29: Chick Corea, Gary Burton, Diane Schuur, and others. . . . ¶ Nov. 30: Tom Scott, Larry Carlton, and others. . . . ¶ Dec. 1: Patti Austin, Lee Ritenour, Dave Grusin, and others. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Evenings at 8.)

Judy Collins—With Buskin & Batteau. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Nov. 30 at 8.)

Composers' Forum—Presenting the Roscoe Mitchell New Chamber Ensemble and the Henry Threadgill WindString Ensemble. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Nov. 30 at 8.)

Improvisations Concert—Chris Cochrane, Ikue Mori, Zeena Parkins, and Jim Staley. (Roulette, 228 West Broadway. 219-8242. Nov. 30 at 9.)

Robin Williamson—Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Dec. 1 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

Indigo Girls—Beacon Theatre. Dec. 3-4 at 8.

"Folk Masters: Traditional Music in the Americas"—Nov. 27 at 8: The Menhaden Chanteymen, Lonnie Pitchford, and the White Cloud Hunters Mardi Gras Indian Tribe. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 8:30: Los Pregoneros del Puerto and the Ardoin Family, with Canray Fontenot. . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 8: Doc Tate Nevaquaya, the Akwesasne Mohawk Singers, Lawrence (Teddy Boy) Houle, and the Badlands Singers. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. The series runs through Dec. 15.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Giants—Away until Dec. 9, when they face the Minnesota Vikings.

Jets—Away until Dec. 16, when they face the Indianapolis Colts.

Rangers—Vs. the Buffalo Sabres, Nov. 26. . . . ¶ Vs. the Washington Capitals, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Vs. the Pittsburgh Penguins, Dec. 3. (Game time, 7:30.)

Islanders—Vs. the Philadelphia Flyers, Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Vs. the Washington Capitals, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Vs. the Vancouver Canucks, Dec. 4. (Game time, 7:35.)

Devils—Vs. the Philadelphia Flyers, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Vs. the Islanders, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Vancouver Canucks, Dec. 5. (Game time, 7:45.)

Knicks—Vs. the Cleveland Cavaliers, Nov. 2[illegible] . . . ¶ Vs. the Charlotte Hornets, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Vs. the Orlando Magic, Dec. 4. (Game time, 7:30.)

Nets—Vs. the Philadelphia 76ers, Nov. 27. . [illegible] ¶ Vs. the Orlando Magic, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Vs. the Seattle Supersonics, Dec. 4. (Game tim[illegible] 7:30.)

(The Rangers and the Knicks play at Madison Square Garden, 563-8300; the Islanders at Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300; and the Devils and the Nets at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

RACING

Horses—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30. . . . **trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8, and Tuesdays at 1.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

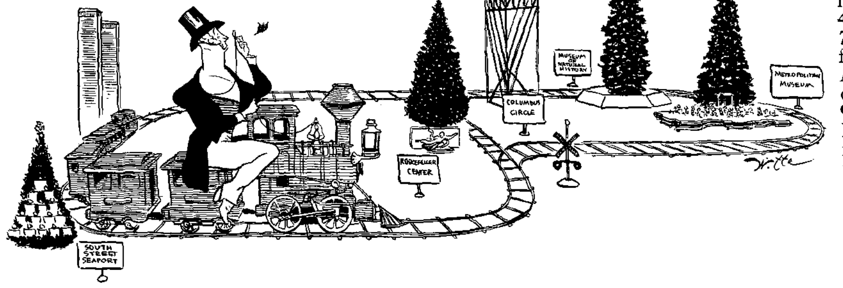
Tree—It's a seventy-five-foot Norway spruce from Connecticut, bedecked with thousands of colored lights. The ritual illumination in Rockefeller Center will take place this year on Dec. 3 at 5:30, and Liza Minnelli will oversee the flicking of the switch.

A Day Without Art—Dec. 1 is designated this year by both government officials and by museums and arts organizations as a day of mourning for people who have died because of AIDS, and as a day of support for people with AIDS. The Metropolitan Museum is removing works by Matisse, Renoir, Rembrandt, and many others from its galleries; the main branch of the New York Public Library is presenting a marathon reading, from 1 to 5, with Susan Brownmiller, Allan Gurganus, Francis Steenmuller, and others; Cooper Union is presenting a four-hour outdoor slide show with live music at 6 P.M.; and, from 7:45 to 8, most of Manhattan's tallest buildings will go dark.

Small-Press Book Fair—Two hundred small, independent publishers will display their books and magazines at the General Society Library, 20 W. 44th St. Dec. 1, from 10 to 6, and Dec. 2, from 10 to 4.

Souvenir Shopping—An esoteric convention for collectors of World's Fair memorabilia. Browsers will find wooden nickels, postcards, tokens, thimbles, posters, bookplates, and back issues of *Fair News*. (Queens Museum, Flushing Meadow Park. Dec. 1, from 10 to 5. No charge beyond museum admission.)

Readings—Nov. 29 at 7: Marvin Bell and Amy Clampitt read from their own poetry. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Par[illegible] W., at 77th St. Tickets at the door.) . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 8: David Bradley and Nin[illegible] Cassian read from their own works. (We[illegible] Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557.) . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 8: The first evening in the "Poets and Painters" series pairs John Ashbery with Jane Freilicher and Kenneth Koch with Larry Rivers in talks about art. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.) . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 7:30: Mark Strand reads from his own poetry. (Dia Art Foundation, 155 Mercer St. 431-9232.) . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 8: Patrick McGrath, Mary Caponegro, and Michael Cunningham read from their own prose. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799.)



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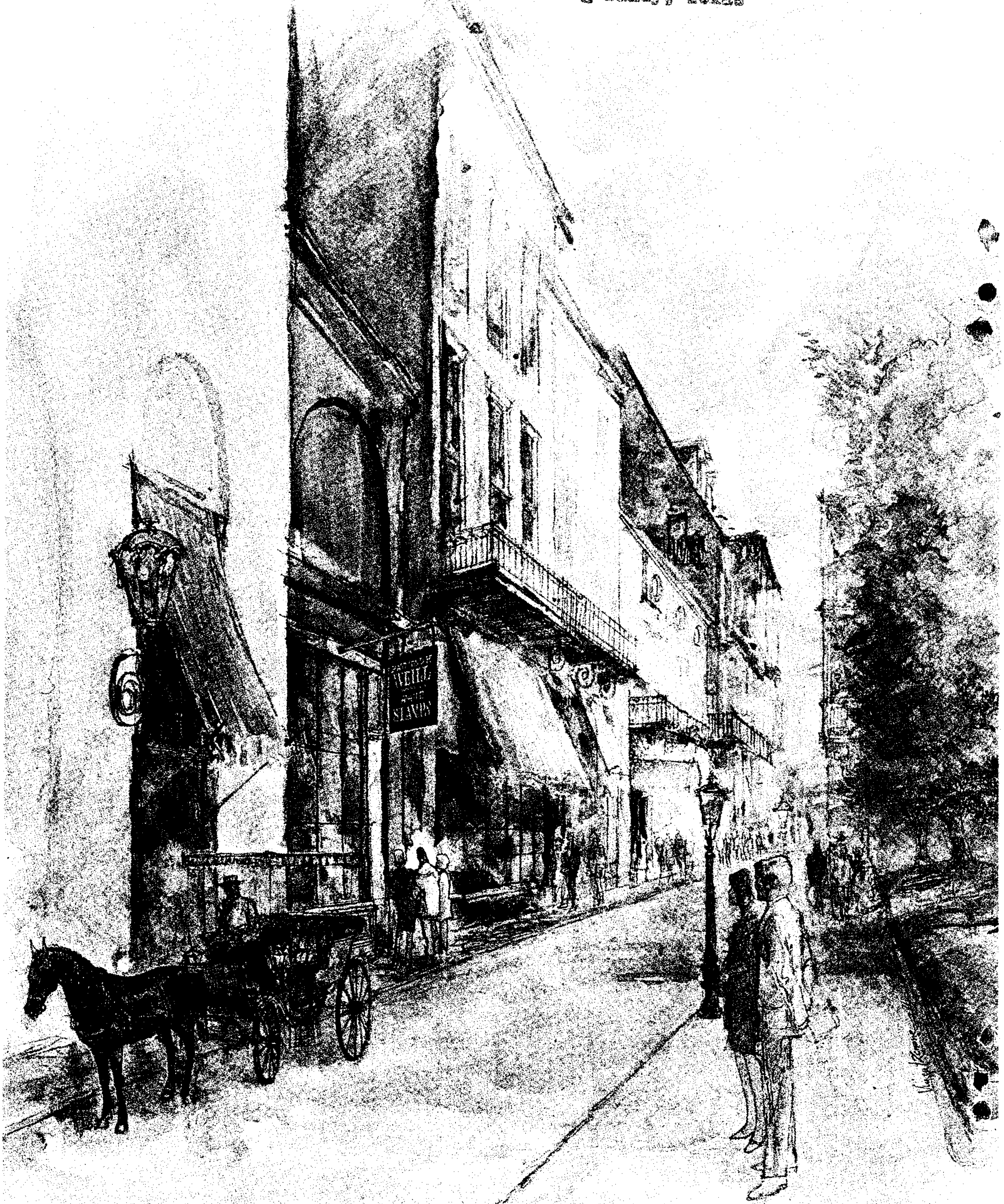

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 30.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "To Sleep with Anger" (†).
Theatre 2: "Metropolitan" (directed by Whit Stillman), with Edward Clements, Carolyn Farina, Christopher Eigeman, and Taylor Nichols.
Theatre 3: "Akira Kurosawa's Dreams" (†).
Theatre 4: "Leningrad Cowboys Go America" (Aki Kaurismaki; in English and Finnish).
Theatre 5: "C'est la Vie" (Diane Kurys), with Nathalie Baye and Richard Berry.
Theatre 6: "Tune in Tomorrow . . ." (†).

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Nov. 26: Theatre closed.
Nov. 27-Dec. 1: "Stavisky" (†).
From Dec. 2: "Volpone" (†).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin.
Theatre 2: "Avalon" (†).
Theatre 3: "GoodFellas" (†).

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Hidden Agenda" (Ken Loach), with Frances McDormand, Brian Cox, and Brad Dourif.
Theatre 2: "Dances with Wolves" (Kevin Costner), with Costner.
Theatre 3: "Dances with Wolves."
Theatre 4: "Reversal of Fortune" (†).
Theatre 5: "Jacob's Ladder" (Adrian Lyne), with Tim Robbins, Elizabeth Peña, and Danny Aiello.
Theatre 6: "Rocky V" (John G. Avildsen), with Sylvester Stallone.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Three Men and a Little Lady" (Emile Ardolino), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Rocky V" (John G. Avildsen), with Sylvester Stallone.
Theatre 2: "Predator 2" (Stephen Hopkins), with Danny Glover and Gary Busey.
Theatre 3: "Rocky V."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"White Palace" (Luis Mandoki), with Susan Sarandon and James Spader.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Nutcracker Prince" (Paul Schibli), an animated film.

Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "Three Men and a Little Lady" (Emile Ardolino), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.
Theatre 2: "GoodFellas" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Predator 2" (Stephen Hopkins), with Danny Glover and Gary Busey.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Cyrano de Bergerac" (Jean-Paul Rappeneau; in French), with Gérard Depardieu.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 29: "Child's Play 2" (John Lafia), with Alex Vincent. From Nov. 30: "Misery" (Rob Reiner), with James Caan and Kathy Bates.
Theatre 2: "Ghost" (†).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"White Palace" (Luis Mandoki), with Susan Sarandon and James Spader.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Henry & June" (†).
Theatre 2: "Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin.

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Mr. and Mrs. Bridge" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Rescuers Down Under" (Hendel Butoy and Mike Gabriel), an animated film.
Theatre 3: "My Twentieth Century" (Ildiko Enyedi; in Hungarian).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Avalon" (†).
Theatre 2: "Jacob's Ladder" (Adrian Lyne), with Tim Robbins, Elizabeth Peña, and Danny Aiello.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Dec. 4: "The Krays" (Peter Medak), with Billie Whitelaw, Tom Bell, Gary Kemp, and Martin Kemp.
From Dec. 5: "The Grifters" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Rocky V" (John G. Avildsen), with Sylvester Stallone.
Theatre 2: "Hidden Agenda" (Ken Loach), with Frances McDormand, Brian Cox, and Brad Dourif.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Reversal of Fortune" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Dances with Wolves" (Kevin Costner), with Costner.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Rocky V" (John G. Avildsen), with Sylvester Stallone.

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Predator 2" (Stephen Hopkins), with Danny Glover, Gary Busey, Rubén Blades, and Maria Conchita Alonso.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 29: "Child's Play 2" (John Lafia), with Alex Vincent. From Nov. 30: "Misery" (Rob Reiner), with James Caan and Kathy Bates.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: (Matinées only) "The Nutcracker Prince" (Paul Schibli), an animated film; and (evenings only) "GoodFellas" (†).
Theatre 2: "Three Men and a Little Lady" (Emile Ardolino), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 27: "Baxter" (1988, directed by Jerome Boivin; in French), with Lise Delamare. Nov. 28-Dec. 4: "Berkeley in the Sixties" (Mark Kitchell). From Dec. 5: "A Very Old Man with Enormous Wings" (Fernando Birri; in Spanish), with Birri.
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: (Separate admissions) "Kiss Me Kate" (†); and "Akira" (Katsuhiro Otomo), a Japanese animated science-fiction film.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "White Palace" (Luis Mandoki), with Susan Sarandon and James Spader.
Theatre 2: "The Krays" (Peter Medak), with Billie Whitelaw, Tom Bell, Gary Kemp, and Martin Kemp.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Reversal of Fortune" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Henry & June" (†).
Theatre 2: "Predator 2" (Stephen Hopkins), with Danny Glover, Gary Busey, Rubén Blades, and Maria Conchita Alonso.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Three Men and a Little Lady" (Emile Ardolino), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.
Theatre 2: "The Rescuers Down Under" (Hendel Butoy and Mike Gabriel), an animated film.
Theatre 3: "My Twentieth Century" (Ildiko Enyedi; in Hungarian).
Theatre 4: (Separate admissions) "Jacob's Ladder" (Adrian Lyne), with Tim Robbins, Elizabeth Peña, and Danny Aiello; and "Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Salvatore Cascio.

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "The Nutcracker Prince" (Paul Schibli), an animated film.
Theatre 2: "Henry & June" (†).
Theatre 3: "Miller's Crossing" (†).
Theatre 4: "Predator 2" (Stephen Hopkins), with Danny Glover and Gary Busey.
Theatre 5: (Matinées only) "Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin; and (evenings only) "Predator 2."
Theatre 6: "White Palace" (Luis Mandoki), with Susan Sarandon and James Spader.
Theatre 7: "Child's Play 2" (John Lafia), with Alex Vincent.
Theatre 8: "Home Alone."
Theatre 9: Through Nov. 29: "The Krays" (Peter Medak), with Billie Whitelaw, Tom Bell, Gary Kemp, and Martin Kemp. From Nov. 30: "Misery" (Rob Reiner), with James Caan and Kathy Bates.

The 1940 adventure film "The Mark of Zorro" (playing December 2-3 at the Biograph Cinema) has just about everything a swashbuckler needs except a swashbuckler. Tyrone Power, who plays the title role, was almost always a gallant, intelligent leading man. But he didn't have the thrust-chest insouciance of Errol Flynn, or the athletic, kinetic ebullience of Douglas Fairbanks. When you think back on Power's performances in costume epics—like "Captain from Castile" and "The Black Rose" and, yes, "The Mark of Zorro"—all you tend to remember is how he looks in the costumes.

As Zorro, the Robin Hood of old Los Angeles who terrorizes the corrupt Spanish governor (J. Edward Bromberg) and woos the governor's niece, who's actually named Lolita (played by the gorgeous Linda Darnell), Power had to follow in Fairbanks' fancy footsteps. (Fairbanks' silent version was one of his capering masterpieces.) According to Tom Milne, director Rouben Mamoulian's main apologist, the filmmaker compensated for Power's lack of swashbuckling skill by "doing the swashbuckling for him." It's true that Mamoulian suggests as much action as he shows, includes relatively few big set pieces, and turns the evil Captain Pasquale (the ever-alert and menacing Basil Rathbone) into a galvanic presence with a rapier. But the effect this has is to keep you rooting for the bad guy to attack. This swashbuckler made its only mark at the box office; artistically it doesn't leave a scratch.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Sibling Rivalry" (Carl Reiner), with Kirstie Alley.
Theatre 2: "The Rescuers Down Under" (Hendel Butoy and Mike Gabriel), an animated film.
Theatre 3: "Graffiti Bridge" (Prince), with Prince.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Rescuers Down Under" (Hendel Butoy and Mike Gabriel), an animated film.

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Henry & June" (†).
Theatre 2: "Child's Play 2" (John Lafia), with Alex Vincent.
Theatre 3: "White Palace" (Luis Mandoki), with Susan Sarandon and James Spader.
Theatre 4: "Avalon" (†).
Theatre 5: "Memphis Belle" (Michael Caton-Jones), with Matthew Modine.
Theatre 6: "Sibling Rivalry" (Carl Reiner), with Kirstie Alley.

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin, Joe Pesci, Daniel Stern, and Catherine O'Hara.

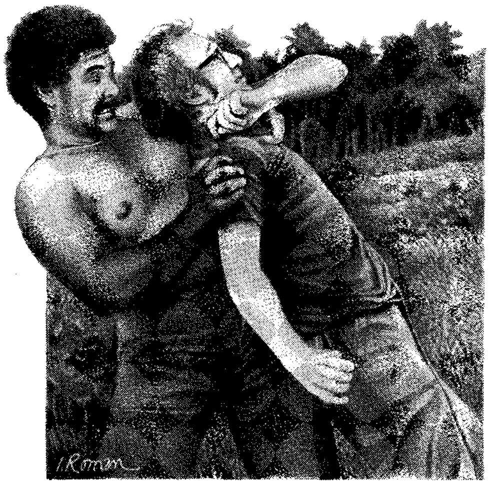
Loews Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Rocky V" (John G. Avildsen), with Sylvester Stallone.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Reversal of Fortune" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"C'est la Vie" (Diane Kurys), with Nathalie Baye and Richard Berry.

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Salvatore Cascio.

Loews Fine Arts, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"Vincent & Theo."



At Theatre 80 St. Marks, a self-defense instructor and Woody Allen in "Bananas"

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Sibling Rivalry" (Carl Reiner), with Kirstie Alley.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st (247-5070)
"Dances with Wolves" (Kevin Costner).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2 and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "The Nasty Girl" (Michael Verhoeven; in German), with Lena Stolze.
Theatre 2: "Talai (The Law)" (Idrissa Ouedraogo).
Theatre 3: "L'Atalante" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Three Men and a Little Lady" (Emile Ardolino), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Jacob's Ladder" (Adrian Lyne), with Tim Robbins, Elizabeth Peña, and Danny Aiello.
Theatre 2: "Avalon" (†).
Theatre 3: "Rocky V" (John G. Avildsen), with Sylvester Stallone.
Theatre 4: (Matinées only) "The Nutcracker Prince" (Paul Schibli), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Reversal of Fortune"(†).
Theatre 5: "Hidden Agenda" (Ken Loach), with Frances McDormand, Brian Cox, and Brad Dourif.
Theatre 6: (Matinées only) "The Nutcracker Prince"; and (evenings only) "GoodFellas" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "The Rescuers Down Under" *(Hendel Butoy and Mike Gabriel), an animated film.*
Theatre 2: "Henry & June" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Predator 2" (Stephen Hopkins), with Danny Glover and Gary Busey.
Theatre 2: "Child's Play 2" (John Lafia), with Alex Vincent.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Nutcracker Prince" (directed by Paul Schibli), an animated film.
Theatre 2: "Predator 2" (Stephen Hopkins), with Danny Glover, Gary Busey, Rubén Blades, and Maria Conchita Alonso.
Theatre 3: "Predator 2."
Theatre 4: "Jacob's Ladder" (Adrian Lyne), with Tim Robbins, Elizabeth Peña, and Danny Aiello.
Theatre 5: "GoodFellas" (†).
Theatre 6: "Marked for Death" (Dwight H. Little), with Steven Seagal, Joanna Pacula, and Keith David.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Three Men and a Little Lady" (Emile Ardolino), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Graveyard Shift" (Ralph S. Singleton), with David Andrews, Kelly Wolf, Stephen Macht, and Brad Dourif.
Theatre 2: "Death Warrant" (Deran Saradian), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.
Theatre 3: "Ghost" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Rocky V" (John G. Avildsen), with Sylvester Stallone.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "White Palace" (Luis Mandoki), with Susan Sarandon and James Spader.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 29: "Child's Play 2" (John Lafia), with Alex Vincent. From Nov. 30: "Misery" (Rob Reiner), with James Caan and Kathy Bates.

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)
Theatre 1: "Graffiti Bridge" (Prince).
Theatre 2: "Tune in Tomorrow" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Nov. 26: "The Letter" (1940, directed by William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, James Stephenson, and Gale Sondergaard; and "Strange Cargo" (1940, Frank Borzage), with Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Peter Lorre, Paul Lukas, and Ian Hunter.
Nov. 27-28: "The Return of Frank James" (1940, Fritz Lang), with Henry Fonda, Gene Tierney, Jackie Cooper, and John Carradine; and "Northwest *Passage" (1940, King Vidor), with Spencer* Tracy, Walter Brennan, Robert Young, and Ruth Hussey.
Nov. 29-Dec. 1: "Too Many Girls" (1940, George Abbott), with Lucille Ball, Richard Carlson, Ann Miller, Desi Arnaz, Eddie Bracken, Frances Langford, and Van Johnson; and "Broadway Melody of 1940" (†).
Dec. 2-3: "The Mark of Zorro" (see blurb on page 27); and "Chad Hanna" (1940, Henry King), with Henry Fonda, Linda Darnell, Dorothy Lamour, and Jane Darwell.
Dec. 4-5: "Strike Up the Band" (†) and "Dance, Girl, Dance" (†).

Cinema Village, 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
Through Nov. 27: "The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (1988, Philip Kaufman), with Daniel Day-Lewis, Lena Olin, and Juliette Binoche.
Nov. 28-Dec. 1: "Babette's Feast" (1988, Gabriel Axel; *in Danish and French), with* Stéphane Audran; and "Chocolat" (1989, Claire Denis; in French).
Dec. 2-4: "Labyrinth of Passion" (1982, Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish); and "Dark Passion."
From Dec. 5: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (1986, Stephen Frears), with Roshan Seth, Saeed Jaffrey, Gordon Warnecke, and Daniel Day-Lewis; and "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (1988, Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish), with Carmen Maura, Fernando Guillén, Julieta Serrano, Kiti Manver, Rossy De Palma, Maria Barranco, and Antonio Banderas.

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Through Nov. 27: "Muhammad Ali, The Greatest" (1964 and 1974, William Klein).
Nov. 28-29: "Zazie dans le Métro" (1960, Louis Malle; in French), with Catherine Demongeot and Philippe Noiret; and "Broadway by Light" (1958, William Klein), a documentary.
Nov. 30-Dec. 3: "Who Are You, Polly Magoo?" (1966, William Klein), with Dorothy MacGowan, Jean Rochefort, Sami *Frey, Philippe Noiret, and Delphine* Seyrig; and "The Model Couple" (1976, Klein; in French), with André Dussollier and Eddie Constantine.
Dec. 4: "Mode in France" (1985, William Klein), with Grace Jones, Kenzo, Agnès B., Castelbajac, Gaultier, and Claude Montana; and "The French" (Klein), with Björn Borg, Yannick Noah, John McEnroe, Ilie Nastase, Chris Evert, Jimmy Connors, and Ivan Lendl.
From Dec. 5: "Eldridge Cleaver, Black Panther" (1970, William Klein) and "PanAfrican Cultural Festival" (1969, Klein), both documentaries.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Nov. 26: "Jean de Florette" (1985, Claude Berri; in French), with Yves Montand, Gérard Depardieu, Elisabeth Depardieu, and Daniel Auteuil; and "Manon of the Spring" (1987, Berri; in French), with Montand, Auteuil, and Emmanuelle Béart.
Nov. 27: "The Awful Truth" (1937, Leo McCarey), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "You Can't Take It with You" (1938, Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, and Edward Arnold.
Nov. 28: "The Red House" (1947, Delmer Daves), with Edward G. Robinson, Lon McCallister, and Judith Anderson; and "D.O.A." (1950, Rudolph Maté), with Edmond O'Brien.
Nov. 29: "Diamonds Are Forever" (1971, Guy Hamilton), with Sean Connery as James Bond; and "You Only Live Twice" (†).
Nov. 30-Dec. 1: "The Trial" (1962, Orson Welles), with Welles, Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Suzanne Flon, Elsa Martinelli, and Romy Schneider; and "The Third Man" (1950, Carol Reed), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard.
Dec. 2: "Take the Money and Run" (1969, Woody Allen), with Allen and Janet Margolin; and "Bananas" (1971, Allen), with Allen and Louise Lasser.
Dec. 3: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (†); and "M" (1932, Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre.
Dec. 4: "A Night at the Opera" (1935, Sam Wood), with the Marx Brothers, Kitty Carlisle, Allan Jones, and Margaret Dumont; and "A Day at the Races" (1937, Wood), with the Marx Brothers, Jones, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Dumont.
Dec. 5: "Indiscretion of an American Wife" (†); and "The Gold of Naples" (1956, Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Sophia Loren, De Sica, Silvana Mangano, and Totò.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—Nov. 26 at 2:30: "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" (1969, directed by Sydney Pollack), with Jane Fonda, Michael Sarrazin, and Gig Young. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 6: "Point Blank" (1967, John Boorman), with Lee Marvin, Angie Dickinson, and Keenan Wynn. . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 2:30: "The New Centurions" (1972, Richard Fleischer), with George C. Scott, Stacy Keach, and Jane Alexander. . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 3: "A Summer to Remember" (1960, Georgy Daniela), with Sergei Bondarchuck. . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 6: " 'Round Midnight" (1986, Bertrand Tavernier), with Dexter Gordon. . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 6: "The Last Bridge" (1953, Helmut Kautner; in German), with Maria Schell and Bernhard Wicki. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 3: "The Right Stuff" (1983, Philip Kaufman), with Sam Shepard, Ed Harris, and Dennis Quaid . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 3: "Our Daily Bread" (1934, King Vidor), with Karen Morley and Tom Keene. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 5:30: "The White Sheik" (1955, Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Alberto Sordi and Giulietta Massina. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 2: "Author! Author!" (†). . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 2:30: "Parting Glances" (1986, Bill Sherwood), with Richard Ganoung and Steve Buscemi. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 5: "Red, Hot and Blue" (1990, Percy Adlon, Jonathan Demme, Wim Wenders, and others), an AIDS information music video. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 5: " 'Round Midnight." . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 2: "True Confessions" (1981, Ulu Grosbard), with Robert De Niro, Robert Duvall, and Charles Durning. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 2:30: "Red, Hot and Blue." . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 5: "The Music Box" (1989, Costa-Gavras), with Jessica Lange and Armin Mueller-Stahl. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 5: "Parting Glances." . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 2:30: "Nickelodeon" (1976, Peter Bogdanovich), with Ryan O'Neal, Burt Reynolds, and Tatum O'Neal.

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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"MB Playhouse," dramas shown on television over the past thirty years. Nov. 27-Dec. 1: Wendy Wasserstein's "Uncommon Women and Others" (1978, PBS), with Swoosie Kurtz, Meryl Streep, Ann McDonough, Jill Eikenberry, and Ellen Parker. . . . From Dec. 4: Ernest J. Gaines' "The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman" (1974, CBS), with Cicely Tyson. Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6, Wednesdays through Fridays at 3, and Saturdays at 1. . . . ¶ Programs about contemporary comedians, and people who influenced them. Garry Shandling: Nov. 27-28: "The Graduate" (1986, Showtime), an episode of "It's Garry Shandling's Show"; and "The Woody Allen Special" (1969, CBS). Nov. 29-Dec. 1: "What's Happening to Me?" (1988, Showtime), an episode of "It's Garry Shandling's Show"; "Coast to Coast Big Mouth" (1965, CBS), an episode of "The Dick Van Dyke Show"; and highlights of other performers who influenced Shandling.

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Dec. 5 at 12:30 and 6: "Le Soupirant" (1963, Pierre Etaix; in French), with Etaix, Denise Perron, Claude Massot, and Karin Vesely. . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 3:15 and 8:45: "Le Grand Amour" (1968, Etaix; in French), with Etaix.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (879-5500)—Dec. 1 at 1:30: "There's Just One Little Thing" (1940, Juan Bustillo Oro; in Spanish, with no English subtitles), with Cantinflas. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 4 and 6:30: "Frida" (1984, Paul Leduc; in Spanish), with Ofelia Medina.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—In either the Riklis Theatre or the Warner Communications Screening Room: "Red Scare! Soviet Communism in American Film and Television, 1909-88." Nov. 28-30 at 2: "The First Moscow Purge-Trial" (1953), an episode of "You Are There"; and "Atomic Attack" (1954), an episode of "Motorola TV Hour.". . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 3: "Prisoner of War" (1954, Andrew Marton), with Ronald Reagan. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 5: "The Manchurian Candidate" (1962, John Frankenheimer), with Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Janet Leigh, and Angela Lansbury. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 2: "The Red Menace" (1949, R. G. Springsteen), with Robert Rockwell. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 4: "Red Dawn" (1984, John Milius), with Patrick Swayze, C. Thomas Howell, Lea Thompson, Charlie Sheen, and Darren Dalton. . . . ¶ Dec. 1-2 at 1 and 3, and Dec. 5-7 at 2: "Assignment Prague" (1959), an episode of "Behind Closed Doors," with Warren Stevens; "The Bishop of the Bayfield" (1955), an episode of "Navy Log"; and "Incident off the China Coast" (1955), an episode of "TV Readers Digest," with Robert Bray.

Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building, 163 W. 125th St. (873-5040)—Nov. 30 at 1 and 4:35: "Hot Pepper" (1973, Les Blank); "Langston Hughes: The Dream Keeper" (1988, St. Clair Bourne); and "Nothing But a Man" (1963, Michael Roemer), with Ivan Dixon, Abbey Lincoln, and Gloria Foster. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 6:30: "She's Gotta Have It" (1986, Spike Lee), with Tracy Camila Johns, Tommy Redmond Hicks, John Canada Terrell, Raye Dowell, and Lee; "Joe's Bed-Stuy Barbershop: We Cut Heads" (198[illegible] Lee); and "Making 'Do the Right Thing'" (1989, St. Clair Bourne).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

Akira Kurosawa's Dreams—Not one of its eight segments feels like a real dream. The kind of power that Kurosawa aims for, and intermittently achieves, in this picture is less oneiric than ceremonial. The film is a succession of sweeping dramatic gestures and lofty incantations peformed in an atmosphere of hushed solemnity. The second half of "Dreams" is weak: the fifth episode, "Crows," about a fantasy encounter with van Gogh, is a thin conceit; and the remaining three segments are all static, self-conscious, and didactic. But there's greatness in the film's first hour. The opening segment, "Sunshine Through the Rain," is the vision of a small child who wanders into a forest and witnesses a wedding procession of foxes; the sequence has a wholly original sense of the rapturous fear and awe we feel when we first come upon the wonders of the natural world. The second episode, "The Peach Orchard," is also lovely (though its mood and pace are too similar to those of the first). The third segment, "The Blizzard," about four men trapped in a snowstorm, is all snow, howling-wind effects, and bleak, undifferentiated vistas of despair, until Kurosawa pulls a miracle out of the white void: a woman in long black hair and diaphanous robes appears to the party's leader as he battles sleep. It's a transcendent image, perhaps the most piercing ever made of the desires that keep people from surrendering to death. And the fourth episode, "The Tunnel," about a man returning from war and encountering his dead comrades, is a brilliant, hypnotic piece of filmmaking. With Akira Terao, who plays the dreamer in six of the segments; Mieko Harada as the Snow Fairy; Martin Scorsese as van Gogh; and Chishu Ryu. Cinematography by Takao Saito and Masaharu Ueda. In Japanese.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/10/90.) (Angelika Film Center.)

L'Atalante (1934)—This extraordinary film was the only full-length feature directed by Jean Vigo, who died (at the age of twenty-nine) just three weeks after its première in 1934. The movie had been drastically cut by the distributor for that first release; it was partially restored in 1940, and it has now been given another major renovation. This version, prepared by Pierre Philippe and Jean-Louis Bompoint, adds about nine minutes of footage, and the restorers discovered a pristine nitrate print of a cut of the movie which obviously preceded the distributor's intervention: Vigo's film now looks and sounds better than ever. The screenplay, rewritten by Vigo and Albert Riéra from an original scenario by Jean Guinée, tells the simple story of a pair of newlyweds named Jean (Jean Dasté) and Juliette (Dita Parlo): he's the captain of a river barge called L'Atalante, and she's a girl from one of the villages on his route. As they travel down the river, they become impatient with each other; they are separated, then find each other again, and life resumes its intended course.

Annette Bening in "The Grifters"

Vigo treats the story the way a jazz musician treats a popular song, improvising on the melody by plunging into its carefully sequenced chords and predictable rhythms and taking them apart to see what they're made of. He is the most playful and the least rigid of the great film artists: his images seduce us with the promise of a larger, richer world and unbounded freedom to roam in it—the promise, that is, of endless stimulation, inexhaustible sensations. The best thing about this new version is that, for all the restorers' diligence, the film is still messy, imperfect, defiantly incomplete; it's a collection of inspired fragments, the sketchbook of an artist whose imagination was, and will forever remain, gloriously immature. Michel Simon plays a rambunctious old salt called Père Jules, who is the presiding spirit of the movie. Also with Louis Lefèvre and Gilles Margaritis. The stunning cinematography is by Boris Kaufman; Maurice Jaubert wrote the lovely score. In French.—T.R. (11/5/90) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Author! Author! (1982)—As the hero, a playwright who's a genial, children-loving jokester, Al Pacino reads his lines very skillfully, but he can't seem to get the message to his face or his body. He's like a man who's looking for something and has forgotten what; he prowls, distractedly. And when he tries for warmth, his smile is so self-conscious that at times his teeth seem to be stranded on the screen, left behind. Most of the scenes in which he is shown in his theatrical dealings have a quick, satirical snap, and in the first half, the dialogue has a sense of give-and-take, but then the film follows up on all the stuff we're not interested in. The playwright chases after his wife (Tuesday Weld), who has casually gone off with another man, leaving behind her four children by three earlier husbands. The playwright also has one child of his own, and by the time he is hauling kids onto the roof of his Greenwich Village house to protect them from being dispersed to homes they don't want to go to, the picture has turned into a *Times Magazine* article on male parenting. The script, by Israel Horovitz, has trim, funny lines but also terrible, overingratiating ones, and some of the most doddering, bonehead situations to be seen on the big screen in years. Directed by Arthur Hiller, the film is blotchy in just about every conceivable way; you'd have to conduct an exhaustive search to find a movie with scuzzier lighting (the cinematography is by Victor J. Kemper). With Dyan Cannon, who gives her scenes an infusion of spirit, and also Alan King, André Gregory, Bob Dishy, Eric Gurry, and Bob and Ray.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Dec. 1.)

Avalon—In legend, Avalon is an earthly paradise. The writer-director Barry Levinson uses the name as his Rosebud: it's carved into the façade of the castlelike Baltimore apartment house where the five Krichinsky brothers, Jews who immigrated from Eastern Europe before the First World War, make their first American home. In Levinson's view, those early years were a golden age. The film is set mostly during his own childhood, in the late forties, when his parents move to the suburbs, and TV breaks up the clan's social patterns, and the surviving brothers have divided into feuding factions. The scattered fine comic moments don't make up for the wide streak of fuddy-duddyism in the notion that the family used to be the bulwark of the nation's value system. The movie is an elegy to a mythical past, and people emerge from the theatre sniffling. They've been told they're suffering from soul-sickness—the loss of unity, harmony, family music. With Elizabeth Perkins, Aidan Quinn, Kevin Pollak, Armin Mueller-Stahl, and Joan Plowright.—P.K. (10/22/90) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gemini, Worldwide Cinemas, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Broadway Melody of 1940—Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy. That's a lot of tapping. Astaire and Murphy are both hoping to get the Broadway role opposite the dancing star, Powell; by mistake, the producers hire Murphy, but Astaire gets to play it, after all. This is a big, lavish M-G-M musical, with a Cole Porter score and lots of spectacular dancing; what's missing is romance, sensuousness, magic. The indefatigable, intensely dull Eleanor Powell is better on her own than when she has a partner and is still on her own. With Astaire nearby, you're terribly aware of what long arms she has and what a jolly, good-natured, big, all-American girl she is. (Her costumes always suggest uniforms.) Their dancing together

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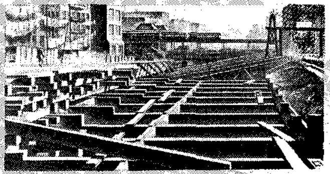

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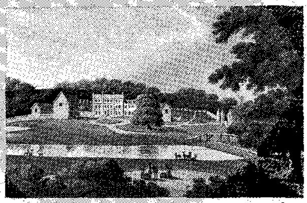

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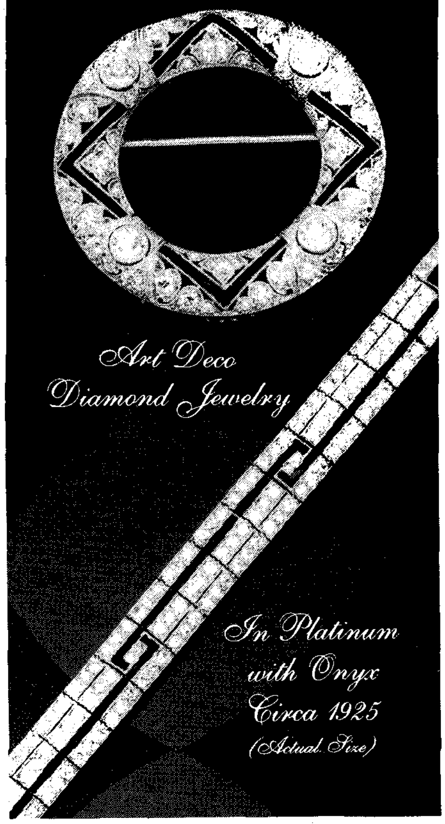

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IN BRIEF–Cont'd

does have vitality and verve, and at times it's good, carefree hoofing, but it seems healthy and impersonal. Even in the finale, when they dance to "Begin the Beguine"—the only song that Porter didn't write specially for the film—it isn't memorable. The new songs include "I Concentrate on You," sung by Douglas McPhail, "I've Got My Eyes on You," and a real bummer that Astaire and Murphy team up for—it's called "Please Don't Monkey with Broadway." Directed by Norman Taurog; script by Leon Gordon and George Oppenheimer, from a story by Dore Schary and Jack McGowan. The choreography is by Astaire and Bobby Connolly.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Nov. 29-Dec. 1)

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1919)—The audience, confined in the madman's universe, sees what the madman sees: distorted perspectives, eerie painted lights and shadows, an angular, warped world of fears and menace. The sets are used expressionistically to convey the madman's thoughts, to intensify the characters' emotions, and to emphasize the meanings of the action. This film is so entrenched in the "masterpiece" classification that a few cautionary remarks should be added, lest your initial reaction be disappointment: you may be delighted that the flats express something, because most of the actors don't; you may find that the décor, which is highly experimental in terms of space and distance but is derivative from the stage use of Expressionism, is a monotonous zigzag (too many hooks and no fish). "Caligari," the most complete essay in the décor of delirium, is one of the most famous films of all time, and it was considered a radical advance in film technique, yet it is rarely imitated—and you'll know why. Werner Krauss is the nightmare image of a psychoanalyst—the hypnotist Caligari—with, in his cabinet, the somnambulist Cesare, played by the extraordinary, tall, thin, young Conrad Veidt. The cast also includes Lil Dagover, and Friedrich Feher as the student-inmate. Produced by Erich Pommer; directed by Robert Wiene. The scenario by Carl Mayer and Hans Janowitz was originally intended as an attack on irrational authority, but the meanings got turned around; the art direction is the work of three painters—Hermann Warm, Walter Reiman, and Walter Röhrig. Silent.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 3.)

Dance, Girl, Dance (1940)—The R.K.O. B-movie plot undermines the attempts of the director, Dorothy Arzner, and the writers, Tess Slesinger and Frank Davis, to work in modern, liberated-woman attitudes. Maureen O'Hara plays a hardworking ballet dancer and Lucille Ball, also a dancer, is Bubbles, a tough, generous-hearted gold-digger who gets a job in burlesque. Friends, they both become entangled with a millionaire playboy (a disastrously stilted performance by Louis Hayward), and it seems to take forever for O'Hara to discover that her future lies with Ralph Bellamy, the head of a ballet company. Lucille Ball gives the flabby film some bounce when she does her long-legged semi-burlesque numbers, and, as a club owner, Harold Huber has a nifty scene of reacting to O'Hara's dancing (mildly, appreciatively) and then reacting to Ball's strutting (with shiny-eyed fervor). With Maria Ouspenskaya as a former Russian ballerina now teaching in New York, Virginia Field, Katharine Alexander, Mary Carlisle, Edward Brophy, Walter Abel, Sidney Blackmer, Emma Dunn, Ernest Truex, and Chester Clute. Based on a Vicki Baum story. Handsomely designed and shot, in black-and-white—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Dec. 4-5.)

Ghost—It sounds like a horror movie, but it's a romantic fairy tale. The scariest thing about it is its shamelessness. A young New York bank executive, Sam (Patrick Swayze), is killed, on the street, at a moment in his life when everything seems to be going his way. After his death, Sam sticks around, as a spirit (and Swayze stays onscreen, as a body). He attends his funeral; watches his beautiful girlfriend, Molly (Demi Moore), drift grief-stricken through the spectacular loft they had just moved into; and then devotes himself to protecting her from the people who killed him. Through a reluctant psychic (Whoopi Goldberg), he tries to communicate with Molly; later, an experienced ghost (Vincent Schiavelli) teaches him how to move objects and break stuff. In this movie, death is treated as if it were merely a form of disability, one of those handicaps we've seen people struggle bravely with in TV movies—something for the individual to triumph over with will power, hard work, and love. This creamy-toned fantasy, directed by Jerry Zucker from a screenplay by Bruce Joel Rubin, certainly pushes the audience's emotional buttons. It's a twentysomething hybrid of "It's a Wonderful Life" and some of the goofier, more solemn episodes of "The Twilight Zone," and there's not a trace of wit or irony in it. Its images of death have a soothing banality, like a greeting-card message from the world beyond. Also with Tony Goldwyn and Rick Aviles.—T.R. (7/30/90) (Manhattan Twin, and Embassy.)

GoodFellas—The director, Martin Scorsese gives you a lift. He loves the Brooklyn organized-crime milieu, because it's where distortion, hyperbole, and exuberance all commingle. The movie is about being cock of the walk, with banners flying and crowds cheering. Based on Nicholas Pileggi's nonfiction book "Wiseguy," it's a triumphant piece of filmmaking—journalism and sociology presented with the brio of drama. But the three major hoods, played by Ray Liotta, Robert DeNiro, and Joe Pesci, don't have a strong enough presence, and the movie lacks the juice and richness that come with major performances. (It's like the Howard Hawks "Scarface" without Scarface.) What you respond to is Scorsese's bravura: the filmmaking process becomes the subject of the movie. Watching it is like getting strung out on pure sensation. Paul Sorvino as Paulie and Lorraine Bracco as Karen both come through, and other performers in minor roles give the movie a frenzied, funny texture. The screenplay is by Pileggi and Scorsese; the cinematography is by Michael Ballhaus; the editing is by Thelma Schoonmaker.—P.K. (9/24/90) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Sutton, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 86th Street East Twin, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. Evenings only.)

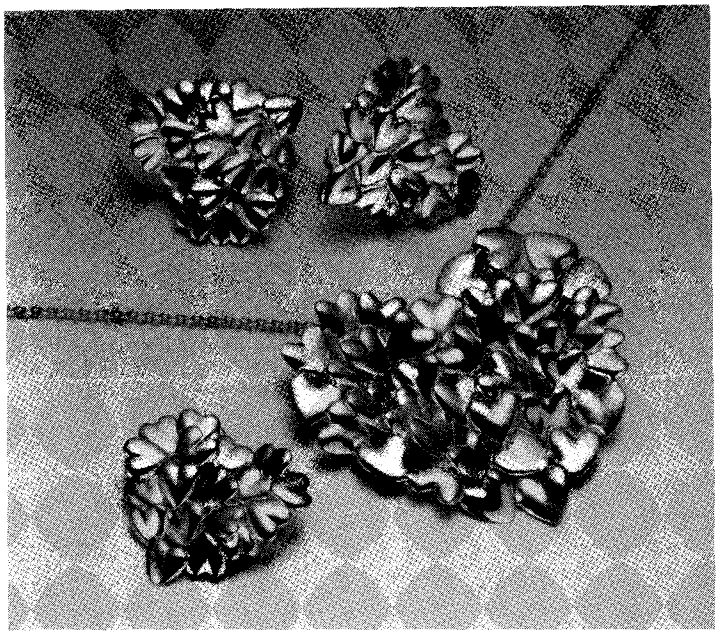
The Grifters—This adaptation of one of the punchier pulp novels by Jim Thompson retains Thompson's hardboiled pitilessness. It's about three scam artists: tough, seductive Lilly (Anjelica Huston); her son, Roy (John Cusack), who won't have anything to do with her; and his bubbly bedmate Moira (Annette Bening), a sex fantasy come to luscious life. These chisellers never got a break and don't give anybody else a break. The director, Stephen Frears, and the scriptwriter, Donald E. Westlake, are smart enough not to attempt to make a big thing out of this L.A. film noir. They keep it snappy, and heighten the sexual electricity. And they smack us with discord: we're watching a form of cabaret. Huston is astounding; you can see why the son is getting even with her by throwing his life away, and Bening's two-faced little-girl quality is just what film noir thrives on. (This is a picture with two competing femmes fatales.) It's thin stuff, but it's pretty terrific. (It even has great opening titles.) With Pat Hingle giving the performance of his life, and Gailard Sartain, Stephen Tobolowsky, J. T. Walsh, Henry Jones, Charles Napier, and Sandy Baron. Cinematography by Oliver Stapleton; production design by Dennis Charles Gassner.—P.K. (11/19/90) (Beekman.)

Henry & June—Philip Kaufman's wonderful new film shows us the writers Henry Miller (Fred Ward) and Anaïs Nin (Maria de Medeiros) in the first year of their acquaintance, the period of their brief, intense love affair. It's the love story of two people who are making themselves, and each other, up as they go along; Miller and Nin are at once real people and the products of their own imaginations—collaborators in a matched pair of literary myths. And the action unfolds in and around a city that seems both itself and a figment of itself: the Paris of the thirties. Kaufman brings out the bizarre, almost monstrous comedy of their odd literary/sexual love affair; he presents it as a kind of parody image of relationships between men and women. The third major character, Miller's wife, June (Uma Thurman), is the most mysterious presence here. She seems to represent a demonic, annihilating sexual force, but by the end she's almost a tragic figure. The actors are splendid: Kaufman gets miraculously intelligent performances from Ward and de Medeiros, and Thurman—uninhibited yet also weirdly delicate—gives the picture a jolt every time she appears. The movie creates a world, and Kaufman is both affectionate toward and clear-eyed about the people who live in it: he's concerned more with *enjoying* his characters, in all their contradictions, than with explaining them. The material plays as rich, dark erotic farce—a comedy about the duplicity of writers. Also with Richard E. Grant (as Nin's husband) and Kevin Spacey. The screenplay, by Kaufman and his wife, Rose, is based on Nin's diary. Superb cinematography by Philippe Rousselot.—T.R. (10/8/90) (Baronet, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and Metro Cinema.)

INDISCRETION OF AN AMERICAN WIFE (1954)—The clashing temperaments of the producer, David Selznick; the director, Vittorio De Sica; and the stars, Jennifer Jones (at the time Mrs. Selznick) and Montgomery Clift, resulted in a very odd (and commercially unsuccessful) love drama, which was shot between many a midnight and dawn at Rome's railway station. De Sica had wanted to film a small-scale Cesare Zavattini story about a love affair that doesn't work out, but agreed to set it in the then new thirty-five-million-dollar colossal railway station to satisfy Selznick's desire for grandeur. The film is remarkable chiefly for the way De Sica used Clift: something weak-willed—almost oozingly soft—came through in his performance, and it is impossible to tell how much of this was intended by the actor or the director. It is unlike Clift's work in any other movie. With Richard Beymer and Gino Cervi.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 5.)

KISS ME KATE (1953)—A backstage farce set during the staging of a musical version of "The Taming of the Shrew," with Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel as the warring stars. Gayson's trilling is something to contend with, and so is her busy, amateurish performance, and there's a lot of badly placed rambunctious comedy from just about everbody. But there's also a marvellous Cole Porter score, with such songs as "Where Is the Life That Late I Led?," "Why Can't You Behave?," "Too Darn Hot," "I've Come to Wive It Wealthily in Padua," and "Always True to You in My Fashion." And there is Howard Keel, with his strong baritone and his good-hearted leering; a dark goatee gives him more chin and, with his great height, he looks hilarious in Petruchio's striped pants. And there is the dancing of Bob Fosse, Tommy Rall, and Bobby Van—their "From This Moment On" number, choreographed by Fosse, in one of the high points of movie-musical history; in its speed and showmanship one can see the Fosse style in its earliest film realization. This sequence more than balances out the grossly embarrassing moments, such as the one when Keel tells Grayson, who is about to quit acting and go off with a Texan (Willard Parker), that she belongs in the theatre. Maybe because Grayson looks so uncomfortable—so aware of her shortcomings as an actress—Ann Miller, who obviously enjoys performing, comes off as lively and amusing; she doesn't just do her usual tick-tock tapping, because she's working with those three leaping male dancers, and with Carol Haney, too. Produced by Jack Cummings and directed by George Sidney, with dances staged by Hermes Pan. The cast includes Keenan Wynn and James Whitmore, who try (and fail) to be delightful clowns, and Jeanne Coyne, Ron Randell, Kurt Kasznar, Claude Allister, and Dave O'Brien. The Cole Porter Broadway show, with a book by Samuel and Bella Spewack, was adapted to M-G-M's requirements by Dorothy Kingsley—i.e., it was cleaned up and overtamed. (Filmed, and shown here, in 3-D.)—P.K. (Film Forum.)

MILLER'S CROSSING—A cold, clever period gangster movie by the Coen brothers. (Ethan produces and Joel directs, from a script they've written together.) Essentially, it's an academic exercise, a pastiche of the intricately plotted, morally ambiguous crime fiction of Dashiell Hammett: the screenplay incorporates large chunks of "Red Harvest" and "The Glass Key," with a notion or two from "The Maltese Falcon" thrown in. The Coens have certainly done their homework: their movie is a brilliant reading of Hammett. But that's all it is. The picture seems to have no life of its own, and the Coens' formal control and meticulously crafted ironies become, after a while, rather depressing. This is not so much a gangster movie as an extended, elaborate allusion to one. With Gabriel Byrne,



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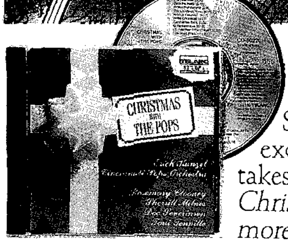

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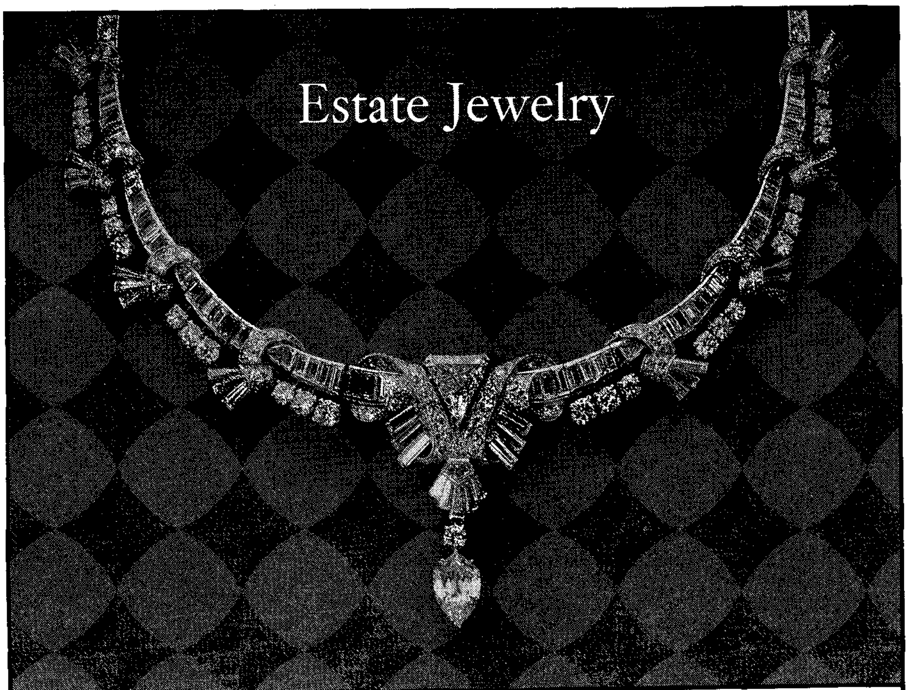

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Marcia Gay Harden, John Turturro, Jon Polito, J. E. Freeman, and Albert Finney (who is, by a long shot, the most entertaining performer in the movie).—T.R. (Chelsea Cinemas.)

Mr. and Mrs. Bridge—With Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward, directed by James Ivory. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I.)

Reversal of Fortune—An entertainingly trashy sick-joke docudrama about how Claus von Bülow's conviction for trying to kill his super-rich wife was overturned on appeal through the brainpower of the Harvard law professor Alan Dershowitz and his team of students and former students. Jeremy Irons' von Bülow is a pop conception of a decadent aristocrat, and the crowd-pleasing satirical subtext is that the heirs and heiresses of the great fortunes are useless, bored, unloving, and unloved. The fun here is that Irons' performance is a masterly conceit. His von Bülow is a depraved cuckoo: he simply can't resist playing ghoulish comedian and making Dershowitz (Ron Silver) his stooge. The script, by Nicholas Kazan, is skillfully constructed, but it's based on Dershowitz's book about the case, and he's the protagonist—the crusading lawyer searching for evidence of innocence. Silver's Dershowitz seems to be overdosing on proud sentimental Jewishness. (That this is a positive stereotype makes it no less a stereotype.) The direction, by Barbet Schroeder, is assured but often impersonal and emptily energetic. With Glenn Close (very effective as Sunny von Bülow, the comatose narrator), Christine Baranski as Andrea Reynolds, Julie Hagerty (uncredited) as Alexandra Isles, and Stephen Mailer, Annabella Sciorra, Uta Hagen, and Fisher Stevens. Music by Mark Isham.—P.K. (11/19/90) (Loews 19th Street East 6, 68th Street Playhouse, 8th St. Playhouse, and 57th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex. Evenings only.)

Stavisky (1974)—Alain Resnais's death song for thirties elegance, featuring a silver Hispano-Suiza, an Art Deco diamond necklace, baskets of white hothouse flowers, a white plane with a red circle nose, a white-on-white animal in the snow. Even the buildings and the skies are silvery white, and the slightly acrid neo-Gershwin score, by Stephen Sondheim, enhances the design. The film seems to be a reverie on façades and contrasts, in which the international king of crooks, the swindler-charmer Stavisky (Jean-Paul Belmondo), who hides his origins and his past, who lives as if he had no memories, is paired with his friend Baron Raoul (Charles Boyer), who lives secure in the protection that class provides. Stavisky's adventurism, which weakened France and helped to destroy her in the Second World War, is also balanced against the revolutionary hopes of Leon Trotsky, exiled by Stalin, who was living near Fontainebleau. But Resnais directs as if vitality would be a sin against art, and the characters are no more than emblems. Each shot, each camera movement, is thought out in design terms: Resnais has a beautiful technique, but it's not an expressive technique. This is an icy, high-minded, white-telephone movie. The script is by Jorge Semprun, the cinematography by Sacha Vierny. With Anny Duperey, François Périer, Michel Lonsdale, Claude Rich, and Gérard Depardieu as a young inventor. In French.—P.K. (Public Theatre; Nov. 27-Dec. 1.)

Strike Up the Band (1940)—Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney, that hard-to-forget teen-age vamp June Preisser, and Paul Whiteman and his orchestra in an M-G-M musical directed by Busby Berkeley that is so klunky and poorly paced, and so loaded with sanctimonious moral lessons, that even the George and Ira Gershwin score doesn't save it. (The Andy Hardy pictures were never this square.) The script, by John Monks, Jr., and Fred Finklehoffe, is like a noose around everybody's neck. Rooney is the drummer in the high-school band that turns itself into a swing orchestra, with Garland as the vocalist; the group is trying to raise money to compete in a national contest. Rooney's flamboyant energy makes some sequences fairly bright, but in a number of scenes he's photographed so that he's foreshortened, and he's given hopelessly awkward moments; his mother (big-bosomed Ann Shoemaker) urges him to become a doctor, and he says to Garland, "Now, do I look like a doctor?" Garland is rather dreary in a role that requires her to have romantic longings for Rooney though he thinks of her only as a pal; even her songs lack bounce—the arrangements are too sweet and too slow. The siren Preisser (who also does acrobatics) is much livelier than Garland; she's like a baby Mae West, and her eyes rove with mischief. With the ebullient William Tracy, who is often funny; Larry Nunn in the sad-sack role of the boy who is hurt; and Virginia Brissac. The score includes "Our Love Affair," by Arthur Freed and Roger Edens. Produced by Arthur Freed. (Lee Young dubbed Rooney's percussion work.)—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Dec. 4-5.)

To Sleep with Anger—A domestic comedy with an unusually dense texture. It's shot straightforwardly, in a style that appears realistic almost to the point of banality, and yet right from the start there's something unsettling about its plainness: Charles Burnett, who wrote and directed, keeps hinting that things are not necessarily what they seem. Gideon (Paul Butler) and Suzie (Mary Alice) are a middle-aged black couple who live in Los Angeles; their roots, however, are in the rural South, and they've retained quite a few of the customs, values, and superstitions of the culture they were brought up in. The story gets going when a friend of theirs from back home appears on their doorstep; they invite him to stay with them a while, and he does. This unexpected guest, Harry (Danny Glover), turns out to be a gifted confidence man, with a sharp eye for human weakness: he's a grinning, honey-tongued demon. He uses his backcountry wisdom with sinister, obscure intent, for purposes that Burnett, cunningly, allows to remain ambiguous. The presence of Harry gives the realistic surface of the movie a vibrant strangeness: he seems to transform everything that happens in these clean, comfortable living rooms and kitchens into dark rituals performed in the woods in the dead of night. The picture has a risky, complex tone: it's a comedy, because the family's threatened world is set right in the end, but there are moments along the way when the intimations of unseen controlling forces—both in Glover's elegantly suggestive performance and in the eerie, calm precision of Burnett's direction—give us the creeps. Also with Richard Brooks, Carl Lumbly, Ethel Ayler, Sheryl Lee Ralph, Vonetta McGee, Davis Roberts, Sy Richardson, and Devaughn Walter Nixon. There's a brief appearance by the blues singer Jimmy Witherspoon, who performs a mournful, robust version of "See See Rider."—T.R. (11/5/90) (Angelika Film Center.)

Louis Jouvet and Harry Baur in "Volpone"

Tune in Tomorrow . . .—The romantic, surreal farce material is William Boyd's adaptation of Mario Vargas Llosa's "Aunt Julia and the Scriptwriter." The director, Jon Amiel, seems to like it so much that he gets carried away just watching the actors. He doesn't set up the jokes, and the movie is a mess, but it's a whimsical, pleasant mess: luckily, we like to watch these people, too. At the center, Peter Falk is the carelessly demented radio-serial writer who interferes in people's lives for the sake of his soapy art. The idea seems to be that the scriptwriter puts real life into soap opera and then the real people imitate soap opera—or something like that. Falk brings a delirium to his role—he fuses high and low comedy. There are amusing bits with radio actors whose faces and voices don't mesh; there are also some neat parodies of the radio listeners' fantasies. The cast includes Keanu Reeves with slicked-down hair and Barbara Hershey chewing gum (as hot-blooded lovers), and Peter Gallagher, Elizabeth McGovern, John Larroquette, Richard B. Shull, Henry Gibson, Dan Hedaya, Buck Henry, Hope Lange, and Irving Metzman. The setting (it's Lima, Peru, in the novel) is New Orleans in 1951, and the happy music is provided by Wynton Marsalis and his band—they appear onscreen. So does Shirley Horn.—P.K. (Angelika Film Center, and West Side Cinemas.)

Vincent & Theo—The director, Robert Altman, and the screenwriter, Julian Mitchell, give us an interpretation of the bond that helps to keep Vincent alive while it tears Theo apart. Vincent is obsessive about his painting; Theo is obsessive about Vincent and about his own inability to sell Vincent's work and help him—he can give him only a pittance. This double Passion-play movie is very different from the other Altman movies (even allowing for how different they are from each other). The theme—the bitter entanglement of art and commerce—is Altman's lifelong theme, and, staying with it strictly in terms of the van Gogh brothers, he's able to release his own feelings about how an artist's frustrations lead him to acts of self-destructive fury—cutting off his ear to spite his face. It's a movie about two sensualists made by a sensualist, who understands that their bond of love of art is also a bond of shared rage at the world of commerce. This daring film works on its own relentless, celebratory terms. With Tim Roth, whose acting is a form of kinetic discharge, as Vincent; Paul Rhys as Theo; Johanna Ter Steege as Jo; Bernadette Giraud as Marguerite; Jip Wjingaarden as Sien; Jean-Pierre Cassel as Dr. Gachet; and Wladimir Yordanoff as Gauguin. The cinematography is by Jean Lepine, the production design is by Stephen Altman, the score is by Gabriel Yared; all three rise to the occasion.—P.K. (11/19/90) (Loews Fine Arts.)

Volpone (1939)—Louis Jouvet is the shameless, swindling Mosca to the crafty, raucous old Volpone of the great Harry Baur, but they both seem tired. Maurice Tourneur directed this fairly straightforward version of the Ben Jonson satire, which is, however, weighed down by the lavish production, and maybe also by the threat of Hitler. Neither Baur nor Jouvet seems to be in a comic spirit. (It was Baur's last film—he was sent to prison in 1940 and died soon after being freed. Jouvet left France in 1940, with part of his acting company, and went to South America; his flight served as part of the basis for Truffaut's "The Last Metro.") The play was adapted and modernized by Stefan Zweig and Jules Romains, though the setting remains Renaissance Venice. With Jacqueline Delubac and Charles Dullin. In French.—P.K. (Public Theatre; starting Dec. 2.)

You Only Live Twice (1967)—The fifth of the Bonds, it can easily be differentiated from the others because it's the Japanese one. It's a product, but probably the most consistently entertaining of the Bond packages up to the time—not as startling as parts of "Goldfinger" but much superior to "Thunderball." Ken Adam's sci-fi production designs (including a hollow volcano) seem almost perfectly calculated for the genre. Lewis Gilbert is a rather more humanistic director than his predecessors, and he's a reasonably efficient traffic manager; he doesn't let the actors loiter on the sets too long. And Sean Connery's James Bond isn't the sleek, greasy-lipped dummy of the earlier films; playing the superhero as a paunchy, rather bemused spectator, Connery gives him more character than he's ever had before. This casual, human Bond is rather tender in his sex relationships—one might almost call them love relationships this time. The Roald Dahl screenplay (out of Jules Verne and old movies) is clever enough, and Donald Pleasence, as Blofeld, pets his white cat ominously. With Alexander Knox as the American President. The cinematography is by Freddie Young.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 29.)

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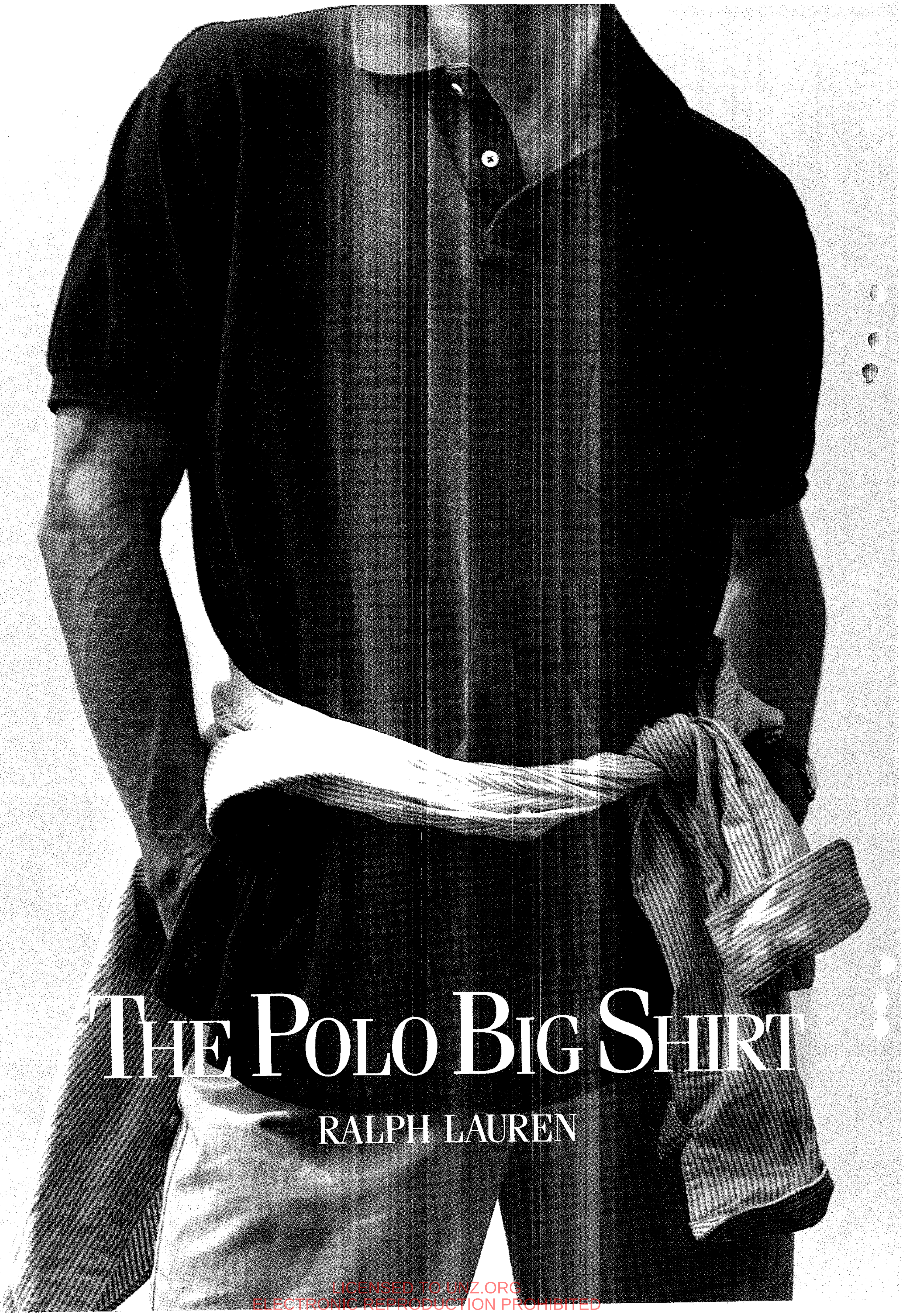
THE POLO BIG SHIRT
RALPH LAUREN

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND uptown writes:

I've been fixing Thanksgiving dinner for five years, ever since my wife turned the job over to me, and this year's dinner, for nine, seems to be my best—a good all-around feast, with no clinkers. Not that turkey is any great feat; it isn't. My wife told me five years ago, "Anybody who can read can cook," and she was right—at least, when it comes to turkey, mashed potatoes and gravy, dressing, yams, cranberry sauce, and pumpkin pie. The hardest part is the piecrust. This dinner is exactly like the one my mother always made, except that she served ice water and we serve a Zinfandel. She was a Methodist, as I was then. As I recall, she had a problem with piecrust, too.

Our friends always arrive at three, and that's not like my mother's Thanksgiving at all. Hers began at noon, to allow time for us kids to get outdoors afterward and run off some of the dinner, and hers, of course, was only for family. My mother never invited anyone for Thanksgiving; the people who were supposed to come came. One year, my older brother told her that he and his new bride were going to *her* parents' for Thanksgiving. My mother said, "Oh," and that was all: she wasn't angry, or even disappointed; she just couldn't imagine her children having Thanksgiving at somebody else's table.

POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS
POLICE DEPT.
RG/CK

That was thirty years ago and a thousand miles away, and now my Thanksgiving is a social event, not a ritual, and this year my wife and I invited six friends: a lawyer-banker couple from Brooklyn whom my wife met three years ago at a party, a young painter and his percussionist girlfriend who moved to New York this fall—he is the son of a faraway friend—and my wife's ex-sister-in-law and her daughter. With us and our daughter, home from college, it makes an odd ninesome, especially if I look at it from my mother's point of view, as being the cook, I am inclined to do. There were no ex-persons in my mother's family: everybody stayed in his or her place until removed by death. And there were no holiday refugees: everybody stayed home.

The others settle in the living room with a Chardonnay and a platter of pâté and miniature toast and raw vegetables, and I roost in the kitchen, listen to the potatoes boil, eyeball the turkey, spritz it with fat. There is almost nothing left to do except make gravy and heat up the rolls, and I could, and should, go in and join my guests, who, from the whooping laughter and groans, sound as if they were talking about George Bush. But I don't go—don't ask me why. In the kitchen, I am in my mother's realm, and my grandmother's, and to them politics and the President were a sort of fiction. I wish I had a grandchild in the kitchen to talk to. Instead, I endure two of the women coming back to express their official approval. "This is great. It really smells good," they say, in a dreadful admiring tone, as if I were an armless midget. I don't feel like joining the living room at all. I sit in my kitchen, on the day of abundance, feeling a lack of something.

I am a fortunate man, and feel fortunate to live in America, the land of ambition and humor, and in New York, the city of glamour and compassion for the underdog. Though I may sometimes feel a lack, I am also thankful. I am thankful for my fruit market, my morning *Times*, my dry cleaner, and my neighborhood, populated by so many stunning women—women so beautiful that when they walk by I give them smiles of adoration and they give me glances of faint contempt ("Oh, grow up"). I feel thankful almost every day. The other morning, when I walked around the corner to the grocery store to get my Thanksgiving provisions I saw two guys dash out of the store and grab a kid on the sidewalk and hustle him in and stand him up by the produce. They had his arms pinned behind his back, and he was yelling that he didn't do anything. A small crowd gathered, and the store manager came. "He's a thief," he explained to the crowd, but the crowd wouldn't go away. And when the manager told his guys to take the kid to the back room the crowd murmured. These were elderly men and women, most of them white (the kid was black), and they looked more than worried—they looked *stricken*. They didn't walk away—they stood their ground and watched—and when the store guys tried to remove the kid from public view they complained, "You can't do that. Leave him there. What'd he do, anyway?" I was surprised. Where I come from, we would not pay much attention to two men nabbing a thief, but these people looked pained, and I was struck by their compassion and felt lucky to live in New York, a city where people feel for those who are not their own kind. A city of sidewalk lawyers. Then I got a cart and did my shopping.

What is lacking in my life is reverence. I am affectionate and admiring, but I lack reverence, which when I was sixteen was the part of the Boy Scout Law I felt pretty confident about—that and loyalty. We Methodists were steeped in reverence. The Baptists were good at feeling miserable, and the Episcopalians excelled in set design and costume, but we Methodists were people who could stand and look at God's world and feel a proper awe, and sense such love and generosity in the universe as to put it beyond admiring, to require *reverence*. At least, I remember bonfires at youth camp, with the sparks flying up into the stars over the lake, when, one by one, with a little prodding from a counsellor, we'd rise and take a burning stick from the fire and, holding up our torch, testify to God's goodness to us and His place in our life. It was a scary and thrilling moment, when we put aside normal teen-age business, such as rebellion and satire and lust, and spoke to what was deepest in us. I remember a kid whom we all knew as a secret smoker and a dirty poet standing up and taking a torch and, after a long, painful silence, saying, "I just want to say that I feel so grateful to my parents," and then sobbing and sitting down.

My Thanksgiving dinner does not need anyone standing up and sobbing, I hope, but it could use a short prayer that would stand for all that raw reverence of the Methodist campfire—a short, sweet prayer, not such a tall order for a host. But I haven't said a public prayer three times in the past twenty years, and I don't know if I can manage one today. When I was eighteen, I became president of the church youth fellowship, and every Sunday, at our evening meeting, I stood up and delivered a prayer, ex officio. In our church, prayer was supposed to be impromptu and thereby heartfelt, but, as a public prayer of prayers, I found myself composing them in my mind hours before, styling them, aiming for a plainness of tone that was meant to be folk-like, natural—not stilted, like the prayers of Larry, the vice-president, who iced his with "dost"s and "hast"s and "provideth"s. I was proud of the fact that I was the first one to refer to God as "You" instead of "Thou," and then, being a sensitive soul, I felt guilty for feeling pride in my prayer, and, finally, I came to be embarrassed by prayer in general—an embarrassment I now share with almost everyone I know except my ancestors. I associate public prayer with dishonest preachers and cynical politicians and the dim sanctity of invocations, and with an unctuous, Nixonian tone of voice I would be glad never to hear again. And yet, to my Methodist sensibility, however ruined, the lack of a table grace at my friends' dinner parties and my own leaves a small hole in the evening, the kind of hole you'd feel if the host failed to welcome the guests.

At my mother's Thanksgiving, of course, after the food was put on the table my father prayed, in a singsong voice, thanking the Almighty for many blessings, of which he would list a few. Apart from the blessings of faith, there are fundamental human comforts to be grateful for—food, the love of those around us, life in a free country—and my father did not hesitate to cite them. I do. But, as I take the rolls out of the oven and nuke the gravy for a minute in the microwave, I try to imagine a little prayer for my dinner. The wild-rice dressing, the gorgeous bird, the yams—do I really intend to take all the credit for this? A dinner this good requires a half-minute's graceful pause as we watch the sparks rise into the stars and we feel grateful and we confess that life is good. Even when it's confused, it's good.

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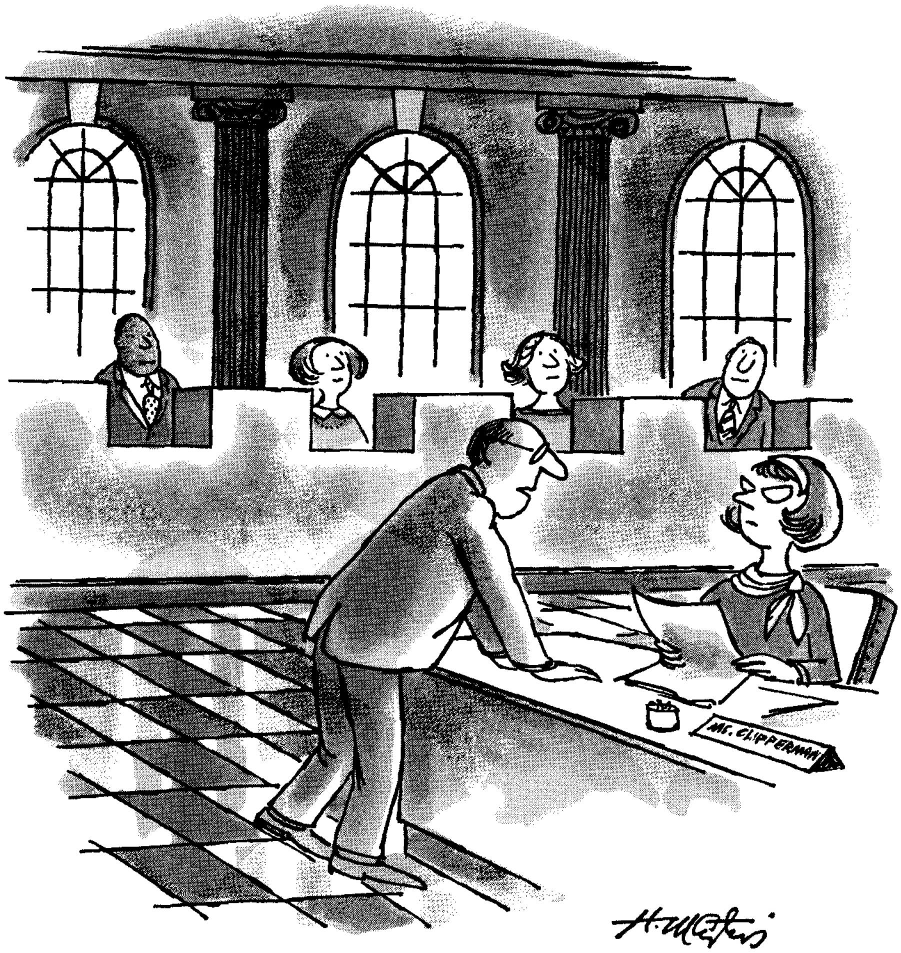
In Sympathy

If you own an important bowed string instrument of the viol family—a sixteenth-century lyra da braccio, say, or an eighteenth-century Strad—there are a few phone numbers you want to keep at hand in case the instrument somehow goes astray: the FBI's, Interpol's, Scotland Yard's, the Smithsonian Institution's, and Bill Monical's, over on Staten Island. Nobody in the eastern half of the United States, and few people in the entire country, can rival Mr. Monical in knowledge of the technology, history, and current whereabouts of pedigreed violins, cellos, violas da gamba, and related instruments. The owner and director of William L. Monical, Inc., Dealers & Restorers of Fine Violins, Mr. Monical works out of a low but spacious gray house that faces the Hudson and affords an unimpeded view of the Manhattan skyline. The site was chosen, however, not for the lovely view but for its accessibility from Newark, Kennedy, and LaGuardia Airports. Virtually every significant performer of early music in the country and also many of the violinists and cellists who perform in New York have occasion to consult Mr. Monical, even if it is just to bring in their instruments for a tune-up, and the performers' hectic schedules can give his front room something of the character of a station concourse.

Mr. Monical owns a fair number of important bowed string instruments himself, and when we heard not long ago that one of those treasures—a viola d'amore made by a contemporary of J. S. Bach—was going to have its professional début during a performance of Bach's Cantata No. 205 by New York's Musica Sacra at Avery Fisher Hall we arranged to visit Mr. Monical the day before to find out more about it. He turned out to be a tall, fastidiously groomed gentleman with a manicured beard and a ready laugh. Although he described himself as a "gluepot," we could not spot a drop of glue on a snowy



"Ms. Clipperman, the tellers want to know when they should switch from 'Have a nice day' to 'Have a happy holiday.'"

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work duster he was wearing, or a speck of dust on an astonishing number of viols and bows lining the walls of the showroom in his house. We asked him to tell us something about the viola d'amore that would be played at Avery Fisher.

"We know very little of the early history of Thomas Eberle, its maker," Mr. Monical said. "He was certainly Germanic and, like other Germanic makers gifted with vision, he went to Italy. The influence of the Medicis and others was attracting people to Italy from all over Europe. Eberle went to Naples, and worked with the Gagliano family, and it's quite possible, though not documentable, that he took the idea of the viola d'amore there. The Eberle instrument came to us in completely untouched condition. It had never been taken apart, and the fingerboard and all the other parts were original, exactly as the instrument left the maker's hands. It seems to have sat in New England, perhaps in an attic, for something like a hundred and fifty years. When we opened the instrument, we found the inside encrusted with a very hard, calcified brownish-black material. I didn't have any idea what it was, and it was obviously no part of the instrument, but still one wants to document everything that's original, and this dried mud did seem to be one of the original features. So I made an appointment to see Dr. Betty Faber, an entomologist at the Natural History Museum. She took a look and laughed so hard she was crying. I wanted to die, I felt like such an idiot. 'Where do you live?' she said. 'Right here in New York,' I answered. She must have thought I lived in a monastery. The stuff turned out to be the dung of roaches."

Mr. Monical shook his head, and went on, "Then it really got fun. 'You know,' she said, 'this instrument may have come from Naples, probably in the nineteenth century.' It turned out that she was a specialist in cockroaches, and this particular roach dung came from the species *Blatta orientalis*, which was infesting southern Italy at the time. Clipper-ship sailors in the ports were virtually mutinying, she said, because the boats were so heavily infested that the men were having their eyebrows eaten while they slept. Dr. Faber figured that there was about twenty-five or thirty days' roach deposit in the instrument—she pronounced it essentially a roach motel."

Now Mr. Monical began to talk about music. "Thanks to instruments such as the viola d'amore, composers in the Baroque were able to choose different color possibilities, and to paint a palette in the ensemble," he said. "Bach, in his Cantata 205, had in his mind an idea of how it would be to combine the vocal line with a kind of obbligato by this particular instrument. Instruments are sometimes identified as having a specific emotional character. Probably, playing on a d'amore had a symbolism for an audience which we may not know now."

The next day, we went to visit Susan Iadone, at the apartment of a friend, on Central Park West; she was the violist who would be playing the Eberle instrument onstage that night. Ms. Iadone is a tall, outgoing woman with flame-colored hair that looks windblown even when she's indoors. At the moment we arrived, she was in something of a state. A sympathetic string on the instrument had broken, and she wasn't sure how to replace it. Violas d'amore have two sets of strings, which face each other on opposite sides of a curved bridge. The top set, made of gut, look like violin strings and are bowed in a similar way. The second set, the sympathetic strings, are of steel, and are played not by the performer but, actually, by the instrument; they catch the sound of the original set and throw it back, prolonging the notes and adding a cloud of overtones and undertones, thereby accounting for the d'amore's individual character—a paradoxical mixture of soft attack and slightly languorous diminishment of sound.

Ms. Iadone led us into the music room, where the d'amore was at that moment in the hands of a smiling strawberry-blond man. He was introduced to us as Gary Sturm, the collections manager in the Division of Musical History at the Smithsonian. He happened to be in New York, escorting five Stradivarius instruments for a recording session, and he had duly checked in with Bill Monical, who was to clean the Strads before they returned to Washington. "I wasn't up here on a viola-d'amore call," he told us. "But I was sitting in the bathtub this morning and the phone rang, and here I am." He looked admiringly at the Eberle. "The historical significance of this instrument is staggering," he said. "I wish we had it in our collection." Then he took up a yellow wire and carefully drew it down the neck of the instrument under the fingerboard, attached a new sympathetic string to one end, and drew that through to the correct position.

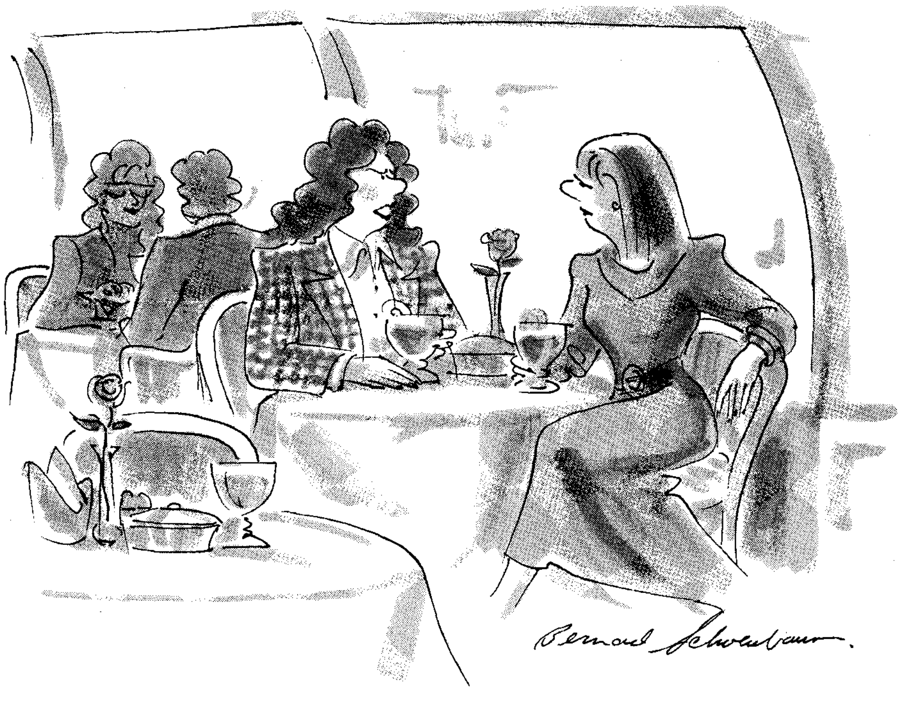
"What a man!" Ms. Iadone said.

"When I was an amateur, I used to do this with a coat hanger," Mr. Sturm said.

"*Onstage* I'm supposed to do that if a string breaks?" Ms. Iadone said. "If it happens, I'm going to say goodbye."

After Mr. Sturm left, Ms. Iadone sat down and talked about the sound of the instrument. "It's smooth," she said. "It's warm—it's got the warmth of the gut strings and the edge of the sympathetic strings underneath. When you play an instrument that has steel strings, it produces a louder, more penetrating sound. You'll hear that in the concert—the orchestra is playing with steel strings. When the viola d'amore—and a viola da gamba, too—come on, I expect a big drop in the decibel level. But I give Musica Sacra credit for using the viola d'amore and viola da gamba. Frequently, in the St. John Passion the viola-d'amore parts are taken by violins. In the cantata, the instruments could have been a violin and a cello. Of course, that would have been in terrible taste."

In the evening, we went to Avery Fisher to hear the cantata. The viola d'amore is played in the fifth movement, an aria. Ms. Iadone looked sensational in a romantically soft black outfit, with her hair flying outward in fiery points. When she stood up, one expected some big, dark, Brontëan outpouring. But the sound was not that at all. It was remote, metallic, slightly sad, but without a trace of syrup. It seemed to be walking forward toward the audience from a very great distance—from much farther away than the modern strings that surrounded it. "What is that instrument?" someone near us asked. "I don't quite get it." After the aria was over, we turned to the English translation of the lyrics in the program. "Friendly shadows, sweet companions, see now, how I sadly leave ye, come have pity on my grief," it begins. Bach had chosen an instrument associated with love, sympathy, concord, and quiet sweetness for a song about—depending on how you understand it—bereavement, separation, or divorce.



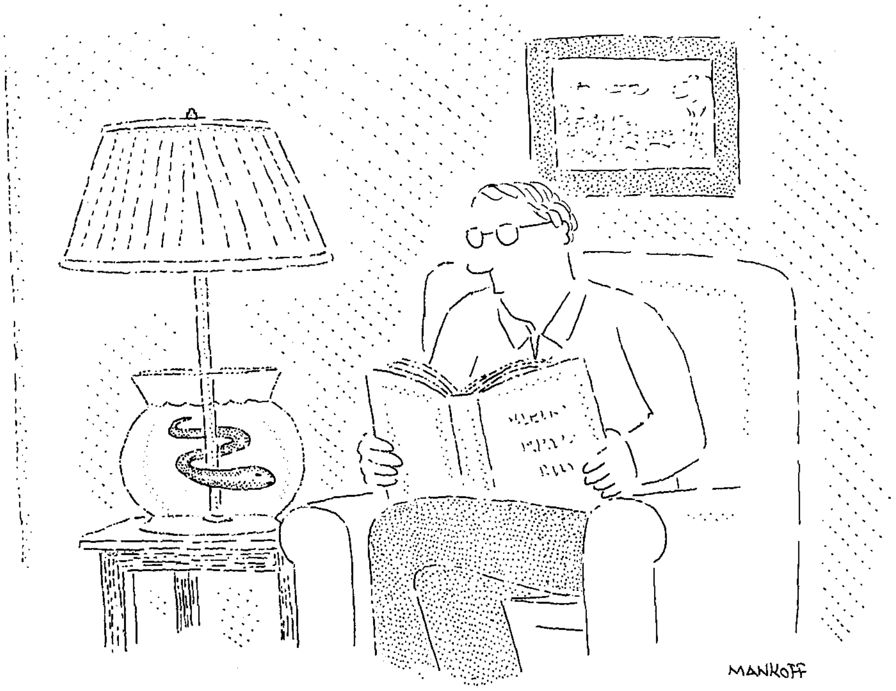
"Sanctions are in place. The next move is his."

Living Author

ONE way to think about the American Trollope Society, an organization that not long ago brought a group of performers over from London to put on two evenings of Victorian songs interspersed with readings from Trollope's novels, is to call to mind Dickens' description of Mrs. Todgers in "Martin Chuzzlewit": "with affection beaming in one eye, and calculation shining out of the other." But calling to mind anything to do with Dickens is about the last thing the Trollopeans would ever want. The Trollope Society, which is really two independent societies—one in England and one in America—is, like the object of its admiration, a complicated hybrid, engaged about equally in celebrating art, selling books, and running down the competition. Sue Bradbury, who is the deputy managing director of the Folio Society, a tony London publishing enterprise that, with the Trollope Society in England, is putting out the first complete edition of Trollope's novels, was here to do the Trollope readings for these evenings. After one performance—which ended with a stirring rendition of the Victorian classic "Watchman, What of the Night" —she spoke to a friend about the two societies.

Ms. Bradbury, who possesses one of those rose-and-cream complexions which they still have over there, no matter what Martin Amis says, explained how it was that the British Trollope Society came into existence, three years ago. "Trollope has really been the forgotten Victorian," she said. "There's the Browning Society, and then there's the Thackeray Society, at the Reform Club—though that's a bit of a do, really, since you have to belong to the Reform Club to belong to it. And then, of course, there's the You-Know-Who Fellowship, which has been pushing the Dingley Dell and Little Nell business practically since the moment old Boz died." Trollopeans, like their hero, have a long-standing, unresolved grudge against Dickens—whom Trollope satirized in "The Warden" under the not too subtle moniker of Mr. Popular Sentiment— and when they use his pseudonym it is usually underlined with heavy irony.

“But then, about ten years ago, the great Trollope boom began,” Ms. Bradbury went on. “Suddenly, Trollope became fashionable, and all over the map people were reissuing Trollope novels, willy-nilly. John Letts, the former president of the Folio Society, felt that what was needed was a Trollope Society to support the publication of a uniform edition of the complete works. You need a loyal, reliable group of true enthusiasts. Without a functioning Trollope Society, it was hard to feel sure that there would be an audience ready for the reprinting of, say, ‘Nina Balatka.’ I mean, Tony Trollope, one of the collateral descendants, is the secretary of the Austen Society, and now he’s with us, too. Of course, there have always been Trollopeans, even without a society. His novels are just extremely sound and consistent. And he’s so much better on women than Dickens is. No Little Nells and Doras in Barchester.”



ANOTHER ENERGY-SAVING IDEA FROM YOUR ELECTRIC-EEL COUNCIL

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Together, it turns out, the Folio Society and the Trollope Society in England have established a schedule that leads Trollope right to the edge of the millennium; one of the few certainties about the year 2000 is that in the course of it some twenty-seven hundred Americans will receive illustrated editions of “The Small House at Allington,” “The Last Chronicle of Barset,” “The Struggles of Brown, Jones & Robinson,” and “An Old Man’s Love.” (The project prudently balances a couple of well-known books with a couple of unknown ones each year.) Certain cynics—Dickensians, mostly, fresh from a reading of the Mr. Merdle sections of “Little Dorrit”—have suggested that there is a revolving-door relationship between the Trollope Societies and the Folio Society. Trollopeans, however, point out instead a natural, inevitable symbiosis of the two groups, though sometimes with the slightly defensive air of a retired Air Force general explaining why he has gone to work for Boeing.

Randolph Williams, the president of the Trollope Society in America, said after the performance, “I’d always thought that there should be a Trollope Society. I studied English at Harvard, and about three years ago I started dealing exclusively in antiquarian books. In the years since Trollope’s death, there had been several attempts to form a society and publish a uniform edition. Interestingly, it had been mostly Americans who were interested. A. E. Newton, a Philadelphia bibliophile, tried to start a Trollope Society in the thirties, but the war killed it—the project foundered after two or three books. Then, suddenly, about five years ago, the demand for Trollope’s novels became so intense that various paperback editions of even his most obscure novels began to appear: Dover did reprints of some early editions; the Oxford University Press did a series. I can’t really tell you why. But he must be the least dated stylist of all the Victorian novelists—the least self-conscious. You probably know that he wrote a couple of thousand words every morning from six to nine. His handling of women is extraordinary. I never find myself snickering and rolling my eyes, the way you do with certain other Victorian novelists.”

Ms. Bradbury said, “Trollope’s reputation was damaged, of course, by his autobiography. It included a list of nearly all the books he had written, with all the money that had been paid for them alongside, and that sealed his reputation in Jamesian circles as a philistine—odd as that may seem, since so much of James comes out of Trollope’s realism. We felt that the real way to honor Trollope is not to press him forward as one more candidate for academic embalming but instead to thrust him out there, to the community of readers, as a living author whose books are worth subscribing to. Do you know Trollope’s most famous aphorism? Once, the Messrs. Longman, which was the very posh publisher then, reminded Trollope in the midst of a negotiation that he had forgotten how much Longman’s name was worth to him. Trollope said that he valued Longman’s name, but only when it was written at the bottom of a check. So I think he would be delighted to see his work celebrated by being placed on a sound financial footing.”

Mr. Williams said, “I just think that everything about Trollope is so superior. His style, his view of women, his knowledge of the politics of modern life—everything. I mean”—he threw his hands up—“have you ever seen a Trollope manuscript? It’s just so *clean*—hardly a line written over, or overwritten, for that matter. Whereas—Well, just go down to the Morgan Library and take a look at the manuscript of ‘A Christmas Carol.’ A mess. And if you’re asking yourself whether you should subscribe or not—I mean, asking who’s really No. 1—remember that in his spare time Trollope practically invented the mailbox. Now, *that’s* genius.”

TRISTAN AND ISEULT

THEIR outward appearances told him almost nothing: some of the prettiest and daintiest turned out to have cold fingers and a merciless touch where the nerve lurks close to the surface, and some of the plainest, with doughy, humorless faces and rimless glasses, enveloped him in velvet sensations. Today's, for example—a total stranger, as was always the case; the turnover was terrific, suggesting an overheated profession susceptible to stress, pregnancy, and tempting offers from other establishments—with a nunnish severity led our hero to her little, heavily equipped room and offered him, as she settled him onto his back, only the most grudging small talk. Yet as soon as she touched his mouth he knew that he was home, that she was a rare one, one he could trust not to hurt him more than necessary. The threat of pain was the mystical spice of these liaisons, the heaven-sent seriousness that concentrated attention on both sides.

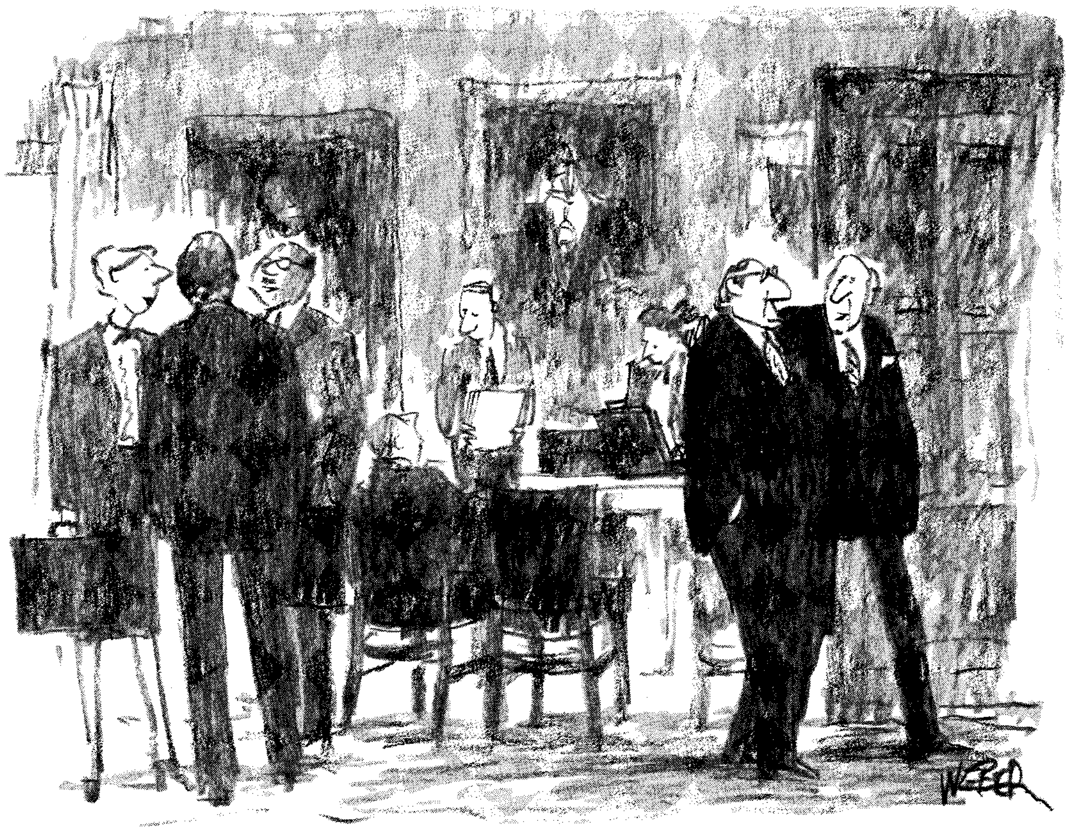
Heaven here was a ceiling of acoustical tiles, perforated irregularly as if to entertain trapped eyes like his. The angelic music was from an "easy listening" station—every third tune, it seemed to him, that nonsensical croon about Key Largo, Bogie and Bacall, here's looking at you kid, we had it all. . . .

"Turn your head toward me, please." Occasionally, one of her bare forearms brushed his ear or nose, stirring up in a small pollenlike cloud the scent of clean female flesh. Because of AIDS, they wore surgical masks now, and disposable plastic gloves. Death has always been the possible price of contact, but as contacts multiplied, so have possibilities, forming a continuous moist membrane for viral self-advancement. She worked along his lower-gum line, pausing periodically to wipe one of her oblique, needle-sharp instruments on a paper napkin on the plastic tray beside her, next to his head. Some women he had had in the past would use his chest as a table, resting their tools on his paper bib, making a small, illegitimate joke, he would feel, of their bodily intimacy. This one would never so trespass. Though his open mouth with its rim of teeth and the round plastic tray with its serrated edges might closely alternate in the field of her attention, she would never suggest that they were interchangeable. The one, the tray, was merely a thing, whereas the other had nerves and a soul—an ego inside a thing. A sensitive, self-solicitous thing. Her touch, as it methodically travelled along, magnified his tiny surfaces, smoothed their bumps and crevices into a continuous plane of now dim, now vivid nervous apprehension. "A little sore tissue under these bridges. Don't be afraid to get up in there with the floss."

Silently, in prayer's shouting inner voice, he assured her that he henceforth would not be afraid. He did not speak for fear of dislodging the muttering suction tube, shaped like a question mark. Sometimes his roving eyes flicked into her own, then leapt away, overwhelmed by their glory, their—as the deconstructionists say—*presence*. His glance didn't dare linger even long enough to register the color of these eyes; he gathered only just the spiritual, starlike afterimage of their living gel, simultaneously crystalline and watery, behind the double veil of her glasses and safety goggles, above the shield-shaped paper mask hiding her mouth, her chin, her nostrils. So much of her was enwrapped, protected. Only love's essentials were allowed, like a barnacle's feathery appendages, to emerge—her touch, her steadfast, humorless gaze.

"Now, away from me a little. Not quite so much. Perfect."

Perfect. Would that he were. Sinking beyond the reach of shame, he relaxed into her exploration and scarification of his lower molars, corrupt wrecks just barely salvaged from the ruin of his years of unthinking consumption. Her attentions, pricking and probing on the ticklish edge of pain, formed a cradle of interwoven curves, from the plump meat of the ball of her thumb tangent upon his upper lip to the arc of her masked face bent an inch or two above his nose. She was a kind of basket, woven of long soft



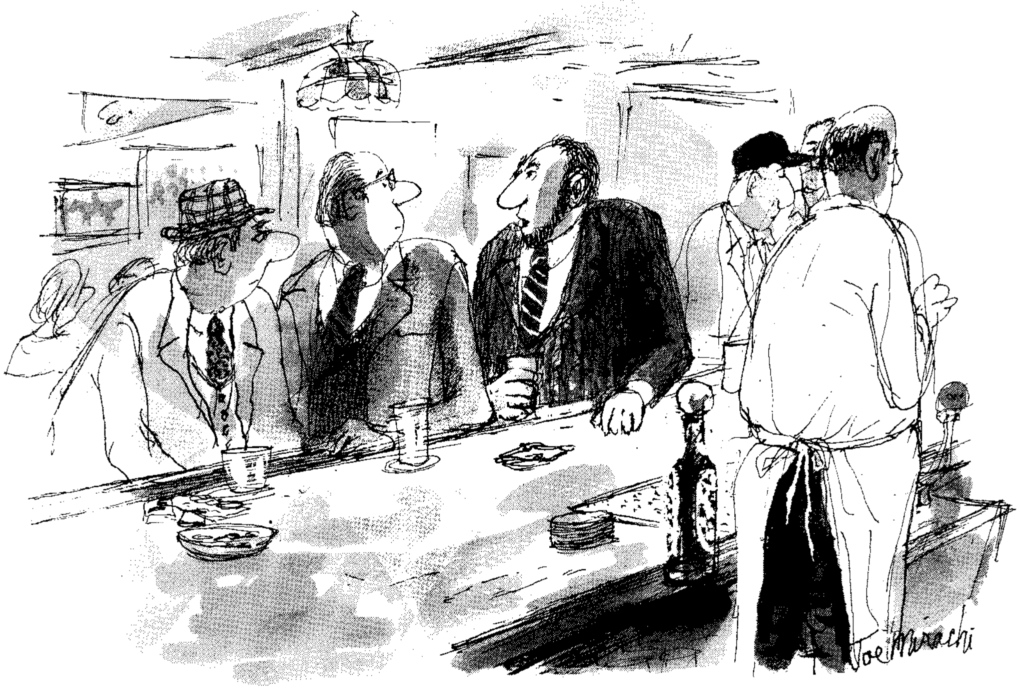
"Well, that's that, Henry. Let's go over to the Four Seasons and towel off."

strands of tactful touch and unstated, clinical thought, inverted above him, a firmament; her staring black pupils were the size of the perforations in the acoustic ceiling. She was seeing, and forgiving even as she saw, a side of himself he had never had to face—an underside, microbe-ridden, much-repaired. She had an angle on him that he was spared. Other people in general possess this, this grim and instant purchase on the specifics of a self mercifully vague in its self-perception. But this case, his and hers, seemed extreme, like something from a supermarket tabloid or a Harlequin romance. Serenely she presided above his supine abasement. Done with the lowers, she told him to sit up and "have a good rinse," and spit. Blood, his blood, appeared in the ecru bowl alive with centripetal water. Sticky, stringy dark blood. He was even more loathsome than he had supposed.

And still she returned to the bout, tackling his uppers, commanding him to open wider. At her faintly more aggressive tone, a sense of counter-striving invaded his body; he seemed to arch upward in the chair, fitting himself with a push into her ministrations. Her flesh, as it touched his, had a resilience slightly greater than that of a cigarette pack, a warmth a bit less than that of a flashlight face, a humidity even more subtle than that of laundry removed a minute too soon from the dryer. She was made for him, of the same imperilled and fallible substance, yet also woven of Heaven, unpossessable, timeless, inviolate, though focussed in every atom upon him, indeed nonexistent but for his adoration, like air made blue by our own vision, and burned into life by our lungs. "How're you doing?"

Had he betrayed, by some groan or tensing, discomfort? Had the transfixed state of his soul translated somatically into resistance or involuntary spasm? "Fine." It felt like a lie—less than the whole story—or a vow, which is also too simple. Now another mangy pet of the easy-listening stations slid into the room, an arrangement of "The Girl from Ipanema" shorn of the troubling, too rapid lyrics.

"Just a little more," she promised lullingly. "Then we'll polish and floss."



"Excuse me, sir, but are you talking about the Western civilization of which I am a member?"

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"Unnh," he said, like a ditto mark under his previous, mendacious yet sincere monosyllabic utterance.

And in her flurry of searching out the last potentially disastrous plaque in the remotest crevices of his upper left molars her spirit intertwined with his; she leaned deeper in; he felt the parallel beams of her gaze like lasers vaporizing his imperfections; their bodies became mere metaphor. Moments passed in rhythmic scraping.

Then she pulled back and straightened up, her face a mask, her eyes noncommittal. He was clean. He was done. She had done him. "You may rinse," she said.

The polishing, with its playful caress of microscopic grit, and the flossing—quick, brusque, nimble around and under the bridges—felt anticlimactic. Without the threat of pain, their encounter became small, as the childish perpetrators of giant agitated shadows shrink when the candle is put out. She did not use that agonizing machine some of the women used, the Cavijet, a high-pressure nozzle with a high-pitched whine, an icy needle on your inflamed nerves. It would have been a synthetic effect. "Nice," he said, working his bruised lips over his teeth, as ideal as they could ever be. "How did I look, over all?"

"Uh—do you smoke, or drink a lot of tea?"

"No. Why?"

Her mask and goggles were off; she blushed. It was thrilling to see emotion tinge that doughy, prim, professional face. She cared. She had to care, after all. How could she go through the motions and not care? "I just wondered," she said, turning away in, at last, embarrassment. "You have a fair amount of staining."

"Maybe that's my age. Normal deterioration."

She shook off the idea—it was heretical, perhaps; there was no normal deterioration in her belief system—and wrote on a chart in his folder, and inscribed a small slip for him to take down to the front desk. Then . . . then she turned and faced him. Her eyes in the TV-screen-shaped rectangles of her glasses were distinctly, earthily hazel—green flecked with gold and rust—above her rosy cheeks. "There's a bleaching process that's pretty safe and effective," she said, with a lilt reined in just short of ardor.

There was, but she wouldn't be the one to administer it. You never had the same one twice. The principle lay between them like a sword. Otherwise, it wouldn't be eternal. It wouldn't be hygiene.

—JOHN UPDIKE

AT WHOM THE DOG BARKS

A stock turn of phrase, "A poor man but honest." Perhaps that's why the man is poor—because he is honest. Why don't we say, "A rich man but honest"?—*Max Frisch*

PART I: CRIME IN THE HATCH

WHO had swiped the Concordance Institute's electric pencil sharpener from the top of the file cabinet between Celie's desk and the door to the conference room? Celie was the receptionist and her desk faced the front door. She said, "Anybody could have walked out with it, and will they be disappointed! It never worked. I use my old hand crank."

"And you're right!" said Nat Cone, the institute's poet. " 'Anybody' is plural, and there's not a thing Fowler can do about it!"

"For goodness' sake, let's get ourselves a new electric pencil sharpener!" said Leslie Shakespere, the institute's director, and he got out his wallet.

"Don't we want to know who done it?" asked Joe Bernstine. Joe and Leslie were the institute's co-founders.

"Mr. Winterneet popped in and out," Celie said. Winterneet was the institute's Nobel laureate. "He says to say he's back in town and going straight to bed, but he left these." "These" were a couple of bottles of red wine.

Leslie studied them and said, "Cor blimey!" Leslie was English. "Let's have a party, or has everyone gone home?"

Celie said Alvin, Zachariah, and Yvette had left, but that Ilka was still in her office. Leslie said, "Everybody, bring your own glasses. I'll ring Eliza." Leslie carried the bottles to his office. Nat Cone went to his office to call his wife, Nancy. Joe called Jenny.

Jenny Bernstine came with the kids, Teddy and Debby, who brought their dog, Cassandra, so called because of the hectic urgency of her barking.

"Whatever you are trying to tell me," said Eliza Shakespere, leaning her face close to the animal's agitated nose, "maybe I don't want to know it."

"Cat spat at her," said Debby.

Cat was the institute's tom, who, Nat Cone said, suffered from name deprivation. The institute's members had never resolved the philosophical difference between those who couldn't stomach animals with people names and those who could stomach none of the clevernesses that had been proposed instead. All the while, contended Nat, Cat grew more bitter.

"I'll put him in the mail room if someone will remember to let him out. I'm leaving, O.K.?" said Celie.

"O.K., Celie. Thanks. Good night," everybody said.

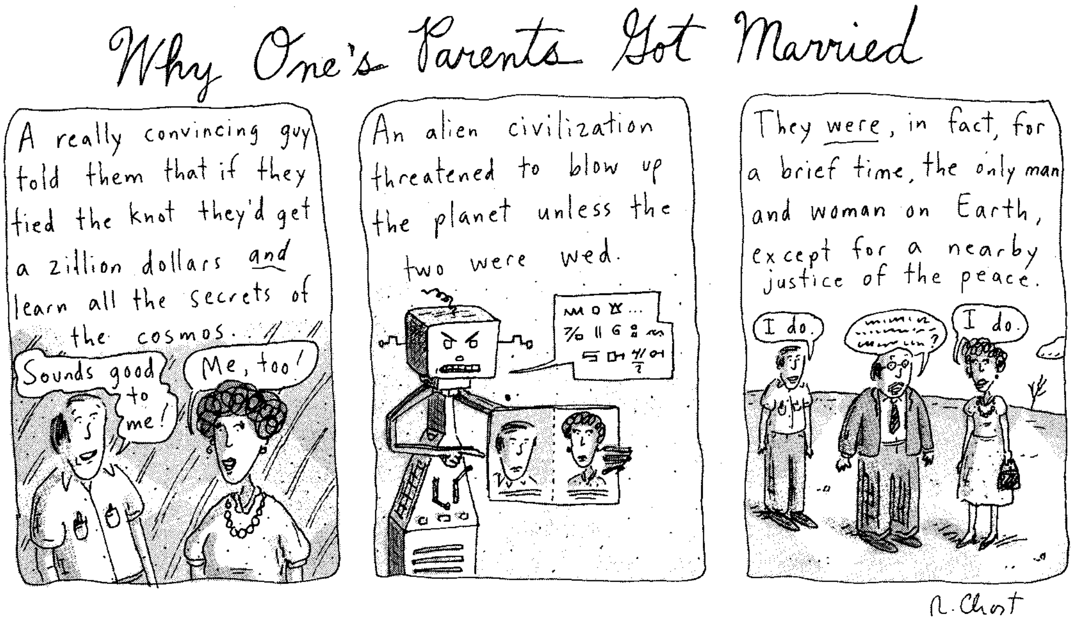
ILKA WEISSNIX was in the throes of one of her euphorias. Ilka had arrived late in the New World, after Hitler and the war, and she was struck with amazement to be sitting here, in Leslie Shakespere's office at the Concordance Institute, in Connecticut. Ilka looked from one to another of her friends and colleagues. First, Ilka looked at Leslie. Ilka was aware, in any room, at any time, of the whereabouts of Leslie Shakespere. Leslie sat very still in the embrasure of the window that was open to the summer garden; the newer brick and glass structures were out of sight, around the corner. Before him, in comfortable conversation, stood Joe Bernstine, Leslie's oldest friend. Joe turned his head, shifted his weight, combed his fingers through his hair, and put out a hand to fix the curtain that the evening breeze had laid across Leslie's arm. Leslie's wife, Eliza, had come to sit in the chair next to Ilka. She said, "Joe, the Jewish jumping bean." Ilka gasped and laughed. Ilka loved Eliza Shakespere. Eliza was a tall, beautiful woman, with grand shoulders and a magnificent length of thigh. She wore a three-dollar Woolworth's shirt. Beside her, Nat's wife, Nancy, looked merely elegant. Nancy stood and glowered by the darkening east window. Joe's wife, Jenny, sat in the chair behind Leslie's desk. Jenny was aware of the whereabouts, at any time, in any room, of her husband, Joe, and the children. Her eyes moved with anxious love and convulsed when they lighted on young Teddy, sitting on poor Cassandra. "Darling, you're smothering her."

"It shuts her up," said Teddy.

"Only she's got to breathe, and, Teddy, take a comb to the poor thing! Anybody ever see a dog whose hair goes so every which way?"

"Who swiped my 'Andy Bandy and the Bicycle Wheel Thief'?" asked Teddy.

"I did," said Nat Cone. Nat sat reading, sunk way down into Leslie's old broken-backed armchair. Nat was a large, heavy man, with very black curly hair and beard. The density of growth connected itself in Ilka's mind with the undifferentiated bushiness of the surrounding Connecticut hillsides, which she experienced as a subliminal disappointment on her morning drive to the institute: another


Why One's Parents Got Married
A really convincing guy told them that if they tied the knot they'd get a zillion dollars and learn all the secrets of the cosmos.
Sounds good to me!
Me, too!
An alien civilization threatened to blow up the planet unless the two were wed.
They were, in fact, for a brief time, the only man and woman on Earth, except for a nearby justice of the peace.
I do.
I do.
R. Chast

night had failed to develop the local landscape into Alps.

Nat said, "We don't write stories like this anymore! Chronic plot deficiency is our problem. Forget about the vitamins and get your daily dose of soap opera."

"I notice you never miss yours," said his wife.

"Dibs! I'm next!" said Joe Bernstine. He asked his son where he'd found "Bicycle Wheel."

"Top shelf in your study," answered Teddy. "There's this policeman and his name is Bradley and every night there's this thief going round swiping one wheel from everybody's bicycle. Bradley's partner's name is Fred that this thief swiped a wheel from his bicycle. His daughter is Tracy. Fred has a police dog that he makes him sniff all the bicycles. Oh, I forgot to say that—"

"My idea of hell," Eliza said in Ilka's ear, "is listening to children telling plots."

Here Nancy Cone said, "Nat, if you *have* to read while everybody else is sitting and talking, at least turn on the light. We can't afford another new pair of glasses." It was when Nat reached up to pull the chain made of little interconnected balls that would have turned on Leslie's old standing lamp that everybody noticed the lamp was not there. Who had swiped Leslie's lamp?

Eliza said, "What can you expect with the housing project just the other side of campus?"

Ilka gasped.

Leslie said, "I can imagine someone walking the electric pencil sharpener out of the front door, but not a five-foot lamp."

"I took the electric sharpener to be fixed," said Jenny Bernstine. "It never really worked."

The solution of one mystery activates the sanguine part of the human mind to expect the next mystery to be solved as well—to imagine mysteries to be solvable. The fact is that nobody in this story ever saw Leslie's lamp again. There was no response to the memo requesting its prompt return, "no questions asked," which Leslie's assistant, Betty, had copied on the copier down in the mail room the morning after the party. She handed one memo to Celie at her desk and put the rest into the pigeonholes in the lounge for the fellows, associates, staff, maintenance people. Ten minutes later, Celie called Leslie and said, "Why don't I copy a bunch and post them on the trees around the campus?"

"Good idea," said Leslie.

Celie went down to the mail room and came hollering up the stairs. The copier was gone!

Leslie had the front and back doors locked and asked everybody in the building to come to the conference room to meet with Officer Wright and his partner, Juan José.

"Cassandra may stay, if you can keep her quiet," Leslie said to Teddy and Debby. Jenny had dropped the children off after breakfast and gone to town.

Teddy said, "I'll sit on her."

"And you'll be quiet, or I'll sit on you!" Joe said to his son.

Officer Wright asked what the incidence of crime at the institute had been in the past. He was a stout, elderly policeman and seemed to know what he was doing. He said, "Anything—large, small . . ."

Joe Bernstine said, "Really nothing since our first fund-raiser—man I'd gone to school with absconded with our funds. That was eleven years ago. Then, yesterday, we noticed that someone had walked off with the standing lamp from the director's office. Today the copier walks out of the mail room!"

Juan José said, "Been bad all over, with the project just the other side of campus." Now Alvin, the institute's radical, said, "What can you expect when the city council pockets the money they themselves allocated for the project," and Zachariah, the institute conservative, said, "It's not the city council that walked out with the copier," and Alvin said, "No, the project walked out with our copier," and Leslie said, "Please . . ."

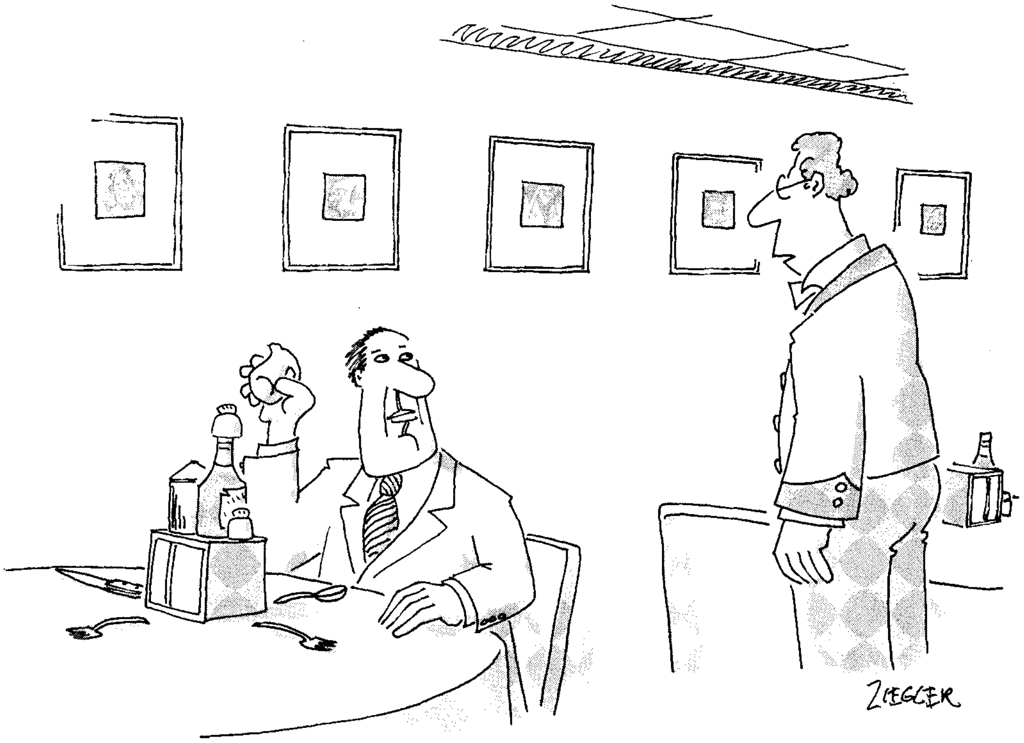
Officer Wright said, "My question is *how* did he walk out with it?" and Yvette, the institute's feminist, said, "Why do you assume the thief must be male?"

"How much would you say the copier weighs?" asked the officer.

The guesses quarrelled with each other. Yvette said, "Why couldn't she have heaved it onto the dolly we use for hauling boxes full of papers?"

"José," Officer Wright said to his younger partner, "go down and look for the dolly."

Little Debby Bernstine said, "I know, I know, I know where they keep



"When you've concluded the entertainment portion of your evening, sir, I'll be happy to bring you your entrée."

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it! I want to show him. Can I show him?"

"Go on, then," said Joe. "The mail room," he explained to Officer Wright, "is just below us in what used to be the basement kitchen—when this was the president's residence. This conference room was the old dining room."

Teddy said, "If you pull the chain between that hatch in the wall and the fireplace, this little sort of tab that says 'd-i-n-i-n-g-r' starts wobbling in the mail room. Can I show him?"

His father said, "Teddy, go play in my office. The crayons are in the left bottom drawer."

Teddy ducked his head and hunkered down. José and Debby came back to report that the dolly was standing where it had always stood—between the dumbwaiter hatch downstairs and the place where there used to be an old black range.

"Does the basement have an exit to the outside?"

Celie said, "The only exit is the stair that comes out right across from my desk."

"Could the fellow have gotten out while you were downstairs?" asked Officer Wright.

"No, because just as I was going down, Barbara—"

"That's me," said the librarian.

"—came in with her coffee and croissant and sat down at my desk—and you were still there, weren't you, when I came back up the stairs?"

Leslie said, "Do we understand that *you think the copier might* still be in the building?"

The officer said, "I'm thinking the thief might still be in the building."

"In this room!" said Ilka.

"It's one of us!" said Alvin, with a look of happy satisfaction.

Nat Cone turned to little Teddy. "What's better fun—a thief in a story or a thief in a real house?" He watched Teddy's eyes fill with a question that, Nat thought, would last him a lifetime. Nat was mistaken: Teddy was not thinking about narrative truth.

"Dad," Teddy said, "can me and Debby go up to your office?"

"Take Cassandra with you," said Joe Bernstine.

Outside the door, Teddy said, "*I'll* be the officer," and Debby said, "No, me. *I'm* the officer!" and Teddy said, "O.K., then *I'm* the detective!" and so the wise children created a partnership with two boss positions, either of which could be imagined to top the other.

"And *you* are the police dog," they told Cassandra. They took her down to the mail room and made her sniff the copier stand. "Sniff, sniff, sniff," they said. "Now! Go find the thief, Cassandra! Go on! Go, go! Come on! You're the police dog!" But Cat, who sat on the small shelf below the hatch, spat and hissed and arched his back and pointed his tail to the heavens, and Cassandra went crazy. She jumped, and kept jumping in a paroxysm of snapping and barking long after Cat had streaked down from his shelf and out the door and up the stairs. "Stop it. Come on, Cassandra," the children said.

Joe Bernstine came to the top of the stairs and said, "Kids, I told you you had to keep Cassandra under control. That noise is pretty unbearable."

"Detective Teddy is sitting on her," Debby called up to her father.

"It was Cat," said Teddy. "Cassandra, stop it!" But Cassandra wriggled and choked and gasped for breath and continued to bark in helpless desperation. What would *you* do if all you could do was bark and yet you knew that a cat sitting and spitting on the shelf outside the hatch doesn't mean the thief isn't sitting on the inside?

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ST. NICHOLAS

(Zürich, 6 December)

Whether a man hired from town or the father of friends,
he would come every year and speak in a booming voice,
his shirt unbuttoned, his fingers nicotine-stained,
quite recognizable beneath his disguise,

in the way that something you have done but are not proud
of stays at the back of your mind even when you are
doing something else, and weighs like a sack of gold,
or the bag of fugitive apples he spilled on the floor,

tangerines with a pungent chill on them to roll
under the furniture, chambered nuts, their meat
wrapped in a bitter membrane and their shells
pitted like old blades, or the sticky dates

that took the carpet's wool as a wound does lint.
How eagerly we browsed on this edible clutter
on our hands and knees! Not without wounds, without limit,
without memory, even as children how well we under-

stood that, when we looked up, he would be gone,
having left behind a golden homunculus
(modelled of yeast and flour) in the kitchen
holding a flail of twigs in his hand, to take its place

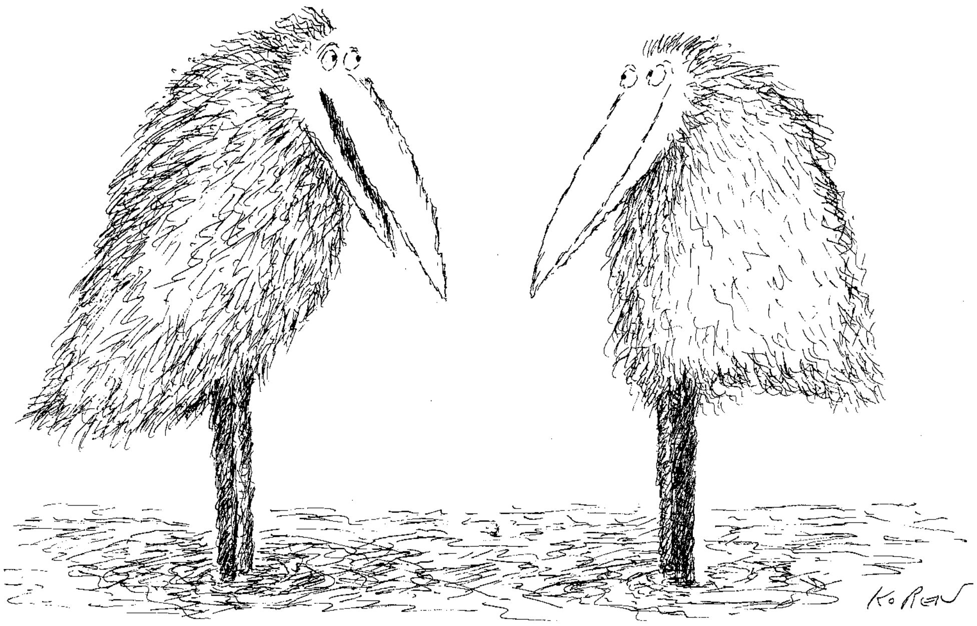
behind the steam pipe for another year,
coming down like the anger in our mother's voice,
thickening each feast of ours into remorseful clabber,
haling us out of our childhood avenues

of smoky nutmeats, sweet dates, and lights of citrus,
teaching us greater joy beneath the flail,
surrendering our flesh so that conscience might release us,
and our thoughts, like St. Nicholas, become visible.

—Karl Kirchwey

Joe said, “If that animal can't be controlled, she'll have to be put away.”

“Dad!” said the children. “Some police dog you are!” they said to Cassandra. The experience appeared to have driven the dog insane. The next day, Ahmed, the institute's janitor, heard a faint rasping of chains and a creaking sound, and looked inside the hatch at the precise moment in which the platform gave way and tilted the institute's copier into the dark space below. Cassandra kept on barking. By this time, of course, the thief was long gone, and the members of the institute were free to feel reinforced in thinking that he or she must have been one of the greedy rich, alternatively one of the poor, both of whom we have always with us, and Cassandra barked and barked and barked and barked and barked.



“How about a kiss?”

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PART II: CRIME OUT OF THE CLOSET

WHEN Ilka went to Sunday breakfast at the Shakespeares', Eliza told her The Adventure at the Supermarket. Eliza said she'd run in and made straight for household items, imagining the policeman, ticket at the ready, waiting for her by the car. She said, “I scanned all those clever little packaged items, found my spatula, raced to the ‘Ten Items or Less’ checkout—long line! The woman in front of the woman in front of me had a full basket. In ‘Ten Items or Less’! It's a wicked world. The woman with the full basket wrote out the slowest check in history. I imagined myself telling the policeman, ‘I thought, Officer, it was legal around this corner!’ I imagined *you*,” said Eliza, filling Leslie's cup with fresh coffee, “saying, ‘Dear, but that's not the truth!’ and imagined the pleasure of kicking you in the shins. . . .”

Ilka glanced at Eliza. Eliza cut a narrow finger of toast and bit it. Ilka looked at Leslie, and he was concentrating on the management of an overripe peach.

“The checkout girl,” continued Eliza, “called for the manager to O.K. the check. There was no manager in sight. The checkout girl walked away to look for him, and I walked out with my sixty-nine-cent spatula, raced to my car, and was surprised to see it standing there, quiet as could be, in the illegal spot where I parked it, the left front window in smithereens, and no policeman, of course, anywhere in sight. *Now* I remembered what I'd been too busy worrying about my car to pay attention to at the time—the black girl standing too close to me in the checkout line.”

Ilka, Eliza, and Leslie were friends and had been arguing for years. Eliza must have known that this would stir the worm of contention in Ilka's gut into immediate action: Ilka was obliged to ask Eliza what the black girl in the checkout line had to do with Eliza's car window, so that Eliza could say, “She smashed it,” so that Ilka could cry, “How do you know she smashed it?” Eliza said, “Walk into the garage and see for yourself. And she was the one who took my wallet.”

“But, Eliza . . .” shouted Ilka, looking for help to Leslie, who stood at the sink with his back to both women, washing his hands and chin of peach juice.

Where is it written that instead of saying, “Goodbye, and thanks for breakfast,” Ilka was forced to make one more attempt to make her friend Eliza think as she, Ilka, thought? Ilka said, “Don't you have to presume the girl innocent until proven guilty?”

“Innocent till proven guilty? Interesting thought!” said Eliza, and asked Ilka if she could come for drinks at five. The Bernstines and Alfred Stone were dropping by.

“Love to,” said Ilka.

It wasn't till she rounded the corner to her own house that Ilka remembered what she'd been too busy arguing to pay attention to—the little twist of Eliza's lips. The phrase “teaching your grandmother to suck eggs” came to Ilka's mind, and she blushed. Ilka suspected Eliza of secretly thinking as she, Ilka, thought, because it was not possible for her to imagine that her friend could think otherwise. She was having me on, thought Ilka, and blushed again.

BUT Eliza repeated her supermarket story to Alfred Stone and the Bernstines, who had brought Cassandra and locked her away in the upstairs bedroom. They sat on chairs Leslie had carried onto the front lawn. When Eliza got to the sixty-nine-cent spatula, Ilka said, “I once walked out with a roast beef.” Everybody was impressed. Ilka said, “The price tag had come off and the checkout girl said I had to take it back and get another. The meat department was way in the back of the store. I could feel the people in the line behind me breathing, so I said, ‘Forget it.’ The girl checked me through, and told me to take the roast beef back. I had my bag of groceries in one hand, the roast beef in the other, and I walked straight out of the store. But what”— she asked Eliza—“makes you think it was the girl in the checkout line who stole your wallet? And *why* would she smash your window?”

“Hostility,” said Eliza. “I had to take a backward step to get her to back away from me. It’s hostile to stand closer than another person wants you to.”

“Chemistry,” said Alfred Stone. He was a research doctor. “We’ve done a lot of experiments with magpies. Take ten birds. Tag five and inject them with an antikleptin. Put some shiny odds and ends in a box, open the cages, the au-naturel birds dive into the box and fly the stuff back into their cages. The tagged birds sit there. Crime is chemical.”

“Unless chemistry is moral, too,” mused Leslie.

“Howhowhowhow?” Ilka had been saying all through Alfred’s speech, jumping up and down in her chair, not with social passion but with the deepest despair of all—the need to make a fellow-human, who revolves on this same world with us, acknowledge a point of logic. “Eliza!” pleaded Ilka. “Listen, Eliza. If you had to step *backward*, the girl must have been standing in the line *behind* you!”

“She was,” said Eliza.

“*How!*” shouted Ilka, “could she, if she stood *behind* you, have got to your car *ahead* of you in order to have smashed your window by the time you got there?”

“Beats me,” said Eliza. “Yes? What is it?” she called to a black woman who stood outside the wrought-iron gate. The woman was saying, “Psst, psst,” to attract the attention of the party on the lawn. She wore a cloth coat that was too warm for the warm evening. A little girl, some seven or eight years old, had climbed onto the gate and stood peering over it. When Leslie came walking down the path, the child jumped off and hid behind the woman’s coat. Ilka watched Leslie’s back. Ilka watched Leslie come up the path with Eliza’s wallet. Leslie said, “She found it at the corner of Darien and Elm. Come and talk with her, Eliza.”

The group on the lawn chatted while Leslie and Eliza talked with the woman at the gate. Leslie broke off a stem of three red cherry tomatoes and gave it to the little girl. The woman and the child left. Eliza and Leslie came back. Eliza said, “One gives little girls cookies, not tomatoes! My money’s gone. Credit cards gone. She says she got my name and address from the checkbook, which also appears to be gone.”

They sat down. The little girl stood outside the gate. “Come in! Come here!” Leslie called, but the little girl ran away.

The woman was back, going “Psst, psst.” She had found Eliza’s driver’s license. The woman went away. The woman and the little girl were back. They had found Eliza’s library card. The woman and the child went away, and a teen-age girl came and stood at the gate.

Eliza said, “That’s the girl from the checkout line.”

“She wouldn’t come and stand outside your gate!” everybody said, but at the upstairs window Cassandra leaped and leaped. They could hear the faint sound of her barking. Eliza went to talk to the girl at the gate.

“Where do you live?” Eliza asked her.

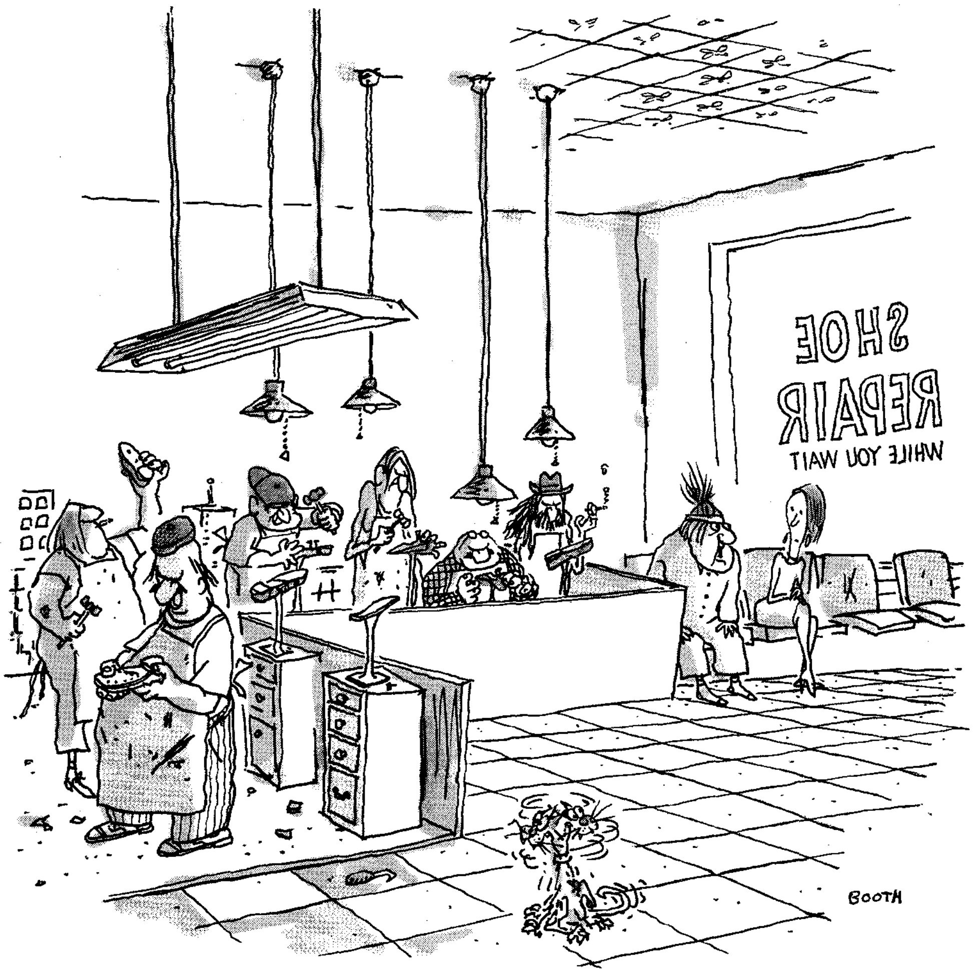
“In the project,” said the girl. “My neighbor thought you would give her a reward.”

“First you have to bring me back my money!” said Eliza.

IN her bed that night, it came to Ilka that the girl might have smashed Eliza’s window on her way *into* the Concord Supermarket. Question: Why had Eliza not argued this possibility? Had it not occurred to her? Question: Is a disputant obliged to hand over an argument that has not occurred to the other side if it gives that other side aid and comfort against one’s own side?

Ilka called Eliza from the office the next morning. The line was busy. Ilka walked over to Leslie’s office. Leslie was not in yet. Leslie’s assistant, Betty, was not in yet. Celie said Leslie had called in and he was off getting safety glass put in the car window.

Leslie came to the door of Ilka’s office shortly before noon, and Ilka said, “You might want to check your home phone. Your line’s been busy all morning.”



“I’ve always wanted to go to consecutive performances of the same symphony led by different conductors—you know what I mean?”

“Of course, not everybody can face this kind of responsibility.”

Leslie said, “Eliza made a deal with the girl. Eliza promised not to call the police if the girl came and made all the boring calls to cancel and renew Eliza's credit cards, et cetera. Make the punishment fit the crime.”

“Leslie!” said Ilka. “I want to make a deal with you. I acknowledge that the girl *could* have smashed the window on her way *into* the supermarket. I think I might be able to continue living in this world if you will do me the incalculable favor of meeting me in agreement on a point the size of the head of a pin: acknowledge that you can't know if she smashed it or not!”

Leslie said, “Did you know Betty and Barbara were mugged on the sidewalk coming out of the Pancake House at nine last night? They're all right. Barbara's elbow got scraped. She got dragged along by the strap of her handbag. She held on and held on because she had all the institute's keys. The locksmith is downstairs now, changing the locks. Barbara knows the assailant was young from the sheer force that smashed against her. It might have been a young man or a chunky young woman, in jeans and jeans jacket, with a shower cap pulled down over the face.” He lifted his head and cried, “Since when do muggers mug people walking in pairs on Main Street?”

Officer Wright advised the women—and the men, for that matter—who went out at night, alone or in groups, to walk in the middle of the street. He said that he had never in all his years on the force known anybody to get mugged when walking down the middle of the street.

The following night a bent old bum shuffled over to the middle of the road where Alvin and his wife, Sophy, were walking. The bum asked for a five-spot. He was perfectly polite, and when Alvin opened his wallet chose neither of the two tens, and neither the top nor the bottom fiver but the fiver in the middle, said, “Have a good day,” and shuffled across the street to disappear in the shadows of the sidewalk.

The next afternoon, at three-fifteen by the clock of Philosophy Hall, a tall man in a tweed cap pointed to the Concordance Institute and asked Ilka if that was the library.

Ilka said, “No, the library is that stone building behind that glass building.”

“Thanks,” said the man in the cap. “I'll take your handbag. What's in the paper bag?”

“Apples,” said Ilka.

“Well, I'll take your apples,” said the man in the cap, and he ran away, with a beautiful, loping gait.

“Was he white?” Eliza asked Ilka.

“What difference does it make what he was!” shouted Ilka.

“What has become of thieves doing their business decently, with their faces hidden, in the dark!” said Leslie.

THAT night, a thief broke into the Bernstines' bedroom. “Cassandra, of course, had been barking and barking,” Joe reported in the institute kitchen, over coffee, the next day, “but all we did was curse her and try to go back to sleep. The fellow was so thin he squeezed that plastic accordion they put between the air-conditioner and the window frame and he got through.”

“He looked sick,” said Jenny Bernstine.

“How do you know?” asked Leslie.

“He turned on the light.”

“What do you mean? The thief turned on the light?” cried Leslie.

“I guess to make it easier to find the gold chain and bracelet on my dressing table. Cassandra, the thief is gone! Have a heart, Cassandra! You're among friends here!”

But Cassandra barked at Ilka. Ilka said, “It's the roast beef.”

“But that's different,” said Eliza. “You didn't need it. That's not stealing!”

Cassandra barked at Eliza. The sixty-nine-cent spatula.

“That was just the little thrill of getting something for nothing,” she said.

“What about the thrill of getting something when you've got nothing?” shouted Ilka.

Cassandra barked at Leslie, who said, “Oh, Cassandra, that's a long time ago,” and, surprisingly, blushed.

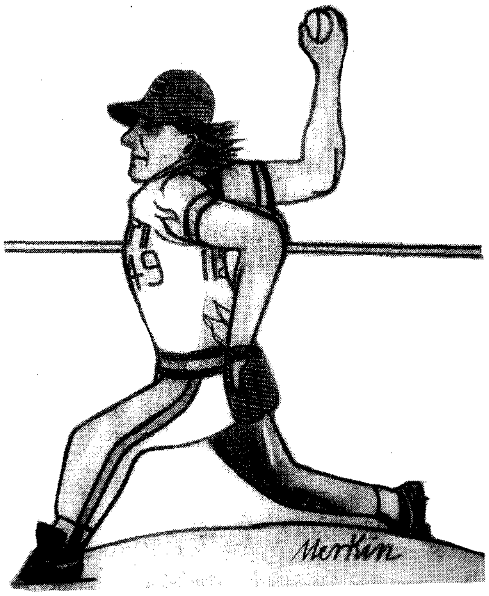
Cassandra barked at Teddy and Debby. Perhaps they had got their hands in the cookie jar, or was it because they were choking her?

“Never send to ask at whom the dog barks, she barks for me,” said Ilka, and Cassandra turned on Ilka and took a bite out of Ilka's ankle, and sat down and barked at her own two forefeet, and gnawed and chewed at the fur between her toes, and barked and barked and seemed to have forgotten how to stop.

—LORE SEGAL

THE SPORTING SCENE

TELL ME A STORY



GOOD baseball novels are rare, and sometimes we can see why. Imagine you're the highly capable Casey Thackeray ("Mr. Versatility"—*Pub. Weekly*), and that your manuscript of "The Rhinelanders" has been going so well that it may be ready for the spring list after all. Lately, the thing has almost been writing itself. All the hard establishing stuff is behind you—the setting (a proud old Midwest baseball town, lately down on its luck), the older character roles (club owner Midge Schell, the kindly, teetotalling widow and cat-lover, who inherited the franchise from her late husband; manager Loopy Miller, a strong-jawed cast-off skipper and former star with the Gotham Millionaires), and your team (the Vermilions, a diverse, talented lineup that at last lived up to its potential this year and has fought all the way into the World Series, against the favored and famous Behemoths, the defending champions). Is this too pat? Have you slipped into melodrama already? Nah, this is baseball, not postmodernist irony; hold on to that "Field of Dreams" flavor. Let's see what flowed onto the floppy disk last night. Hatch Williams, the sunny-tempered little center fielder, a sudden Thor at the plate, has rapped out five successive base hits over two games in the classic. Is five enough? Let's make it seven, what the hey. But he has just taken a pitch right in the sweetbreads, here at the start of Game Four, and is on his way to the hospital, a cause for deep concern among his double-knitted comrades. Not to worry, though. Out on the hill is smiling Joe Rice, our tall and masterful young right-hander, who is again going head-to-head with the champions' grim-faced ace moundsman, Stew Davis, the winner of eighty-four—c'mon, why not a *hundred* and four?—games over the previous four seasons. Stew looks like death out there, but Joe has a lot going for him, because *he used to pitch for the Behemoths, too,* but was cruelly dealt away in a trade. He is also armed with the wish to bring honor to his famous father-in-law, John Marshall, a legendary Hall of Famer who somehow never did win a Series game. Joe pumps, and flings another slider, struck by a vision of champagne running down old John's pate.

All this is in the book: you can almost see the tasteful Caslon, the classy margins. Why this little chill, then, this creeping doubt? Let's scroll back the text a bit. Here's Game Two, the teaser tilt that looks as if it might go the wrong way for the Vermilions, as Loopy, counting up the dwindling arms available to him in the late going, notices the absence of sturdy portsider Todd Redding and dispatches the bloodhounds, scarce weening that goodhubby Todd, still in uniform, has hied himself to Kildare Memorial with the missus, there to rendezvous with Mr. Stork. No matter. Mgr. Loopy, tapped on the noggin by the invisible wand of inspiration, dispatches pint-size scrub Willy Waites to the plate as a pinch-hitter in the tenth. The gritty wee chap comes through with a squirming infield chop that he beats out —yes!—for his first base hit ever in Vermilions habiliments. Will Willy now score the winning run? Is Oz a city? In he scoots from second base (need another safe knock in here, to move him up)—wheels churning, chin cleaving the air—across the plate and into the arms of his brawny, weeping teammates, after the batter, the catcher José Oliva, raps the game-winner behind third. . . . Hmmm, things are getting away from you here, somehow. And where does that ball land on the old Astro-Turf? A foot fair? An inch fair? No, it *hits the foul line*, you idiot, and now you gotta rewrite. All this has to go. What got into you, anyway? Baseball is harder than this, and so is baseball fiction, dummy. It could never happen.

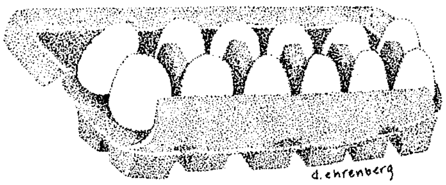
Only it did.

"The Rhinelanders" will never be written—who would believe such stuff?—but its script is in the books, and any alert Ohio fourteen-year-old can work out the dopey transliterations from novel back to baseball history, however unlikely. The Cincinnati Reds, World Series underdogs in everyone's estimation except their own, defeated the defending world-champion Oakland Athletics in a shocking four-game sweep that amputated the baseball season at the moment when laggard October fans, settling down by their sets for supper, were just beginning to recognize the mannerisms of the newcomers and to take sides in the long struggles ahead. The Reds, who had not earned a place in the Series since their Big Red Machine (the Bench-Rose-Morgan-Perez all-timers) crushed the Yankees in 1976, had disappointed themselves in recent summers, finishing second in their division for four years running and a dismal fifth last year, when their manager, Pete Rose, made more headlines than the team and was at last suspended from baseball for his gambling malfeasances. This season, under a new skipper, Lou Piniella, they burst to the fore with an opening nine-game streak of victories, and by May 15th stood eight and a half games ahead of their nearest pursuer in the National League West. They cooled off later, but held on when they had to, and were never out of first place all season—only the second wire-to-wire winners in the history of the league. The Reds then prevailed over the Pirates in a crisply played six-game championship series, but almost no one gave them much of a shot against the enormous and lordly Athletics, who had run up a hundred and three wins while taking their third consecutive American League West flag, and then swept the Red Sox—obliterated them, in fact—in the playoffs. By Series time, the only question at hand—to judge by the sports media, at least—was whether the Athletics, once they had disposed of the Cincinnatis, would deserve to be called a baseball dynasty. That title, vacated for more than a decade, had become the issue; the World Series was secondary. The Reds' sweep was startling in every way, then—it took your breath away—and must now be ranked somewhere among the few absolute upsets in the history of the classic.

The championship playoffs and the World Series are baseball's essential simplifiers, providing a few straightforward closing scenes to the thick summer volume, now that heartbreak and misadventure have thinned the cast of characters, and then (especially pleasing to beginner readers) allowing a clear hero to step forward on the final page. We'll give attention to these closing sobs and conversations (or games and innings) in due course, but there may be greater pleasure in it if we go back now and leaf through some of the earlier misunderstandings. Chapter headings, where appropriate, will guide us through the thickets. This year, in any case, some gemlike subplots and pleasing moral tales kept popping up in the text, providing a shorter chapter here and there, and a restful pause in the flow.

The Reds' sustained brilliance in the playoffs and the World Series—they were a flame across the sky—felt particularly fresh and clear, because it came at the end of a spring and summer of repeated lulls and false starts, spurts of hope and then long downslides, that seemed to wear down teams and fans alike. This season was nothing like last year's, when the Pete Rose affair and the death of Commissioner Bart Giamatti and the World Series earthquake hammered the sport in grim succession, but the 1990 campaigns still lacked satisfaction. Clubs with serious pennant plans—the Royals, the Angels, the Padres—went sour so quickly that their seasons had virtually ended before their first full swing around the league. In some quarters the collapse was blamed on the abbreviated spring-training schedule brought on by the labor lockout, but the argument never felt persuasive. Injuries darkened other hopes. The Dodgers lost the services of Orel Hershiser by late April, and Giants manager Roger Craig had to make like Dr. Frankenstein as he tried to sew together a pitching staff from the pitiful assortment of arms and backs and rotator cuffs available to him: twenty-six different pitchers clumped to the mound for the San Franciscos and failed to get the job done. Consistency eluded almost everyone in the end. The Giants and the Dodgers—and the Red Sox, the Blue Jays, the Mets, and even the Pirates—played with zest and dash for days or even weeks at a stretch, but then went dull and flat so quickly (and then sometimes soared again) that you couldn't quite believe how good or how awful they'd looked last Tuesday. The dashing Pirates, who won the National League East and were close to becoming the heroes of this baseball year, one felt, had dizzying game streaks of 6–0, 0–6, and, after a bit, 10–1, all in the month of September. The Mets, mired in fourth place through the spring, fired manager Davey Johnson at the end of May and took off on a glorious 27–5 flight shortly thereafter; they never achieved any stability after the All-Star break, however—unless you count a seven-game winning streak in August and early September, followed by five straight losses *twice*. The Red Sox, to the surprise of all the New England colonies, held a six-and-a-half-game lead in their division on Labor Day, built on an edifice of ten straight wins, but bounced themselves back into second in less than three weeks; they won their mini-pennant on the final day, barely beating out the Blue Jays—a team that once again proved its particular genius for losing when it matters most. The Reds themselves, although never knocked out of first, still managed to drop eight in a row and eleven out of thirteen in July, and suffered embarrassing sweeps by the Giants and the Pirates at different times; they played so poorly against the Giants, all in all, that Bay Area writers were struck dumb by their steel and fire in October.

No one performed with more poise and balance across the season than the defending-champion Athletics, who churned out monthly win totals of eighteen, fifteen, seventeen, and eighteen games from May through August, and twenty-one in September, with only one four-game losing streak along the way. Before the World Series, that is. They were nearly matched in their division by Jeff Torborg's optimistic young White Sox, who snapped at their heels through the early going and actually held first place for seven days in late June and early July; Oakland's depth and quality wore them down late in the summer, but the White Sox' final 94–68 record would have beaten any other team but the Pirates. (A full-house 42,849 Southsider fans turned out on the last home date to say goodbye to Comiskey Park, which is closing down after eighty years, but the presence of these young Chisox on the field brought a little sunshine to the obsequies.) Otherwise, you had to look in the opposite direction to find consistency—at the Yankees, say, who took over last place in their division on May 26th and slammed the cellar door, or at the Braves, whose third successive last-place finish in the National League West put them a total of forty-seven games behind, over that stretch—behind the fifth-place club, I mean. As fans, I suppose we should be grateful for all this competition and disorder, although it is not, in truth, a sign of sporting quality. A lot of the time, it felt more like bumper cars.



The Story of O

Since I have not quite completed the lab work for my radical theorem that some baseball statistics have no meaning whatsoever, we must scratch about for some explanations for this year's record total of nine no-hit games. The 1989 season did not produce a single no-hitter, and National and American League pitchers, taken together, had brought forth a total of only nine since 1981. Friends of mine who feel at home with math tell me that this year's flood of no-no's is within range of big-numbers theory—it's a predictable statistical glitch, that is—but the pitchers must be given a little credit as well, and the batters some blame. The proliferating split-finger pitch has tilted the ancient hurler-vs.-batter arms race in recent years, and the umpires have lately worsened the imbalance by informally lowering the

SCULPTURE GARDEN

I

I won't speak for everyone. But my father, not
sleeping for six weeks, turns
into the crumbling czar-on-horseback
statue in the central square of his birthplace.
He just stands there, lifelike.
Didn't he listen? He wasn't supposed to look

back while escaping. Everyone died.
The bodies spread around the statue like linked cobblestones.
They died. He didn't. *It wasn't his fault.*
Why am I looking at him like this?

II

This is the house my father tried to build.
That patch of dirt raked
in geometric planes is a Japanese garden.
Those gaps the pigeons roost in are French windows.
The stepladder a spiral staircase, a helix. My father hasn't

slept in six weeks. There is a crack in the living-
room wall. There is an icy roof.
He is watching the plaster.
Certain the house will collapse.
Should I talk to him when he doesn't talk back?
His tongue coated white.
Should I touch him? He is dirty.

III

I can't help it.
When I think of that house I think of—
the wreckers taking it down in ten minutes.
Neighbors carrying off faucets and two-by-fours.
My mother in drugged sleep with a ten-syllable disease.
A *galloping* disease.
My father next to her, his cracked lips the only moving thing
in sight.

IV

What did they find with their shovels,
the Americans?
Was the thing stacked very high? Was the thing
visible from a single angle?
Did they have to walk around it,
the thing?

V

Hold still, my father says. The shutter clicks.
And again. My mother and I blink.
Pose after pose around the sickbed. White spots.

Once in a dream I made love to my mother.
It did no good.

VI

I sit in my room, hands blackened with newsprint.
Why not believe the papers.
Things turning wrong.
Gets in the dirt gets in the water.

VII

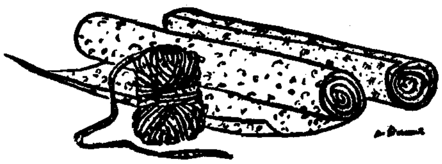
Gets in the dirt gets in the water.

—MARK LEVINE

• •

strike zone to accommodate the hard-to-call, off-the-table splitter that crosses the back of the plate at shoelace level. The pleasingly hittable waist-high delivery is now called a ball, and batters are laying off it as a result. Contemporary hitters (to this old watcher) more and more appear puzzled or cowed by a pitcher who has his stuff together on a given evening and has begun to get the umpire's call on low pitches and on sliders to the far corner. Instead of edging up and trying to slap the ball, or, still better, trying to steer the outside pitch in the easy direction—which is to say, to right field for a right-handed batter—they continue to take their full, manly, button-popping cuts and miss, or simply fail to offer at the far-side strike that punches them out once again. Not my night, you can almost see them thinking as they trudge peaceably back to the bench and sit down. One of the nicer rewards of the game used to be watching good hitters adjust to difficulties—sometimes in ways we didn't quite appreciate at first. One evening up at Yankee Stadium, I had a useful conversation with Tony Kubek, who tipped me off about how Rickey Henderson—perhaps the most imaginative and flexible hitter now at work—responds to a pitcher who has been getting the called strike on very low pitches. Next time up, Rickey will stand a bit farther back in the box, and—*oops*—the tip of his bat will graze the catcher's mitt as he cocks for the pitch. The catcher moves back four or five inches before signalling for the next splitter, and when the down-dropper arrives he must pry it out of the dirt—a ball, the ump decides, not a strike. The succeeding delivery will be more where Rickey wants it—up and *pow!*

The no-hitters, in any case, came in many shapes and forms. Obscure toilers like Randy Johnson, of the Mariners, and Terry Mulholland, of the Phillies, startled themselves, while Nolan Ryan, by contrast, came through with his sixth lifetime no-hitter, against the Athletics. Noblemen Dave Stewart and Fernando Valenzuela threw no-hitters on the same day, though in different cities (it was a first ever for each of them), and Dave Stieb, of the Blue Jays, also turned the trick at last, after giving up ninth-inning hits in two previous near-perfectos. On July 1st, hardworking Andy Hawkins, the Yankee right-hander, *lost* an 0–4 no-hitter to the White Sox, out in Chicago, when two walks and three abominable fielding errors let in the ugly little flood of runs in the eighth. Hawkins, a class act, refused to blame his teammates for the farce. "This is the greatest day of my life," he insisted. "It just doesn't feel like it yet."

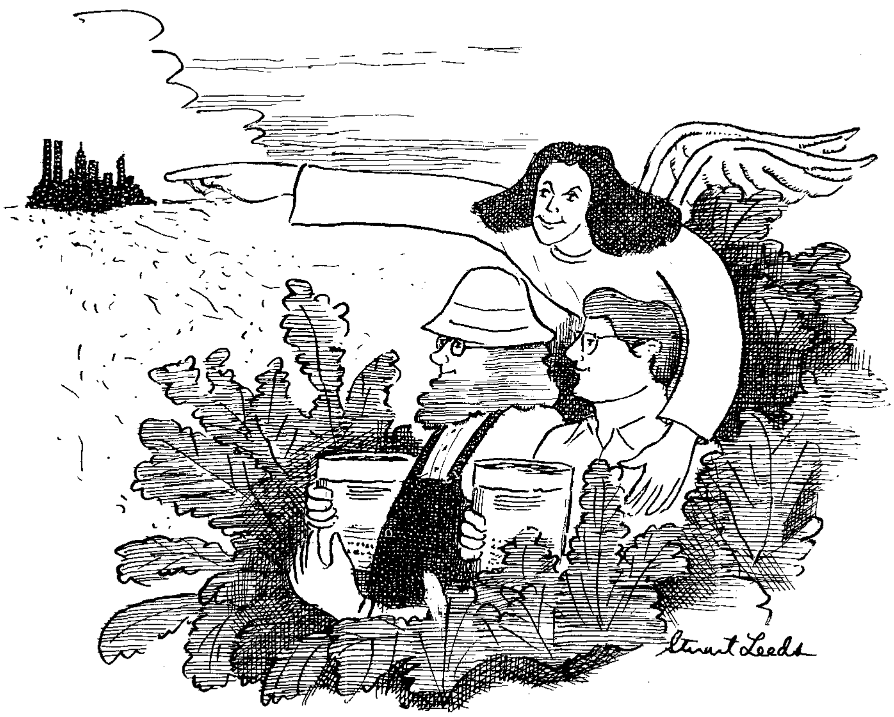


CLASS DAY

The honor rolls had some missing names this year. Wade Boggs failed in his quest for an eighth straight two-hundred-hit season and a sixth American League batting title, and

Tony Gwynn, who finished at .309, missed out on a fifth National League crown. There was still enough good news to go around. Barry Bonds, perhaps not absolutely the best of the three remarkable Pirate outfielders—let's wait a few more seasons before we decide—won the National League M.V.P. with his splendid summer of thirty-three homers, fifty-two stolen bases, a hundred and fourteen runs batted in, and a .565 slugging percentage. His teammate Doug Drabek, a stalwart hard-game performer for the Pirates all year, was an easy choice for the Cy Young Award, with a 22–6 won-lost mark. Lenny Dykstra—twitching and twiddling and bonking—led the N.L. batters for most of the season but wore down at last, allowing the gaunt switcher Willie McGee to take his second batting title, at .335. Traded from the Cardinals in late August, McGee went over to the Athletics and wound up in the World Series on the wrong side of the field—a visiting potentate from another land. Further shining work in the National League merits mention: Ryne Sandberg's league-leading forty home runs and hundred runs batted in, for instance, and his skein of a hundred and twenty-three chances without an error, a new record for second basemen. Matt Williams, the shy, bald, slick-fielding San Francisco third baseman—a great favorite in this corner—led the league with a hundred and twenty-two runs batted in, and, perhaps more notably, batted seventy-nine points above his previous lifetime average of .198. His general manager, Al Rosen, keeps whispering that Williams is headed for Cooperstown, and now I'm beginning to think he may be right.* Serious attention must also be directed toward the Dodgers' wand-width young right-hander Ramon Martinez, who struck out eighteen Braves batters in a game back in June, and went on to a twenty-and-six season, with twelve complete games. Thirteen of those victories were against clubs in his own division—he was 13–0 and 1.92 that way, in fact—which helps explain how Tom Lasorda's Dodgers, although prostrated by injuries, came home second in the West. Martinez is twenty-two years old.

THE ANGEL LEADING BEN AND JERRY OUT OF VERMONT



Rickey Henderson—he'll be thirty-two on Christmas Day—enjoyed his best season ever, leading all comers in stolen bases, runs, on-base percentage, and pitcher-aggravation, and slugging a powerful .577. He broke Ty Cobb's American League stolen-base mark this year, and now stands (up on his toes, ready to fly) only two behind Lou Brock's all-time nine hundred and thirty-eight lifetime swipes. Rickey's M.V.P. Award was no surprise, then, but Cecil Fielder, the wide-body Detroit slugger, might have beaten him out, at that, if he had played for a contending club. Fielder, a delightfully unexpected star, whacked fifty-one home runs for the Tigers this year, while driving in a hundred and thirty-two runs (and fanning mightily a hundred and eighty-two times). George Brett, the Kansas City veteran, led the league with his .329 batting average, and became the first player to hold that honor in three different decades. Floods of numbers are inexorably dulling, to be sure, but we should pause now and then and remind ourselves what they represent. George Brett, I mean, can *hit*. Brett is the most successful Lau-school graduate around—a practitioner of the odd, flat-bat, back-to-front, head-down, finishing-swirl hitting technique invented by the late Charlie Lau. Ten years ago, Brett mounted a famous summer-long assault on the .400-level fortress, winding up at last with .390. This season, at the age of thirty-seven, he started slowly but batted a scary .388 after the All-Star break. He hit for the cycle (for the second time in his life) in one game—single, triple, double, home run—and went four-for-four on another evening, with two triples. Frank Funk, a Royals coach, pointed out in late summer that none of Brett's recent burst of hits were flares or chinkers. "Everything he puts his bat on," he said, "goes out of there looking like a stream of milk."

Among the A.L. pitchers, Nolan Ryan, at the age of sixty-three—no: *forty*-three—struck out two hundred and thirty-two batters, which was tops in his league. There was notable competition for the A.L. Cy Young Award this time around, with the balloters being required to choose between Roger Clemens' twenty-one and six, and 1.93 E.R.A.; Dave Stewart's twenty-two and eleven, with eleven complete games (it was his fourth straight twenty-game season); and Stew's teammate

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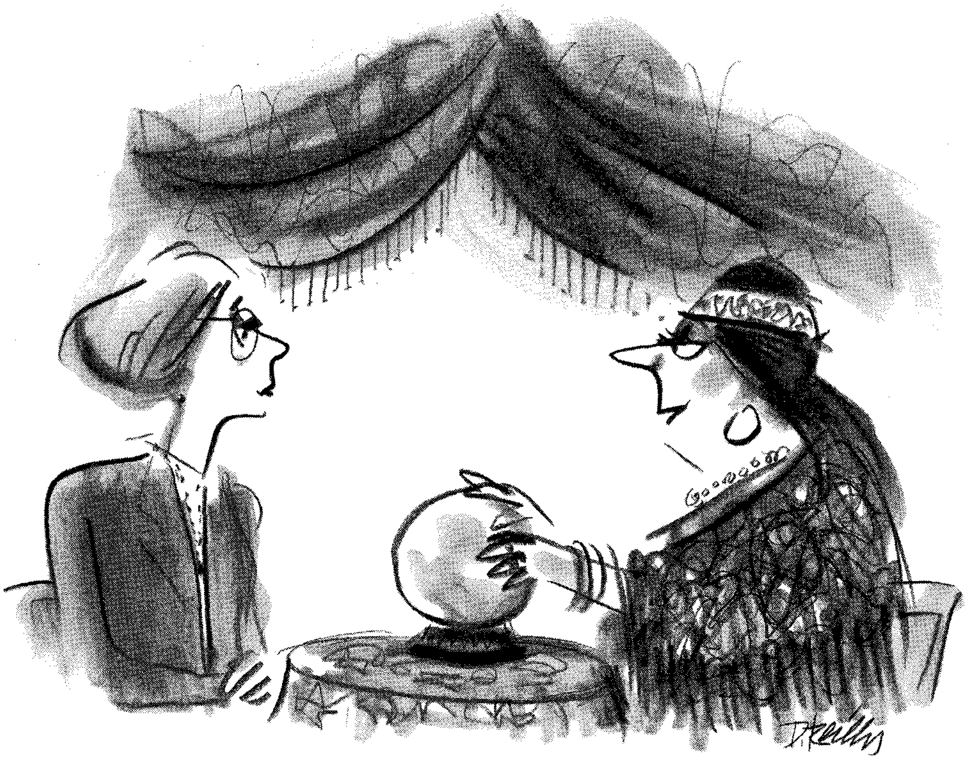
*Pat Tabler belongs in here somewhere, too: he's a born footnote. A blond, right-hand-hitting, nine-year journeyman, Tabler was signed aboard by the Mets in the late season to beef up their bench—and to keep working on a unique private record. Twice in the middle of September, he came up to bat with the bases loaded and each time stroked a single. He's a .286 hitter but a monster when it matters most—forty hits now, in eighty lifetime at-bats with the bases full. Asked one night how he accounted for this stunner-stat, he grinned and threw up his hands. "Luck and unconsciousness helps," he said.



"Career track or mommy track?"

• •

Bob Welch's shining twenty-seven and six. Welch got the honor, but I would have been content if the prize could have been passed around, spending four months at a stretch on three different mantelpieces. And how about two firemen's hats—for Bobby Thigpen (of the White Sox), with his record fifty-seven saves and 1.83 E.R.A., and Dennis Eckersley, with his forty-eight saves and (think about this) 0.61 E.R.A.?

Enough, but still we must say a little something about this year's rookie stars—about Dave Justice, who hit twenty-eight homers for the Braves; and Frank Thomas, whose .330 effort at the plate was the best among all the White Sox; and about six-foot-seven Ben McDonald's 8–5 summer for the Orioles; and Sandy Alomar, Jr., who burst forth, full-armed, as a complete catcher for the Indians. A little will have to do, but I think we'll be reading about these sprouts and others in this exceptional freshman class (on the Orioles, on the White Sox, and on the Expos, in particular) for many years to come. Keep watching this space.

GOODFELLAS

Baseball grinds out numbers like M&M's, but, as I've been suggesting here, its storytelling capacity is even more pleasing. Again and again this summer, I felt the game's great narrative powers in full flow and sensed that some master—an Aesop, a Dickens, a Stephen King—was out there somewhere, biting his quill and staring at the ceiling and then diving back into his manuscript. Ken Griffey—Ken the elder—was dropped by the Reds in late August and then quickly signed up by the Mariners, so that he could play in the same outfield as his son, Ken Jr. They hit singles, back-to-back, in their first inning together; later on, in a game against the Angels, they hit back-to-back home runs. Young Ken batted .300 for the season, and his pop, over his shorter stretch, .377. Just the other day, I realized I'd failed to appreciate a little flourish or curlicue in this tale, so I went back to a September Mariners box score and found it there:

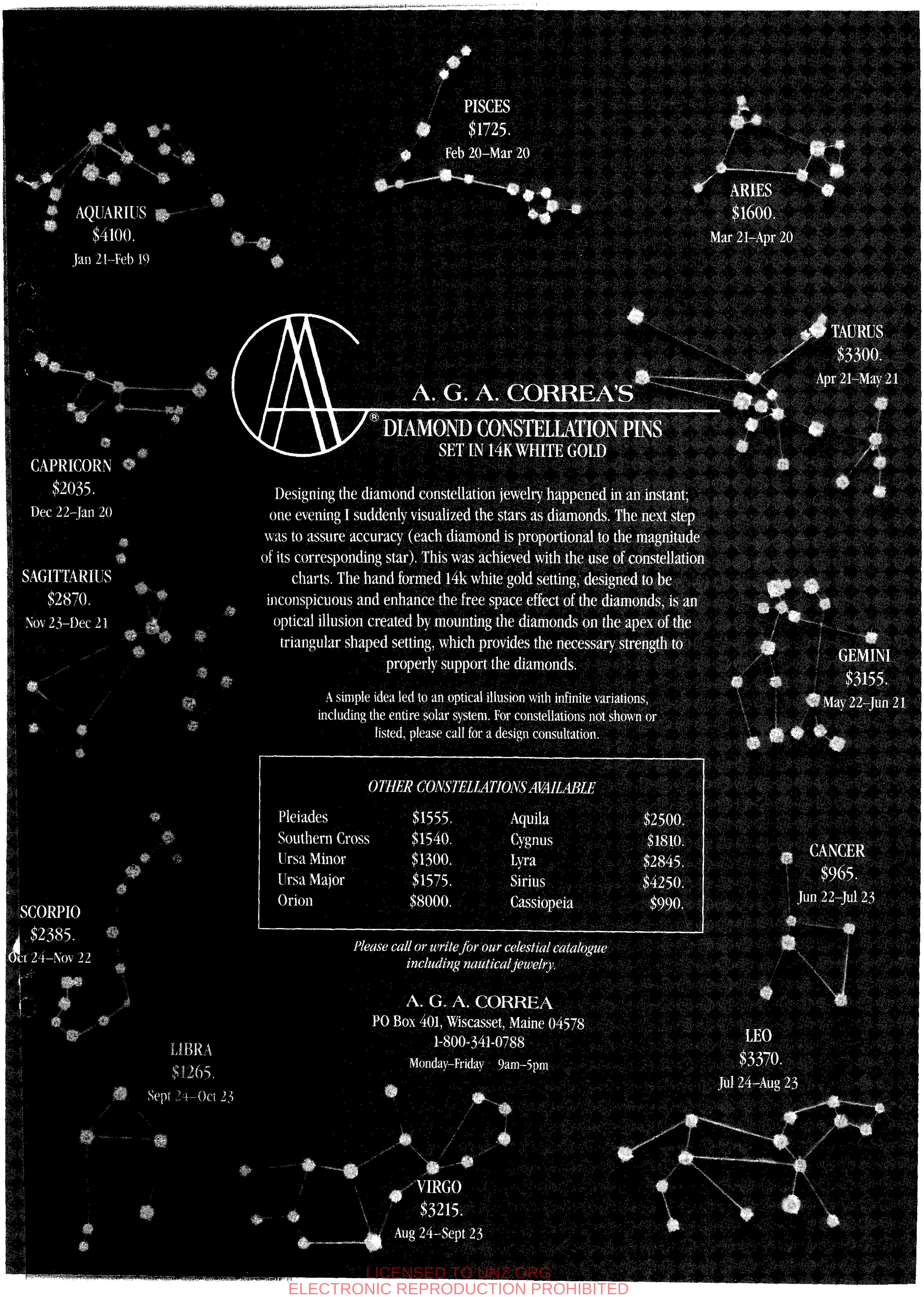
G'fey Sr., lf
G'fey Jr., cf

Another first.

Carlton Fisk warms you, too—although that's not quite the temperature that flows from him on the field. I talked to him early this summer, renewing acquaintance, and watched him play, of course, relishing the mannerisms: that close inspection of his bat surface, as if checking for aphids, just before he steps into the box; and the pitcher confabulations, when he stands with his helmet cocked up on top of his head and his glove arm akimbo. Lately, he reminds me of a wind-weathered granite statue of some Civil War general up on a pedestal above a New Hampshire village green, with one gauntleted hand at his hip. This was Carlton's twenty-first year in the majors; in August, his three-hundred-and-twenty-eighth home run as a catcher (he has three hundred and fifty-four, all told) put him ahead of Johnny Bench and all other catchers in that category. He'll be forty-three next summer, but has promised he'll be back. He'd *better*.

Nolan Ryan isn't a statue; he's more like the Fourth of July. Each summer, some new feat of his turns up along with the hot weather—last year, his five-thousandth lifetime strikeout; this year, his three-hundredth victory and then the sixth no-hitter—and inspires the same ancient encomiums, the same front-page shots of Ryan holding up a baseball (with some startling new figure inscribed between the seams), the same editorials extolling his down-home ways, his modesty, and his All-American heater. In August this year, I happened on a column in the Bangor *Daily News* that called Ryan "a true sports hero . . . without a spike haircut, shades, pumped-up sneakers, garishly colored clothing, or loud and trendy manner of speech," and went on to point out, "The kids love him even though he's not a rap singer (if that is indeed singing), a movie star, or the member of a rock band."

All true, I guess, but it pleases me to know that there's a darker side to Nolan Ryan. Out on the field, he is true blue but also wants baseball played on his terms. A year or two ago, when he was with the Astros, he watched one day as Lenny Dykstra went back to the other dugout (I can't remember whether this was when Dykstra was exuberating for the Mets or with his later team, the Phillies) after driving in a go-ahead run, or some such, and high-fived his way up and down the bench, spitting and grinning, waving his fist in the air, and scattering batting helmets about in his glee. "That young



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man—" Ryan murmured at last. "Well, he needs a bow tie."

Nolan pitched the next day, and, sure enough, Lenny got his present. Right up under the chin.

CECIL FIELDER was a story that could have been written by John R. Tunis. Two years ago, he was a second-string first baseman with the Blue Jays—a backup to the redoubtable Fred McGriff. Sensibly concluding that his long-term Toronto job prospects were limited, he went off to Japan and found employment with the Hanshin Tigers, where he got to play every day, honed his stroke—he kills anything low and inside—and smacked thirty-eight home runs. Home again, he signed on (for a handsome million-and-a-half-dollar salary) with Detroit and immediately began knocking the ball out of sight. (I saw him waft one into greater downtown Lakeland, Fla., last March, but of course I had no idea it would become such a habit with him.) He hit seven homers in April and then three on the same afternoon against the Blue Jays, on May 6th. Early in June, he enjoyed another triple-homer outburst (in real life, it's a once-in-a-career sort of thing), this time in Cleveland. Indians pitcher Greg Swindell, who was the victim of all three shots, stared at the ground for a bit after No. 3 went out, and then asked, "Where'd it go—Lake Erie?" Fielder kept on hitting as well as slugging, it should be said; he was up among the A.L. batting leaders most of the way, and wound up at .277. The homers came along with pleasing regularity—twenty-eight by All-Star Game time, forty by August 25th—but some of them tended to linger longer in mind: No. 41, say, which cleared the left-field roof of Tiger Stadium. Only Frank Howard and Harmon Killebrew had ever done *that* before.

No one enjoyed all this more than Fielder himself. "I don't understand what's going on," he said at one point. "I'm basically thrilled." His teammates were thrilled, too. "The important thing to know about Cecil," one of them said, "is that he's nicer than he is big."

Fielder, who is twenty-seven, is both ample and streamlined, with a lot of ballplayer packed in astern between the hip pockets. His face is narrow and alert, which may account for the impression he sometimes gives me of a

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brand-new Madison Avenue bus swinging in at my stop with a cheerful fifteen-year-old driver at the wheel. He was a great home-town story all summer, of course. Late in May, the *Free Press* mounted a contest asking readers to guess how many homers Cecil (it's "*Sess*-il") would hit by the end of the season; four thousand three hundred and eighty-six readers replied, and the top estimate was two hundred and fifty.

Not unexpectedly, Fielder ran into the doldrums in mid-September, at a time when the sports media were abuzz with talk about his chances of gaining admission to the hallowed fifty-homer club, where only ten sluggers had gone before him (but seventeen times in all). No one had hit that many since George Foster turned the trick, back in 1977. It almost didn't happen this time, for Cecil had stuck fast at forty-nine as the last week of the season ran down. His swing, normally brusque and business-like, had become tilted and upper-cutting there at the end, but on the final evening, up at Yankee Stadium, he was himself again. No. 50—a soaring, no-doubt-about-it poke in the fourth inning, which struck the upper-deck façade in deep left-center—made the story complete. No. 51, four innings later, was an early Christmas present for Cecil and for the 13,380 true believers in the stands who had cared enough to make the trip. How I wish it had been 13,381.

TWO OUT

George Steinbrenner missed that game, too, but he had no choice in the matter. In midsummer, it will be recalled, Commissioner Fay Vincent ruled that Steinbrenner's relations with a known gambler, Howard Spira, had not been in the best interests of baseball (as the game's lordly language has it), and that he would thenceforth be permitted no further say in the day-to-day operations of the club: he was permanently suspended from the sport, that is. It was an enormous relief, perhaps even to Mr. Steinbrenner himself, who always looked so impatient and angrily ill at ease within the game. My Steinbrenner folders—in my files and my head—are full to overflowing not just with the clips from this case and its earlier statements and maneuverings but with the rest of the long, loud story: the twelve managers hired and fired (or dropped or rehired and then fired again, or something); the Billy Martin

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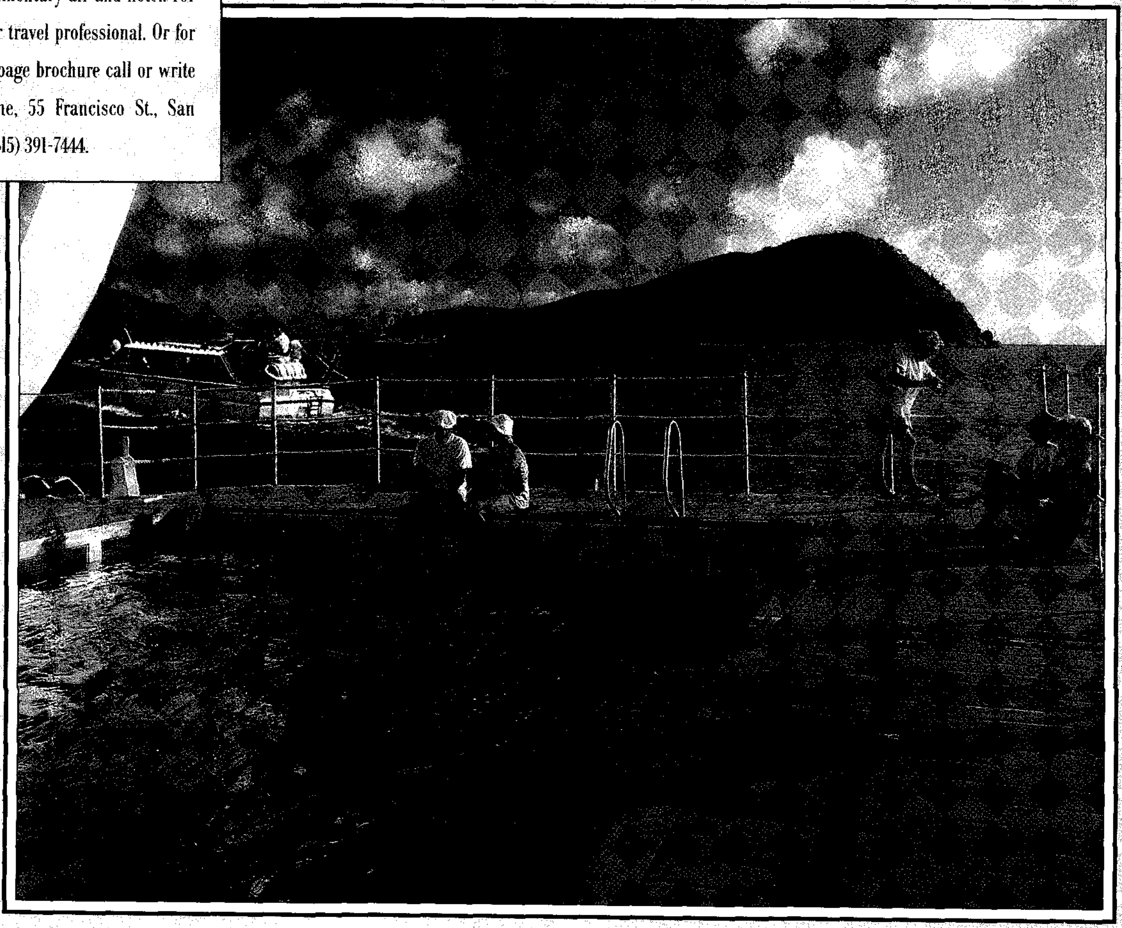

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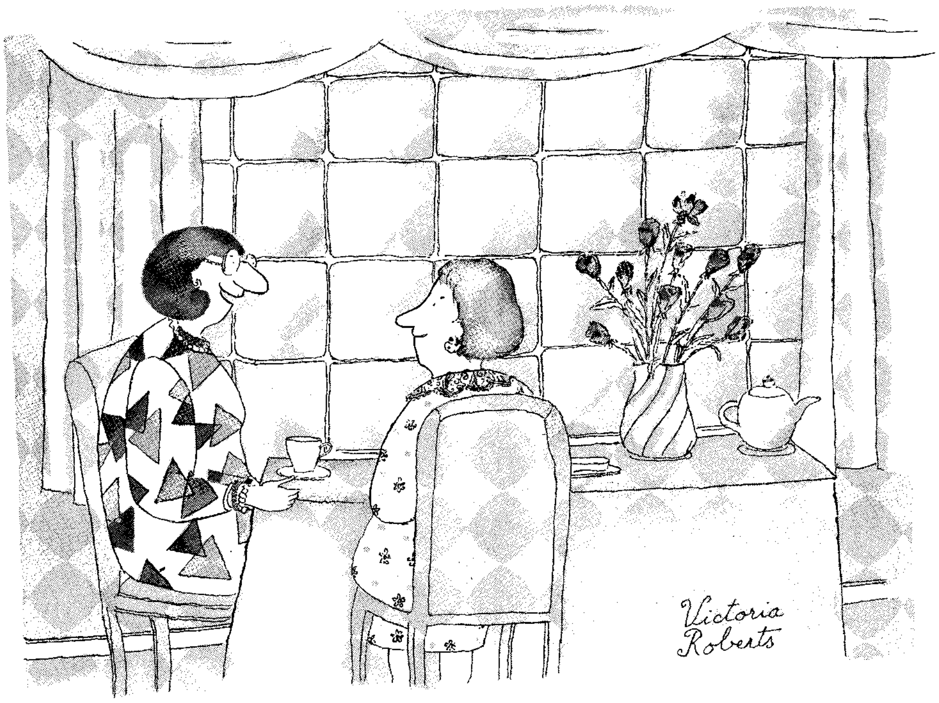

"I yo-yo, he pivots."

• •

hugger-mugger; the thirteen or fourteen general managers out again and in again; the countless talented young players angrily bounced back to Columbus (and whimsically recalled days later) and made less in the process; the eleven hardworking P.R. men—friends of mine, many of them—who said they could take whatever came with the job and then found that they couldn't; and the pervasive bluster and suspicion and patronizing good-fellowship (George was a world-class patronizer) that you could taste in the air around the Yankee offices. "This whole place is like a minimum-security prison," a well-placed minion murmured to me one evening, and when I laughed he put a warning finger to his lips. "He's here tonight," he said. None of this would matter much, perhaps, except for the larger results: the players degraded, the rosters deforested by wrongheaded or impulsive trades, the fans depressed and driven away, and the franchise, once the proudest in the sports world, humiliated.

I went back up to the Stadium again in September, and discovered that all this had suddenly lifted and drifted away somewhere; it was over, and I didn't have to think about George Steinbrenner anymore. The Yankees on the field that evening didn't give me much to put into my scorecard or my notebook—it was a very young team out there, with perhaps only Roberto Kelly exuding that twinkle or nova-sheen of coming things—but they were giving it their best shot, and the new manager, Stump Merrill, had won a few lately: give him credit. I grew up in Yankee Stadium, I should explain, like hundreds of thousands of other New York men and women, and, sitting in the press box that evening, I could almost remember how I'd felt coming up to the Bronx years ago, when I could hardly wait for the subway-car doors to open (we were outside in the sudden daylight) so I could rocket down the stairs and hurry along under the El and past the high gray Stadium walls, and (my ticket torn and given back) scoot up the ramps and along the cavernous corridors and so down to my seat, wherever it was, from which I could look out across that electric plain and find Lou Gehrig or Joe D. or Whitey or Mickey, and so many others still shining-clear in my mind's eye: Bill Dickey, Tommy Henrich, Steady Eddie Lopat, Cliff Mapes, Tommy Byrne, Ellie and Moose, Yogi and Sparky and Clete, and the rest. That feeling is gone, and players look less tall to me now, of course, but the Stadium feels like my sort of place again, and not George Steinbrenner's. It feels like home.

I think Cincinnati fans understand this feeling very well. The Reds are World Champions, but even if the Series had gone the other way it would have had a particular purpose—to wash away the stains and oppressive shadows of the Pete Rose scandals and so restore the team to the local fans and their families. Pete Rose was the most famous Red of all, and to see him cast down and banned from baseball, and now serving out a prison sentence for tax evasion, left painfully conflicting emotions and resentments. (The street signs identifying a major access road in front of Riverfront Stadium as Pete Rose Way remain in place, unchanged in every respect except in meaning.) The Reds' attainment of the Series and their wonderful play in it became a great stroke of baseball luck, a change of weather that felt liberating and deserved. The Pete Rose case and the George Steinbrenner case weren't much alike, except that they both came out of the Commissioner's office, which at times had looked to be on the point of breaking down under the imposed burdens of evidence and opprobrium and rumor and crushing publicity. The resolutions, in both cases, were hard, but no one in baseball (or no one I've heard) now says that they were unfair somehow or not essential to the game's good character. Quite the contrary, in fact. All this was part of Commissioner Vincent's job, to be sure, but he and his colleagues and his late friend Bart Giammati deserve honor for it just the same, and our thanks.

Pete Rose will finish the prison part of his sentence in January, and many fans and writers and followers of baseball will then want him restored to the full sunshine of fame and affection. The means of this, of course, would be his election to the Hall of Fame when he becomes eligible, in 1992. This issue has been hovering in the air, in fact, ever since the first charges against Pete came out, almost two years ago, and the question—which I was asked, yes or no, ten times a day in October—is a serious one, for it has to do with our innermost wishes about our sports heroes and their place in our minds. My own answer (if anyone wants to know) is unsatisfying, for it leads to an impossible script. Pete plainly belongs in the Hall on the basis of his record—he would be a unanimous first-round choice under better circumstances—but if he gets in now I think his plaque should tell the truth: down below the bronze likeness and the laurel

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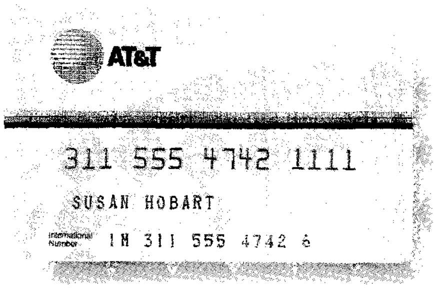
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leaves and the many rows of shining type—first in hits, first in games played, first in at-bats, first in winning games, and so forth—there would be the line "Banned from baseball for life for alleged gambling activities and conduct damaging to the game."

If this is hard to envision, think of the rest of it—Pete up there at Cooperstown, under the old trees, tearful on the platform as he accepts the plaque and the accolade and finds himself once more honored and cheered and smiled upon by the fellowship of baseball, the great company from which he is otherwise enjoined and probably forever banned. I can't see that. My answer, however elusive it may look, is no. Much as we want to, we can't take Pete in.

The answer to the other question—did Pete Rose bet on baseball?—is much easier: yes, he did. Anyone who doubts this or isn't quite sure is here referred to a new book, "Hustle: The Myth, Life, and Lies of Pete Rose," by Michael Y. Sokolove, a first-class work of sound reporting and balanced, piece-by-piece evidence and inescapable conclusions. It's the baseball book we've been awaiting.

WE need to get back on the field here, and I will be brief in saying that the worst baseball news of the year, although entirely expected, was the official announcement that the National League would admit two new expansion teams in the 1993 season, thereby bringing the circuit up to the same fourteen-team level as the American League. The site of the new franchises has not yet been determined, but blueprints and boosterism are rampant in Denver, Buffalo, Washington, D.C., St. Petersburg, Phoenix, and Orlando, and sometime next year the citizens of the two blessed burgs will be revelling late into the night, celebrating the birth of their pushovers. The rest of us should be forgiven our restraint when we get the news, for it will mean that fifty present-day or arriving major-leaguers will have been amputated from the existing twenty-five-man rosters and given new uniforms: a mild displacement except to fans who have lately noticed that only three or four (or perhaps two or three) current teams can be said to be fully manned by competent big-leaguers, that basic training in the fundamentals of the game is now habitually conducted (or badly needed) at the major-league lev-

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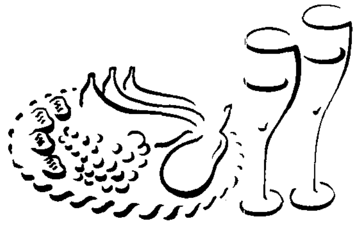

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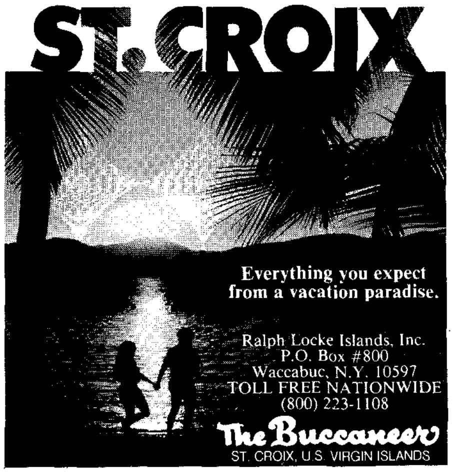

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el, and that the third and fourth starters on about half of our teams are incapable of sustained respectable work. The only upside of this expansion is the clear evidence that the leagues don't want it to go any farther, no matter what pressure is brought on the game by Sun Belt legislators and other fervent supporters of athletic democracy. The Commissioner announced that no further increases will be considered in this century—not a very long time, come to think of it, unless you're watching the Smogs or the Filibusters try to play ball.

OLD FLAMES

By the time September came along, my long affair with the Mets was over. It really was—I kept telling myself I didn't even *like* them anymore—but they kept after me, smiling and cajoling, stirring up feelings that were better left alone, making my heart beat faster even when I knew that this couldn't last, that it wasn't good for me. They behaved abominably whenever I turned my back, losing again and again on the road, blowing leads or doing shameful things on the base paths, falling asleep at the plate. Then they'd come home again and everything would change. Back from a vacation, I ventured a trial date at Shea in late August, which turned into a raucous party: Darryl Strawberry hit a grand slam, and Sid Fernandez struck out twelve Giants in a 12–2 walkover. The next night, the mood was sultry, tentative—had I *said* something?—but then abruptly different, suddenly wild: down 3–1, with two outs and no one on base in the ninth, the Mets came on and grabbed it, with Howard Johnson driving in the game-winner with a bloop down the right-field line. They went into first place the next afternoon, and won again on Sunday, sweeping the Giants. Six straight wins now.

There was a funny little sidebar to the Saturday game, when the veteran second baseman Tom Herr, appearing for the very first time as a Met, hit a solo home run in the fifth inning. (He had just been picked up from the Phillies as late-season infield insurance.) This was Herr's twelfth year in the majors—a span in which he has established a strong image as a rock-solid fielder, a dangerous hitter with men on base (in 1985, he startled the record keepers by driving in a hundred and ten runs for the Cardinals while

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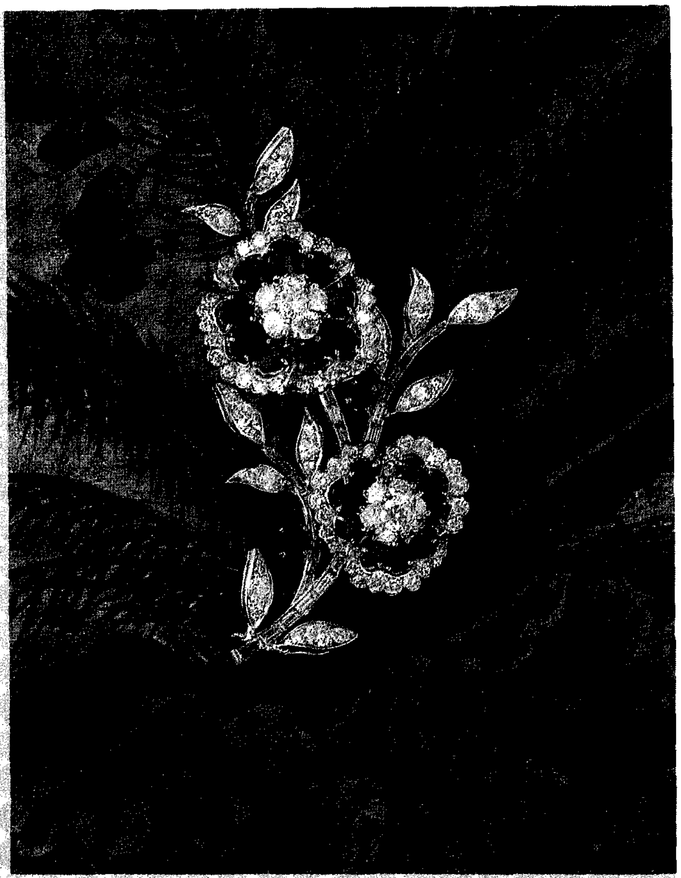

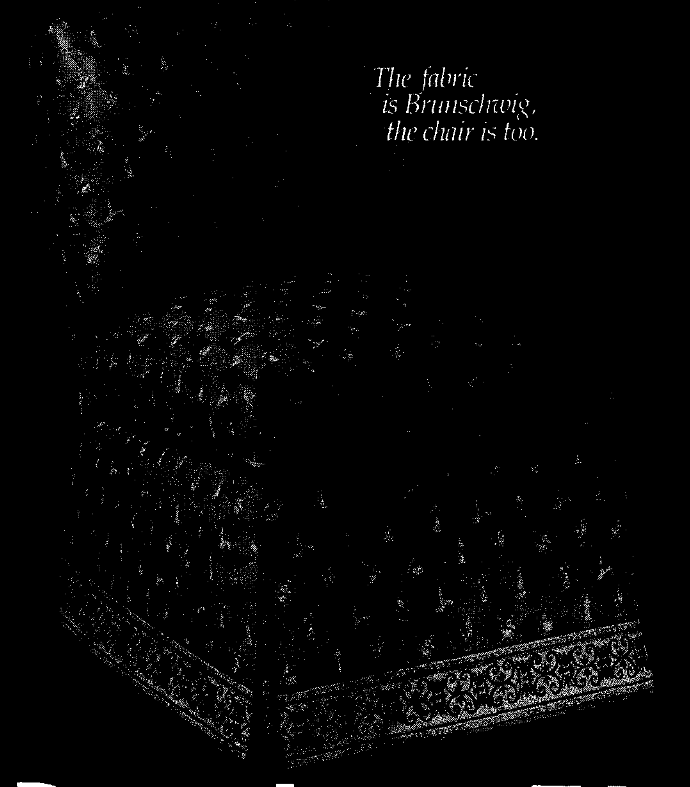

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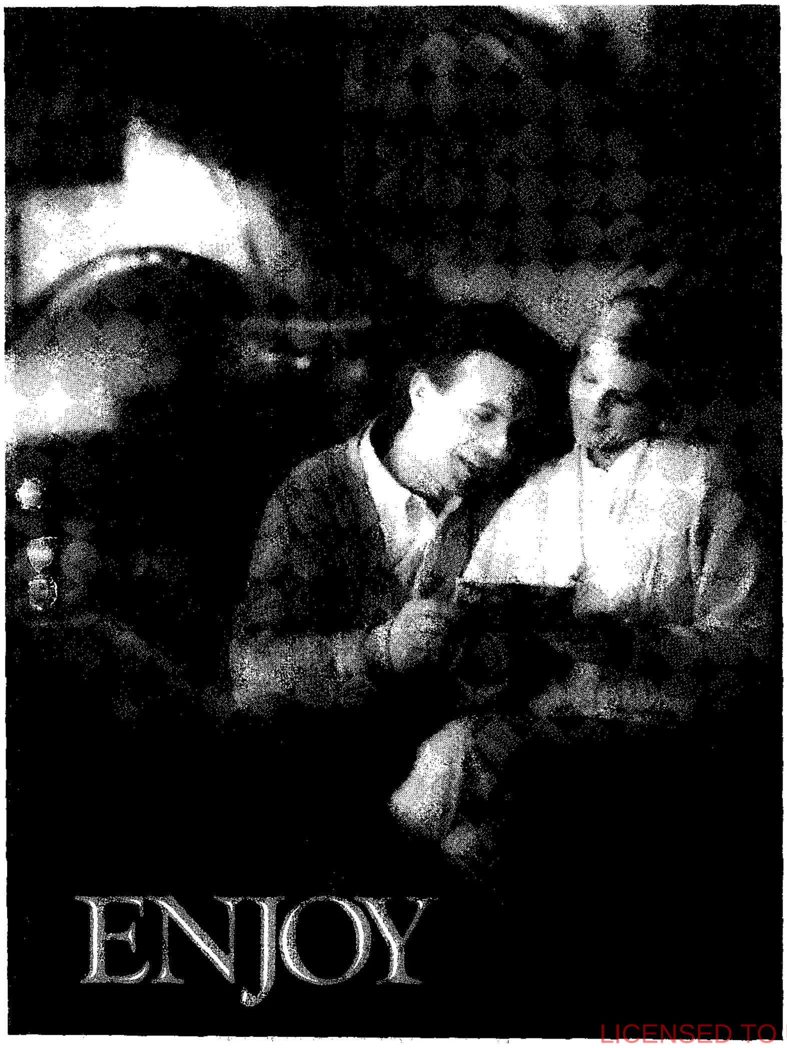
hitting but eight home runs), and a man of few words, a classicist. He has a long, thoughtful face, and back in the days when the Mets and Cardinals always seemed to be at each other's throats in September, he perfectly personified the old-school, midlands sort of ballplayer who did his work without fuss or emotion, disdaining publicity and standing O's: not a Met, that is. Much of this had rushed into my mind before Herr reached second base in his home-run circuit—and into his as well, it turned out. "All those years, I'd scowled at the curtain calls here," he said after the game, "so I was thinking, *Uh-oh,* now I'm going to have to do something after all." When he crossed the plate, he shook hands with three or four welcoming Mets—he hadn't learned the local fist-bumping rituals—and ducked hastily into the dugout under the pelting waves of our cheers. Then—I kept watching—he executed a little bent-over dart back onto the first step and shyly lifted his cap a millimetre or two before disappearing once again: an act of perfect politeness.

All was forgiven (well, almost all) as I kissed my Mets goodbye for a little road trip. I wasn't surprised by what happened next, but I can't say that it didn't hurt. A win over the Cards was followed by five ugly losses, with my old inamorata again offering but a sickly smile of surrender as one left-hander after another ("Don't be mad at me, honey, I have this *weakness* . . .") came to call. There was a numbing sweep by the Pirates in there, and first place rolled away somewhere under the hotel bed. No letters, no calls, not even a postcard in *all* this time. Then the phone rang: "Hi, there—it's me! I'm home and I was wondering if —" I hung up. It was over, only . . .

The Mets were not a particularly stable or admirable team this year. Their extended spells of passivity at the plate felt inexplicable on some evenings, infuriating on others. They led the league in home runs and enemy strikeouts but did less well in the more demanding disciplines: fourth in earned-run average, seventh in batting, tenth in fielding. They lost twenty-eight one-run games, and thirteen out of twenty-two two-run games. In September, they lost ten games in which they faced a left-handed starter. All this, I understand, is meat and drink to millions of fans out west of the George Washington Bridge, who look upon a disappointing year by the Mets as a parable of the vanities: too much money, Straw can't play, they're spoiled, and they take those curtain calls, and you can get *killed* in New York. These Mets played under their customary burden of fame and expectation (everybody picked them to win this time), but they did not, in fact, much resemble their immediate predecessors. Only eight of the 1986 champions were still on hand this season, and some of the better news came from unexpected quarters: Mackey Sasser's catching and hitting (he batted .307); the Mark Carreon–Daryl Boston platoon in center; Hojo's strong play at shortstop after Kevin Elster went down with a bad shoulder. Dave Magadan removed all doubts about his day-to-day capabilities, with a handsomely sustained .328 year at the plate. (He has a unique, poised-in-midair stance that reminds you of a man just getting up out of an armchair.) Doc Gooden went 19–7, proving particularly tough in the second half, and Frank Viola, although he had fits holding leads in September, wound up at 20–12. John Franco clocked thirty-three saves, and David Cone struck out two hundred and thirty-three batters, the most in the league. So why couldn't the Mets win? Was it their weak bench? Their middling middle relief? Was it the poor seasons of Ron Darling and Bobby Ojeda, who pitched unevenly (Darling was in need of surgical repairs, it turned out) and showed great unhappiness over the way they were handled? Nobody could quite say, particularly in the clubhouse—a murmurous, unhappy hall on many evenings, where people seemed disinclined to talk much baseball anymore. Something had gone out of the club; it was missing all year. Bud Harrelson, the manager, was defensive and irritable on the bad nights, but of course he was new at the job and not accustomed to answering questions about the old, deep-burning mystery of the game, which is losing. The Mets' demi-pennant, in any case, disappeared when the Pirates put together seven straight wins late in September, and finished up four games to the good. That outcome was already clear to me—and to the players as well, I believe—after an excruciating doubleheader at Shea against the Expos on the twentieth, when Viola and Franco blew a two-run lead in the eighth inning of the opener, and a very tall rookie named Chris Nabholz (yes, a left-hander) shut them out in the nightcap, on one hit.

Next year's Mets will have a very different look, now that Darryl Strawberry, a free agent, has gone off to play for the Dodgers, for a five-year salary of twenty and a quarter million dollars. When the news came, many baseball friends of mine said, "Ahh, let him go!"—and some threw in harsher words as well. My own feelings are closer to those of a woman who called me at home and said, "But who in the world can we look forward to in the batting order now?" The Mets' front office can offer impeccable business logic to justify the loss of Strawberry—his lifetime .263 average and his average of thirty-one home runs per year don't look worth all that loot—but, as is often the case with the Mets, such accounting leaves out the fans, whose bottom line is emotion. The implacable Straw-doubters in the stands (*"Darr-ylll! Darr-ylll!"*) always questioned his desire and his glove, and kept bringing up those weeks-long sleepwalking trips



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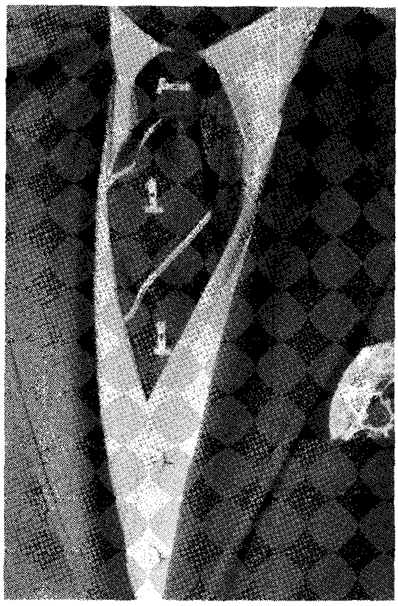
up to the plate and back again (in midseason, he had successive five-week sectors of batting that went .248, .379, .207). I know all that—I know, I *know*—but my strongest memory of these particular Mets is of the Straw Man doing something large and sudden in September, and the fans riding high. With the team tied in the ninth inning of a drawn-out, dishevelled contest against the Cardinals, he sailed a Lee Smith fastball to the back of the bullpen—a noisy quietus that kept the home winning streak alive. Two nights later, against the Pirates, he threw out Barry Bonds at the plate in the fourth and, minutes later, mashed a three-run job into the right-field loges, against Doug Drabek, putting the Mets in front for the evening. In a game that was later lost, he fired an eighth-inning shot that wiped out a three-run Expos lead. And so on. Straw is gone, but his afterimage has not quite disappeared—those amazing arms, and the flicking scimitar stroke, and the way he had to bend double going back down the steps into the dugout—and it's hard to imagine a Mets summer without him.

My thing with the Mets is pathetic, but, as somebody once explained, it's never over till it's over. Our best evening together was a September quickie that began when Dave Magadan stroked a single against the Pirates' John Smiley in the very first inning, driving in the only home tallies of the game. The two runs held up, just barely, because Dave Cone was in terrific form (Magadan told him after the second inning that his fastball was the best he'd ever seen) and kept winning the private battles with the dangerous Pittsburgh sluggers. "Head-to-head was my best pitch all evening," he said later. With the game at 2–1 in the eighth and the tying run on second, it all came down to a thrilling at-bat by Bobby Bonilla: a terrifying line drive to the right-field wall, *just* foul; a swinging strike; and another fiery fastball for the K. Cone, exalted, rushed to the dugout and slapped hands and helmets and heads indiscriminately. Then he beat up on the dugout wall. "I was screaming and yelling," he said. "I was in the euphoric state of just going berserk." So were we all.

MY other common-law team, the Red Sox, made it into the playoffs in the end, while persistently trying



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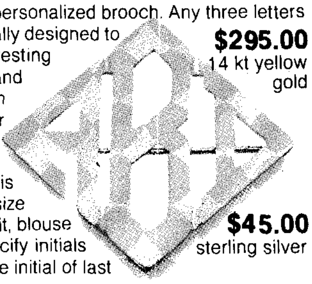

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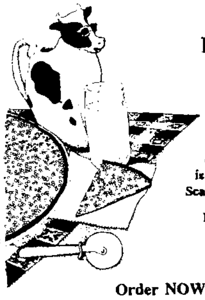

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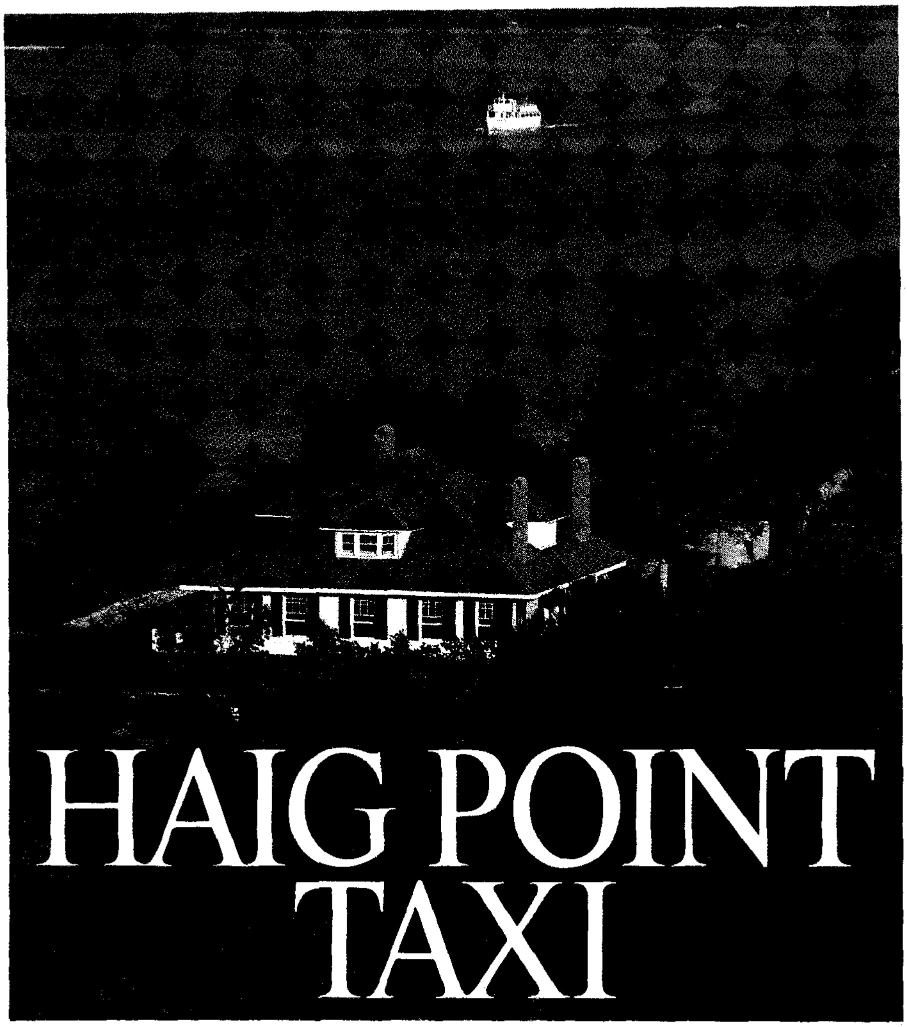
to convince their fans that it could never happen. Their trip through mid-September, while they got rid of that six-and-a-half-game lead, was like an old gent coming along Chestnut Street (a straight schuss down Beacon Hill) in a snowstorm: *Whoops! Yow! Look out! Sorry!* This was their third championship in the past five years—the total startles me, for some reason—and it's still not easy to see how they got there. Three of the Sox' early-season starting pitchers fell by the wayside; one of their famous relievers (Lee Smith) was traded, and the other (Jeff Reardon) had to have spinal surgery. Their best hitter, Mike Greenwell, was hopeless in the early going (he had a bad ankle), and their lack of speed and power was an endemic problem. They wound up eleventh in the league in homers, last in stolen bases, and first by a mile in ground-ball double plays (turned by the other guys, I mean). But some obscure pitchers—Dana Kiecker, Tom Bolton, Jeff Gray—absolutely outdid themselves, and Reardon made it back into the pen in September. They also won because Jody Reed had a great season at second base, and because their new catcher, Tony Peña, kept *saying* they'd win, insisted on it, and stayed cheerful all summer. (No optimist had been given a locker in the Sox clubhouse since Luis Tiant took his leave in 1978.) They beat the Twins one night despite hitting into two triple plays, and later startled the Tigers by smacking twelve doubles in a game: two new records that no one had even thought of before. Weird stuff. And they got into the playoffs, of course, because of Roger Clemens.

The Sox won a ghastly, astounding late-September 7–6 game against the Blue Jays (this was the opener of a three-game Fenway series, with first place in the balance) when an obscure pinch-runner, Jeff Stone, was allowed to bat for himself in the ninth (don't ask) and delivered the winning run with a single. "A typical win for this year," Ned Martin, the veteran Sox announcer, told me the next day. "Badly played and badly managed, and a hell of a game."

Clemens pitched that afternoon, his first work since he'd damaged the shoulder of his pitching arm just after Labor Day, in an outing against Dave Stewart and the Athletics. It seemed unlikely for a time that he'd make it



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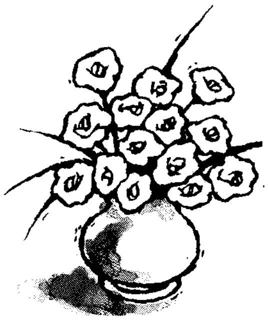
COMMON SCENTS.



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back into action at all this year, and the cluster of Red Sox pitching coaches and trainers around him as he warmed up in the center-field bullpen now was suggestive of Rembrandt's "The Anatomy Lesson." Then Rocket walked in through the late sunshine (great theatre, great stuff) to go to work, and got a teary standing O, and he did the difficult, expected thing again, shutting down the Jays through his six innings. Up by a lone run when he left, the Bosox swiftly tacked on five more, insuring Roger's win, as Tom Brunansky came through with his second homer of the game. (He hit a third a bit later on.) Clemens' pitching coach, Bill Fischer, said, "As far as I'm concerned, he can do anything he wants now. If he says he can walk on water, he can walk on water." Joe Morgan said, "It's like Babe Ruth coming through. That's what Roger did for us today."

The pennant itself was postponed until the very last night of the season. I was watching at home by then, with a radio next to me, tuned to a sliver of dial where I could pick up the Blue Jays' game down in Baltimore. My nerves were shot, and I may have snarled at my wife a couple of times, and I think the dog as well, but of course it's not right to distract a man at his work. The White Sox played the Bostons very tough (the way they had played all year against all comers), and the thing was won on a trifle, as such games often are: a ball thrown away by the Chicago pitcher during a rundown between third and home. Carlton Fisk, a long-lost Boston hero, had two hits for the Chisox but couldn't quite deliver the killing blow, and when his former teammate Dwight Evans went back to the bench for the last time, the two old Romans embraced on the field.

CURSES

As we know, the Red Sox swiftly expired in the American League Championship Series, going down before the mighty A's in four straight games. They had lost in the same fashion to the same club two years ago, but that series had far less effect on this club, in my estimation, than Oakland's suffocating three-game sweep at Fenway Park early this September. Stewart bested Clemens in the second game there, but the Bosox played poorly in all three, committing

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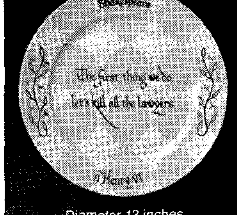

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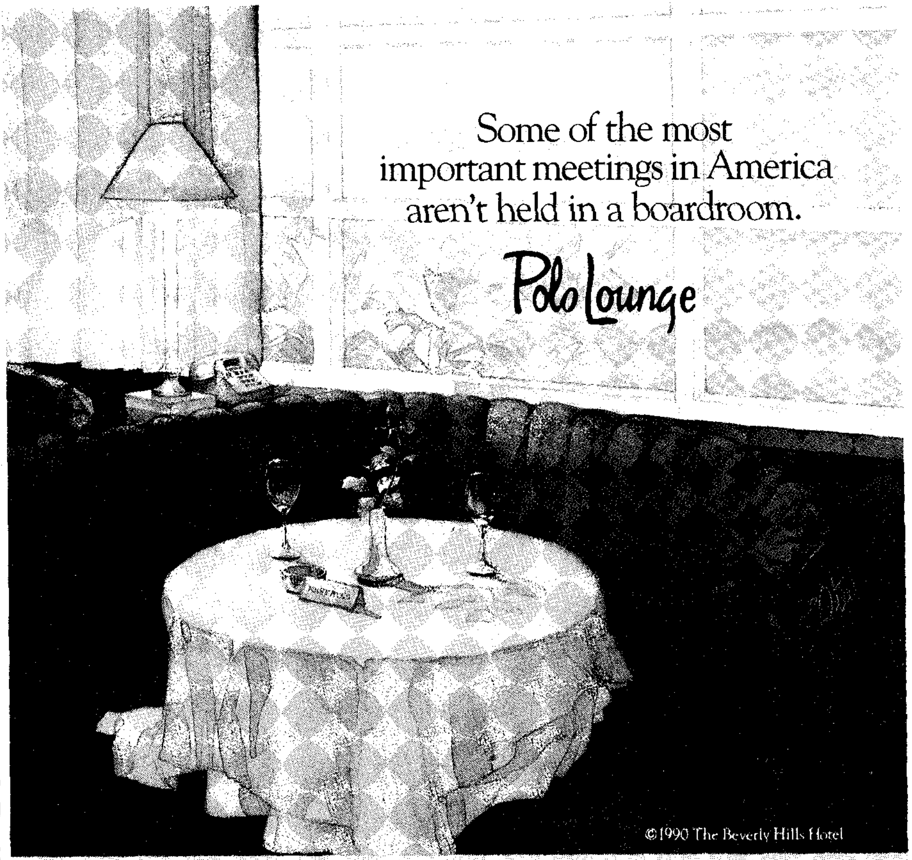
six errors and suffering an ugly 10–0 blowout in the last one. Back then, and here in October as well, the distance between the two teams seemed enormous. The rivalry between the two starters had begun to feel like something out of King Arthur (the Boston press made a hundred such analogies), for Stewart had now beaten Rocket six straight times, going back to his very first game as a starter for Tony La Russa, in July of 1986. (Stewart had not missed a turn in the rotation since that day.) The championship opener, played at Fenway Park, matched up the two nonpareils once again—three hundred and nineteen victories out there, going at it—and for a time it fulfilled all expectation. Clemens, still not at full strength, held a 1–0 lead when he came out after six, but Stew went a full eight, as is his custom, and won it, 9–1, after the Athletics did frightful things to the Sox relievers. The Boston pen was in absolute disarray by this point in the year—Larry Andersen, their best reliever of late, had warmed in twenty straight games—and the Sox in late innings reminded you of Wile E. Coyote running off the rim of a mesa. Suddenly aware that there is nothing firm or sustaining under his feet, he waves a feeble goodbye and drops from view, followed by his eyebrows. "A beautiful game turned into a horrible evening, didn't it?" Manager Morgan said in summation.

This state of affairs was perfectly understood by the next night's Fenway multitudes (the space just behind the long lower grandstand was three or four deep with standees, pole to pole), but their cries and bayings—"Dew-ee! Dew-ee!"—and cascades of clapping contained no bitterness or apprehension that I could detect. Splendidly seated in a downstairs auxiliary press box, I felt at one with the Olde Towne fans surrounding me, and shared their enjoyment of the subtle tempos offered up by the Boston right-hander Dana Kiecker (a U.P.S. driver in the off-season), who eventually handed over a trembling 1–1 tie to his hapless successors. The eventual Oakland 4–1 victory was the tenth in their last eleven A.L.C.S. contests. The Fenway mood, if I was reading it correctly, was mostly one of gratitude toward this particular earnest but overmatched Boston nine, which had unexpectedly given the home folks two extra party nights at the very end of the long season. The absence of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doom or rage in the soft October air was surprising, because the Sox—as has been noted in this space for a couple of decades now—have been encountering ultimate October disaster, often in gruesome or heartrending fashion, ever since the police-strike era. Four numbers painted on the upper façade of the right-field Fenway stands represent the retired uniform numerals of Bosox Hall of Famers Ted Williams, Bobby Doerr, Joe Cronin, and Carl Yastrzemski, but locals now see them as a mystical 9/4/18, which is the date (or close enough) of the Sox' last World Championship, in 1918. The runic reading has been put forward by *Globe* writer Dan Shaughnessy in his engaging book "The Curse of the Bambino," in which he recounts the celebrated accumulative tragedies—Johnny Pesky's late relay in the 1946 Series, the Reds' seven-game triumph in 1975, the Bucky Dent poke into the screen in the one-game 1978 post-season playoff against the Yankees, and Bill Buckner's fatal muff in the 1986 Mets Series—and blames them all on Harry Frazee's accursed error in selling young Babe Ruth down the river to the Yankees in 1920. The book, a local best-seller, inspired any number of exorcisms and voodoo rites among the faithful this summer. A thirteen-year-old New Jersey boy I know, the son of a Sox-bonkers editor, executed one such thaumaturgy, involving a tiny plastic chipmunk and a whiff of leaf-smoke, in secret company with a friend. The next night, the friend hit a grand-slam homer in a Little League playoff game—a first ever for him—while up in Fenway Park the Sox, their scalps prickling under their batting helmets, embarked on a six-game winning streak. Maybe the curse has been lifted in another way as well. Absolute publicity is a more deadly force than voodoo, and those noisy, peaceable crowds at the playoffs may have been telling us that they don't give a damn about this stuff anymore.

The great Clemens flap doesn't fit in. Watching Game Four by television in a Pittsburgh hotel room (I had changed leagues), I was struck dumb, along with the rest of America, when home-plate umpire Terry Cooney, stepping out from behind the plate in the second inning in Oakland, suddenly ejected Clemens from the game. Chaos—but let's back up a bit. Coming home, the Athletics had won the third

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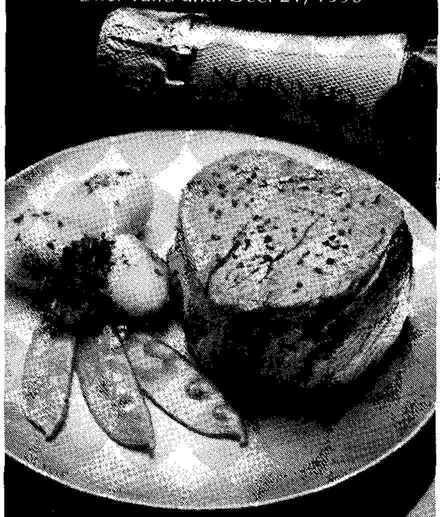

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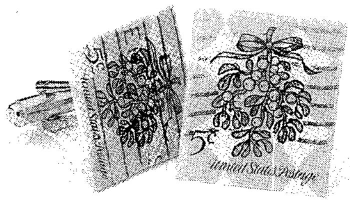

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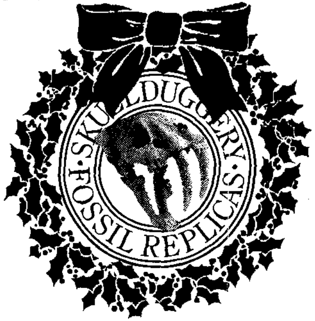

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game, 4–1, in the precise, quietly efficient manner that had characterized their play so far. They weren't hitting much—no big early innings, no monster blows—but they got the job done, and the outcome of the championship was already in view. The Rocket, again matched up against Dave Stewart, was enormously burdened by the cumulative weight of that relationship, by the Sox' evident weakness, and by his gigantic pride. Clemens, I realized once again, looks like nobody else in the world. After seven dominating years in the majors, he has become massive and ageless—he has the body of a great tree—and the impression is abetted by the psychic weight he brings to bear in the Red Sox clubhouse and on the field. Clemens-considerations—his contract, and, more particularly, the day-to-day state of his arm—occupy a unique position in the Sox' strategic thinking, rather like the part that the Pentagon plays in each new Washington Administration. He is separately pondered and consulted (Joe Morgan, asked whether Roger's inflamed shoulder would permit him to work against the Athletics in Game Four, said, "It's his arm and his career"), and in return feels an absolute responsibility to deliver.

Roger's problems on this particular day now included the plain evidence that he didn't have anything left out there. His walk to Randolph had loaded the bases; there were two outs, but he had already given up three hits and a run in the game, and here, glaring in from the rubber and mouthing something we couldn't hear, he was blaming it all on the ump. He'd lost it. The ejection changed everything—not because of the screaming arguments from Joe Morgan and the others, or the debris on the field, or even because of the two additional Oakland runs that came in on Gallego's ensuing double against the succeeding Boston pitcher. What mattered was that an umpire had replaced *all* the players in this game, had become the center of it, and he—not the teams or the way it was played out—would forever be its news.

My own view of the affair is old-fashioned but obdurate. Endless argument of the matter was heard later that day and later that week, with a good deal of revisionism coming to the fore once the replays (and some lip-reading) showed Clemens' contorted features and the uncontrolled foulness of his rage. Cooney's fellow-umps, at the

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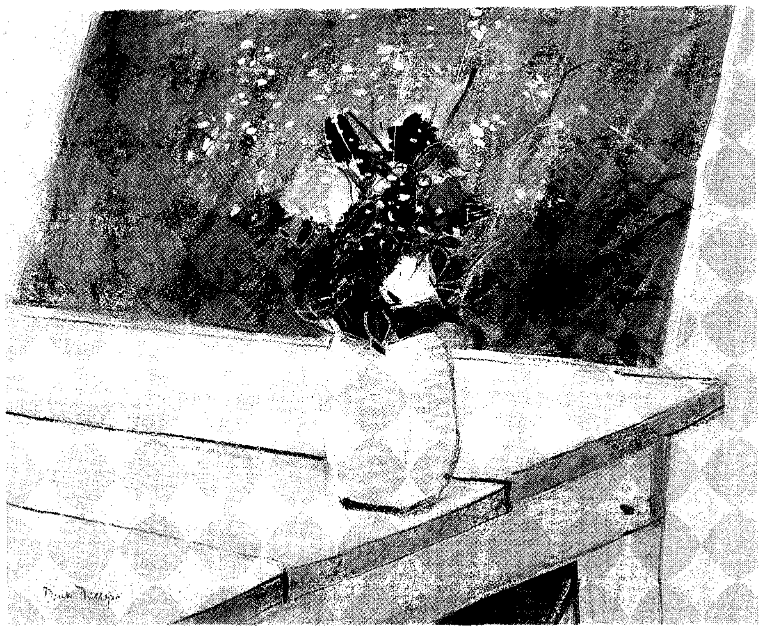

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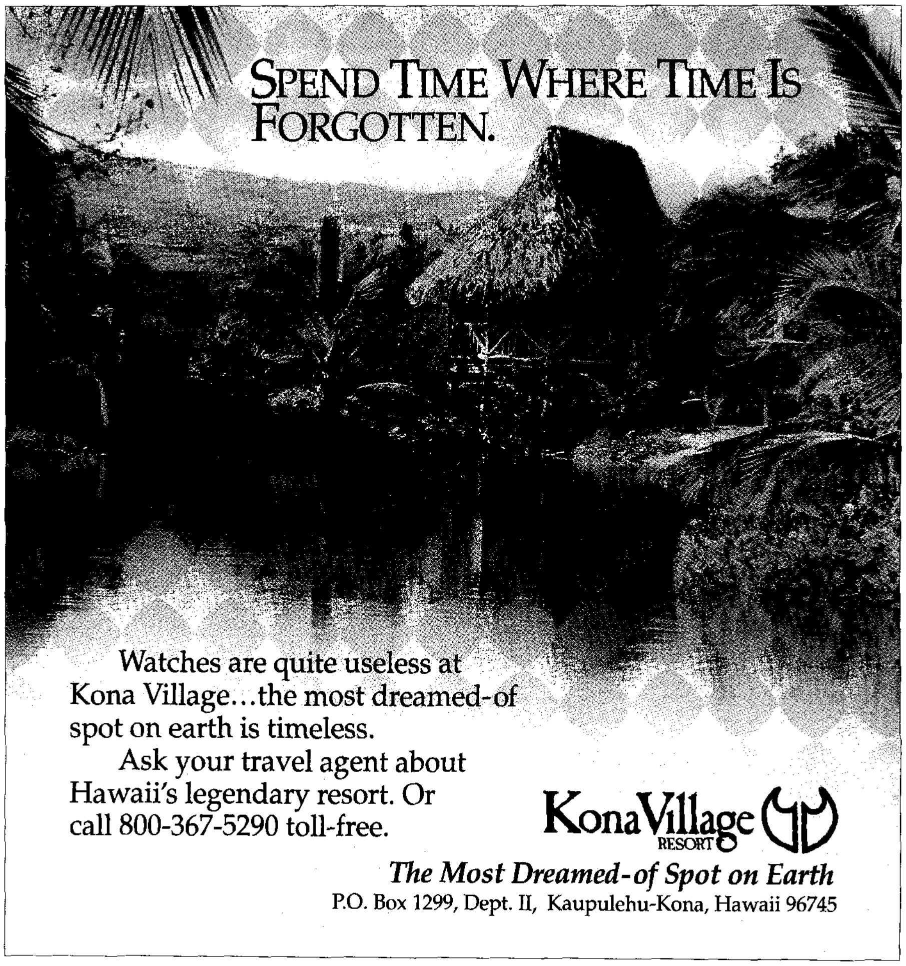

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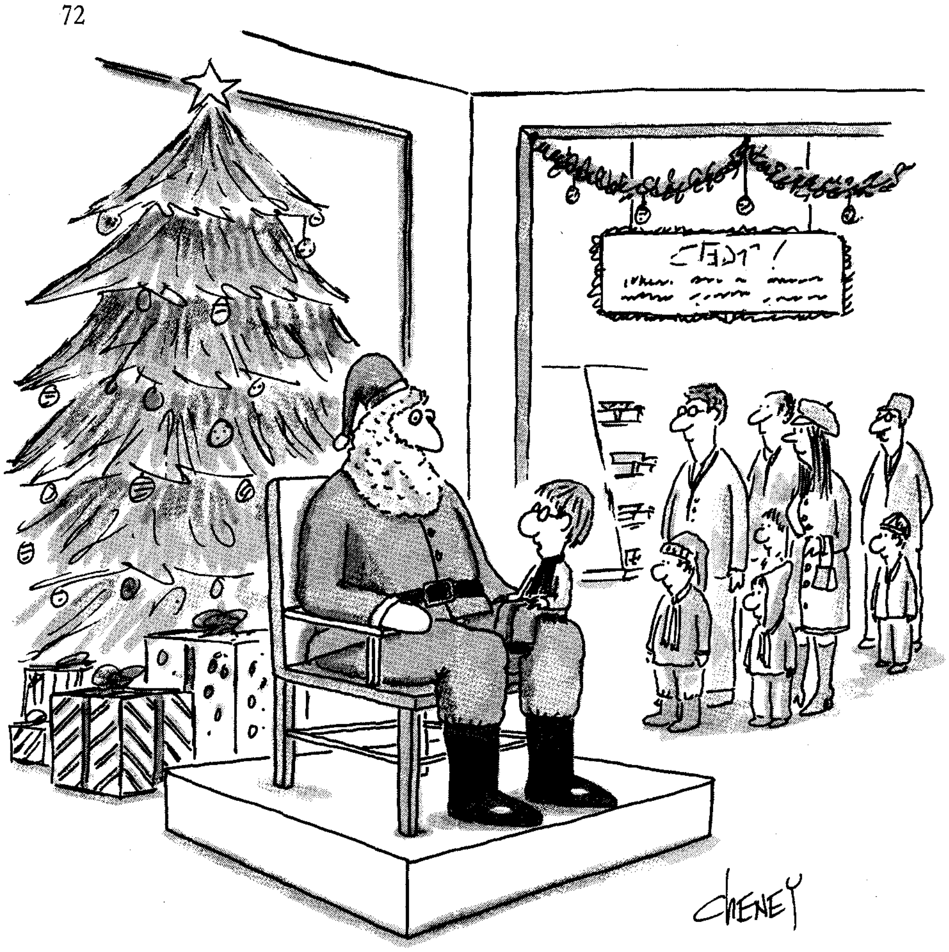

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park and elsewhere, supported him all down the line, of course, and pointed out that ejection was automatic once the wrong words were said, and many people in the media also felt that Cooney's swift and irreversible reaction was justified. Umpires have feelings, too, it began to be said, and, besides, we've all taken too much from the spoiled, overpaid athletes of our time. Clemens was another John McEnroe, and it was high time something was done. I think something should have been done, too—something different by Terry Cooney. It was later learned that he had called out to Clemens from behind the plate (he kept his mask on, he said, to give Roger a little leeway in the crisis), but this was perhaps the least useful of his options. Certainly he could have walked out and dusted off the plate instead, and murmured to Tony Peña to go out and settle down his pitcher or else. He could have ambled to the mound and asked to examine the ball, and told Roger that the end was very near. He could have beckoned Joe Morgan over and said the same thing, and then walked away if Manager Joe gave him any lip. The walkaway, a classic technique in these ancient quarrels, has fallen into disfavor among today's umpires, who have, with a few exceptions, become ever more visible in the games of late, and sometimes even take an active part in team brawls. Their pride is very evident, especially on television, and they aren't going to take it anymore.

Sam Perlozzo, the Reds third-base coach, was talking about the great stink later that evening, at Three Rivers Stadium, and said that it was certainly true that ballplayers sometimes behaved like children these days. The umps, in his view, are parents out there. Now and then, to be sure, they have to say "Go to your room," but only as a last resort. But if they ever lose their tempers, he went on, they lose everything: they've become children, too. The walkaway, I believe, stops all that: a word or two—nose to nose, if need be—and then the stately arbiter departing the scene, headed back for his workplace. The pursuing red-faced player or manager looks small and foolish if he continues his beef to the receding rump, and if he scurries to get around in front again, he's gone. Play ball.

RED TIDE

For the second year running, the National League championships provided the autumn's prime entertainment; this time around, it brought high-quality baseball as well. The six-game Reds-Pirates series held almost every ingredient—fine pitching, dazzling defense, home runs and rallies, sudden adventures at some unexpected corner of the ball yard (a play so remarkable that we would peek back later at that base or that particular place along the outfield wall, as if to fix the event in mind with a private plaque), and teams that went at each other with a ferocious tenacity. These were fresh personae for most of the television audience, but friends told me later that it seemed to take no time at all before they began to pick up on the gestures and faces and styles of play so vividly in view: Eric Davis's oddly pursed mouth (and those hotdog booties); Chico Lind's flashing, mini-quick grabs and flips; the icy, impeccable work of Barry Larkin; Lou Piniella standing at ease in midgame, with his arms braced against the dugout roof; Jim Leyland's sombre, adult's stare and his small gestures—a finger to his cheek, then to his chin—as he signalled a coach or a catcher; Bobby Bonilla's smile and Barry Bonds' earring; and Rob Dibble hunching his thick, bare arms on the mound and then firing another blazer. As usual, I was forced to watch some of the league-championship games by television (being unable to be in two leagues at the same time), and I was struck by the high quality of the CBS camerawork and by the sensible, expert commentary by both of the teams in the booths. (The compliment does not extend to the network programmers, who had imposed a hiatus on the National League games through one full weekend, and arbitrarily moved another

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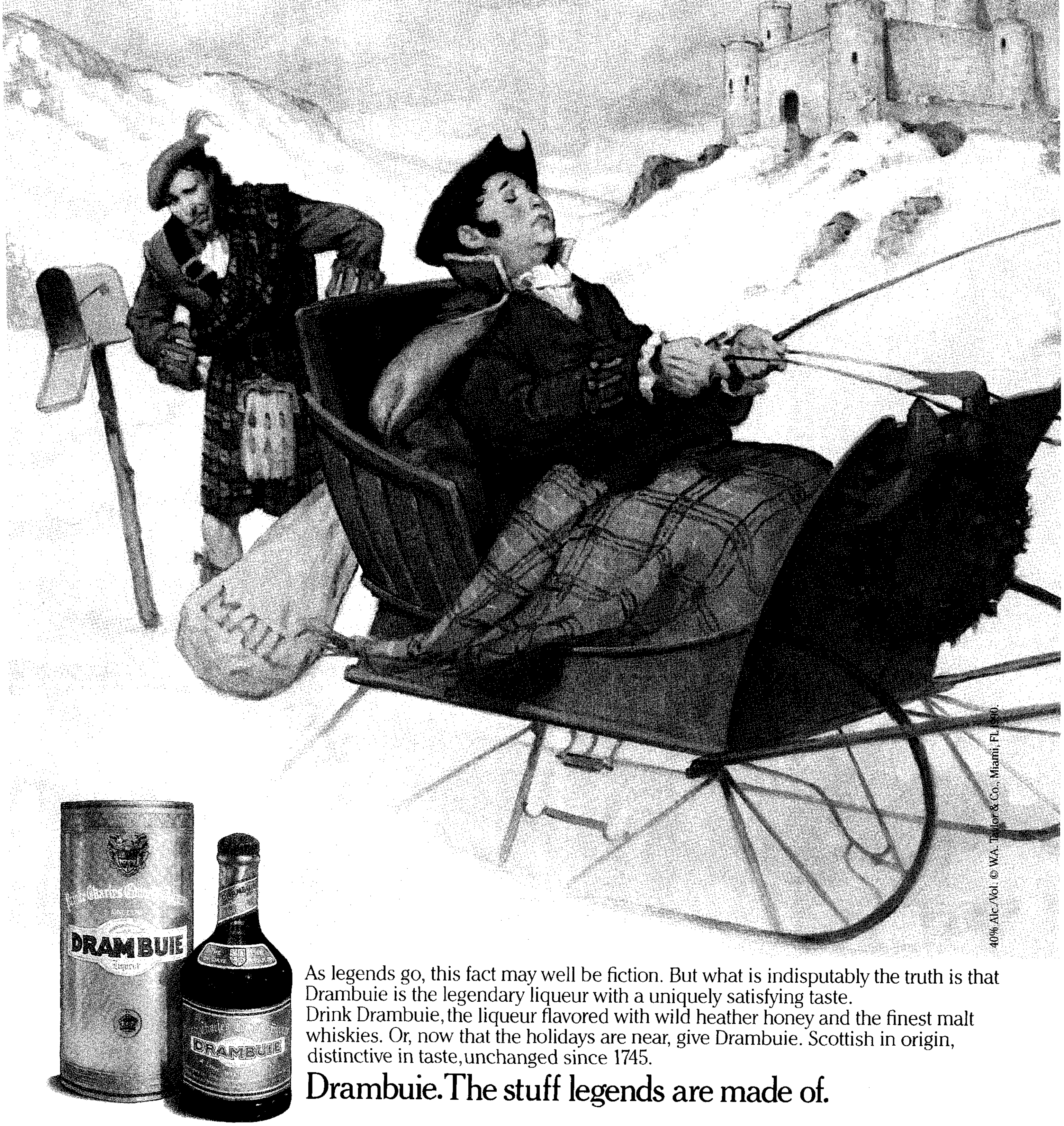

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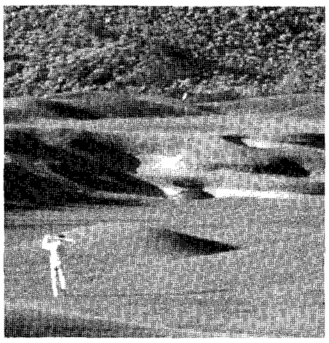

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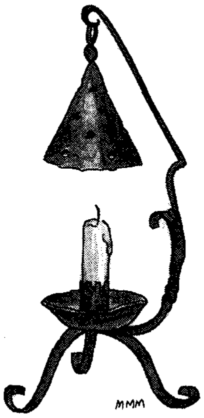
game into a Friday-afternoon slot, out of their greed for ratings. The Friday game, in fact, was lost by the Reds when Eric Davis misplayed a fly ball in the late-day CBS sun.)

Successive close games—four of the six were settled by one run—tend to blur in our minds after a few days, especially when they've been played in nearly identical ballparks, but this series left some memorable large canvases. The Reds, to me, kept leaning on their opponents all through these games, shouldering and hip-shoving: in the other guys' faces. They never let them take a deep breath. They scored first in five of the games and permitted the Pirates to hold but one two-run lead in the series, for a total of four innings. Most of all, the Reds played wonderfully well in the field, for once turning defense into drama, showing us why it matters and how it turns games around and breaks the will. The painter Jack Levine has characterized baseball as an aerial game, and, watching the succession of great long-distance throws by Cincinnati outfielders Paul O'Neill and Billy Hatcher and Eric Davis, and the floating footwork and easy acrobatics of shortstop Barry Larkin, we understood that elusive truth almost for the first time.



The killing pegs from the outfield had a lot to do with the sense of oppression and stifling difficulty that the winners imposed. The Reds *accrued*. Sid Bream singled for the Pirates in the eighth inning of the first game, but was nailed at second, stretching, on a good throw by right fielder Paul O'Neill. Next day, with the Pirates down by a run and with Andy Van Slyke on second and Bonilla on first, O'Neill took Bonds' fly ball in full right field and cleanly threw out the advancing Van Slyke at third—a thriller, as the 9–5 play always is. Even on television (my venue that day) you could see the converging angles of the race, and the ball sailing past Van Slyke's ear as he went into his slide. The play had a dandy little shirttail, for Larkin faked a cutoff at second so convincingly that Bonilla jammed on the brakes and went back to first. The Pirates didn't score. In the ninth, driving the point home, Larkin executed two remarkable plays in succession—a rollover grab and peg from the hole, and then a running stop and throw from way over on the wrong side of second base.

In Game Four (I was on hand by now), the home-team Pirates scored a tying run in the fourth and seemingly had the go-ahead tally as well, except that Billy Hatcher, fielding Lind's hard single in center, threw out Bream at home plate, shooting the runner and the fan-sounds dead with the same bullet. Bream didn't slide or crash the catcher, and I still don't know why. The Pirates already trailed by a game in the series, and by the eighth were in further difficulties as a result of Sabo's two-run homer—the fourth Cincinnati round-tripper in two games. But Jay Bell, the young Pittsburgh shortstop, here struck a home run of his own, knocking out Reds starter Jose Rijo. Bonilla, now representing the tying run, fought off Randy Myers for ten pitches and then smashed a high drive to left-center—a homer all the way, I thought, except for a late little sag in its flight pattern. It struck three inches below the rim of the left-center-field wall, as Hatcher jumped and missed and fell in a heap. The ball bounced cleanly back onto the field (if it had hit the wall padding, just below, everyone later agreed, it would have dropped straight down and rolled away for an inside-the-park home run), where left fielder Eric Davis gloved it and in the same motion whirled and threw a one-bounce peg to Sabo at third, who cleanly tagged out Bonilla. The tableau was riveting—Sabo sweeping his glove high as he polished off the tag, with third-base ump Harry Wendelstedt piston-pumping the out, and Bonilla and third-base coach Gene Lamont both on their hands and knees in the dirt, while the other Reds, around the diamond, threw up their fists in chorus.

I couldn't believe any of this, even as it was happening; Davis had come over so swiftly from his place in left that I didn't see him at all, and my first feeling, even as the throw was in flight, was: Who was *that*? It was as if a tenth fielder had been hiding out there, in perfect position for the play. It was a famous play on the instant—Jim Leyland said, "They'll be talking

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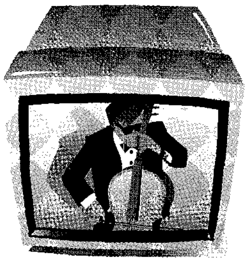

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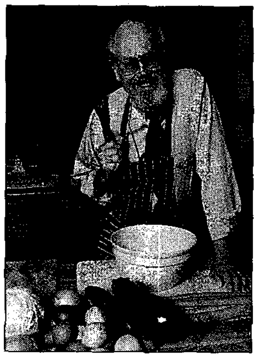

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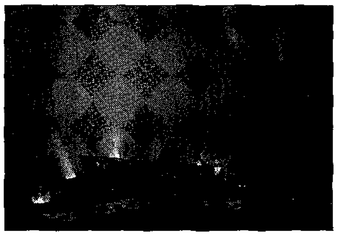

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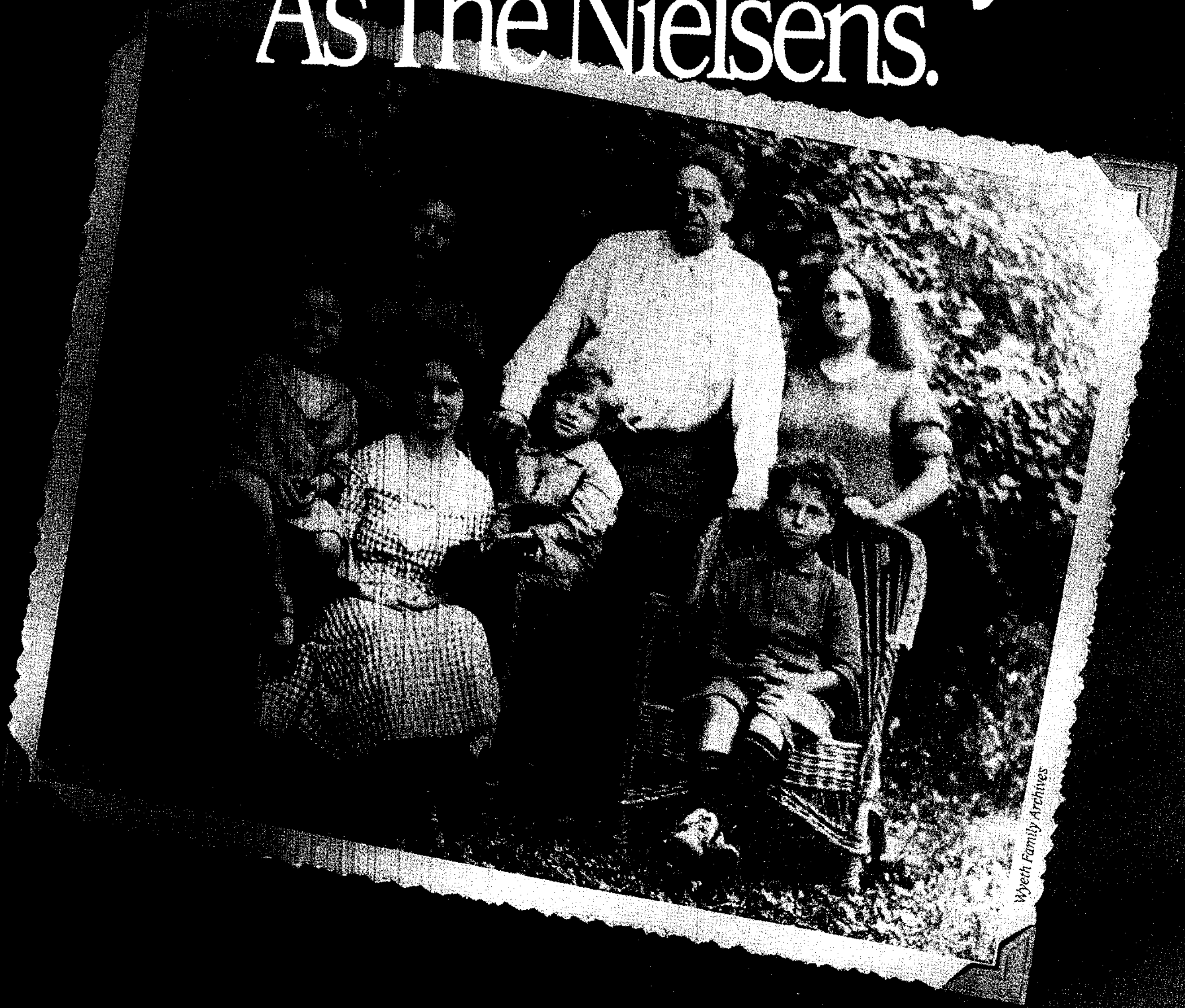

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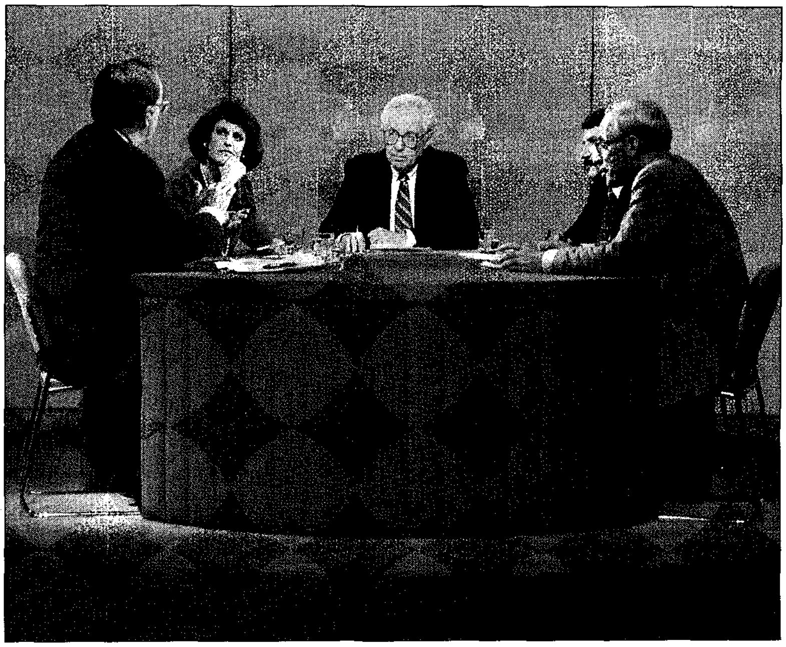

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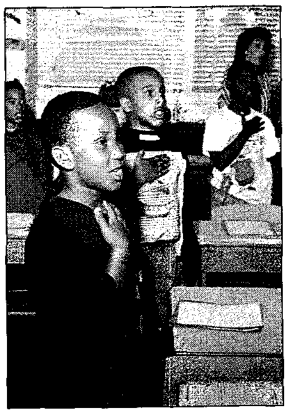

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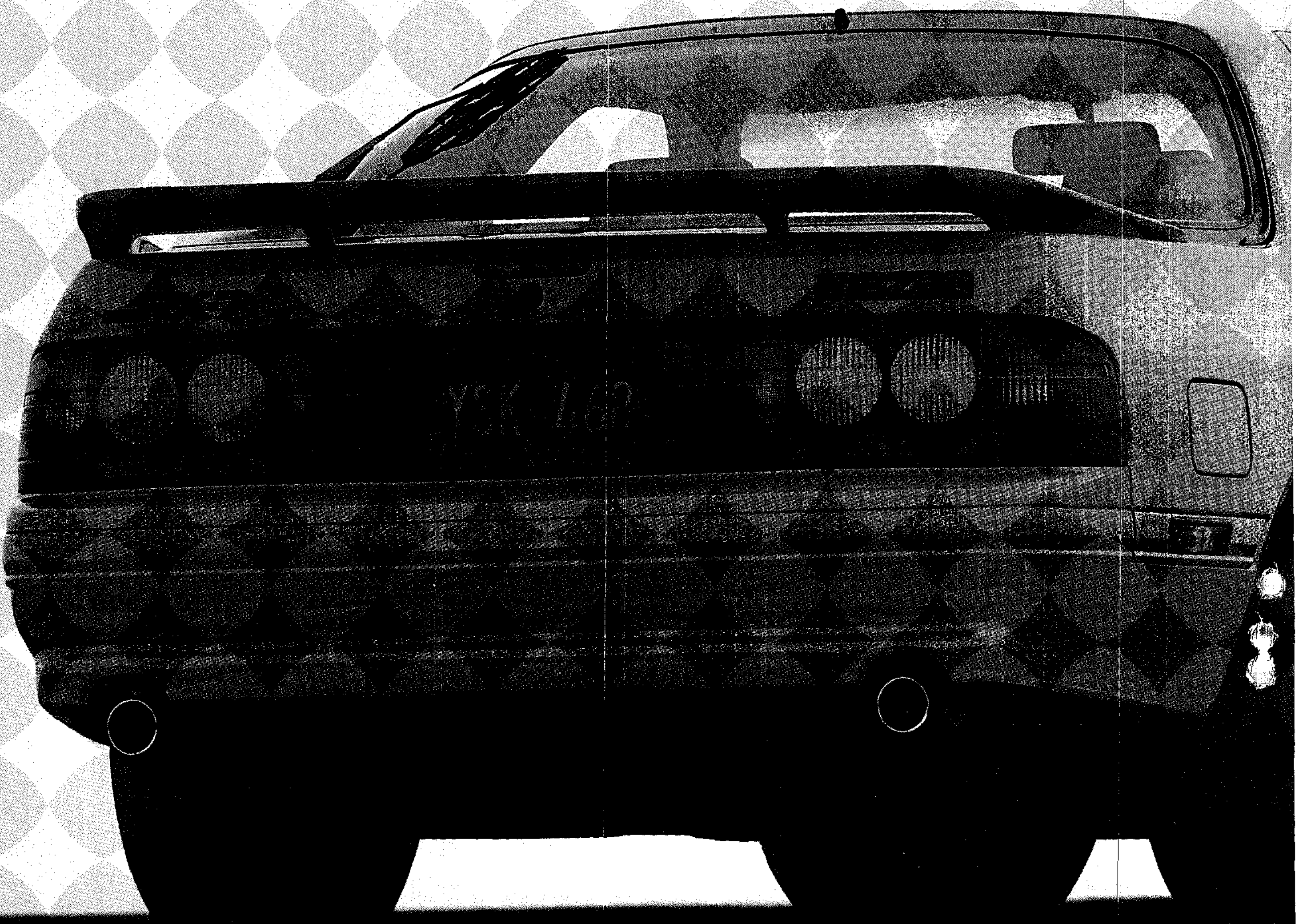

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Of course, an engine this powerful needs suspension and braking systems to match. So, the RX-7 comes with a high-performance Dynamic Tracking Suspension System (DTSS) as well as Anti-lock Brakes (ABS).

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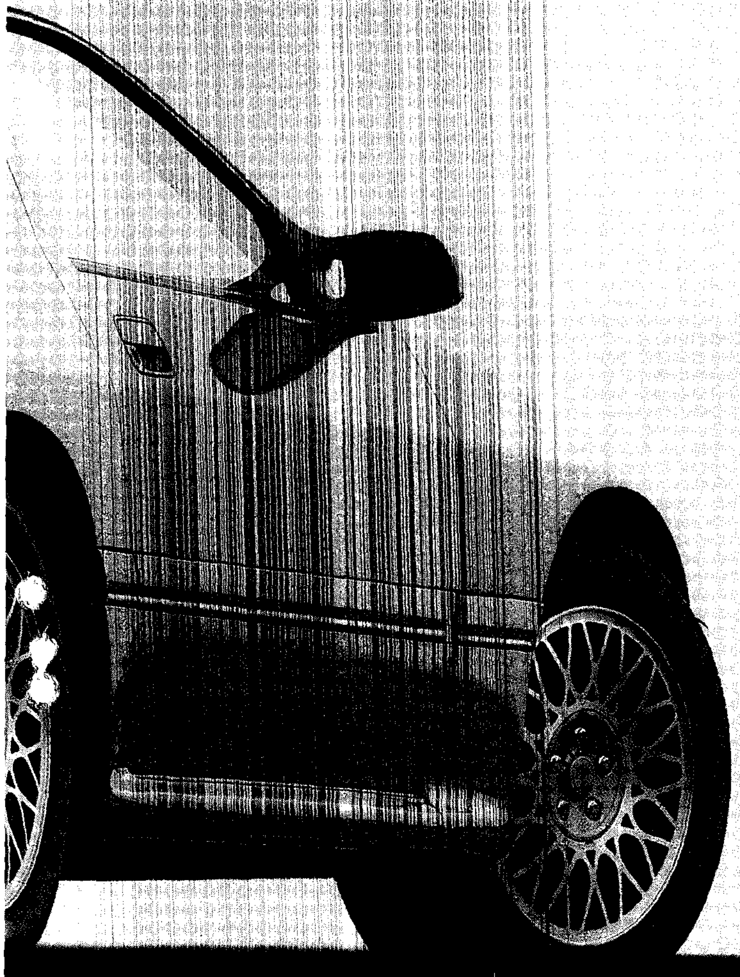

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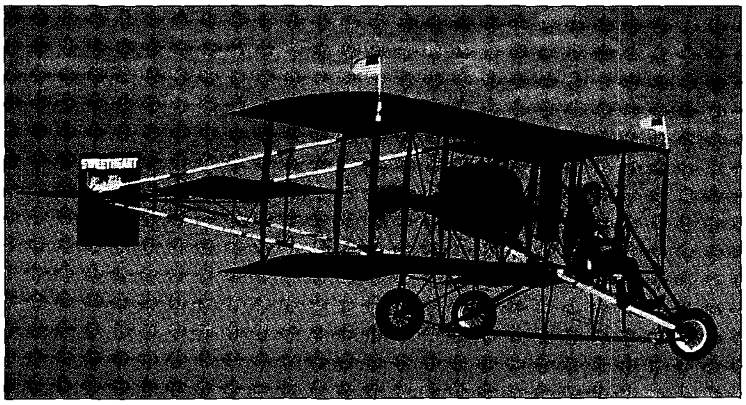
Television), or by local educational or municipal authorities (WNYE, channel 25, in New York City, is licensed to the New York City public schools).

Unlike its counterparts overseas, PBS is not a government entity. It is, in fact, a private, nonprofit corporation. Yet sixteen and a half per cent of public television's funding comes from the federal government, most of it funnelled through CPB, the Corporation for Public Broadcasting.



courtesy Stouffer Photo

Antique airplanes were featured in the "American Pie" episode of "Smithsonian World"

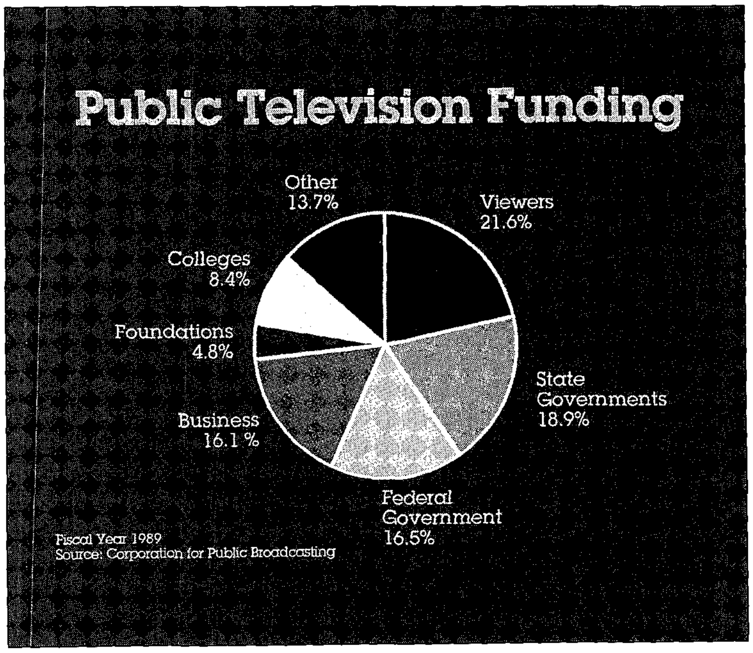
courtesy Stanley Rowin

A design engineering competition at MIT was shown on "Scientific American Frontiers"

Then, of course, public television is noncommercial. Yet it could not survive without the continued support of public-spirited corporate underwriters and foundations, an important part of public television's public-private partnership. These underwriters receive credit on the air for the programs they help to fund.

But the most unusual and most American of distinctions about public television is that it is supported by the people who watch it. Viewer support is what makes public television public. And viewer support is vital: the public accounts for over twenty-one per cent of public television's revenues. More than five million households nationwide voluntarily contributed some two hundred and sixty-two million dollars to their individual stations last year. On the bottom line, members count as public television's largest source of support.

The public is what gives public television its character. They contribute because the survival of their local station matters to them, and because what's on the screen matters to them — because they feel that bringing the ideas of Joseph Campbell to KUHT in Houston or the humor of Mark Russell to WPBT in Miami matters to them.



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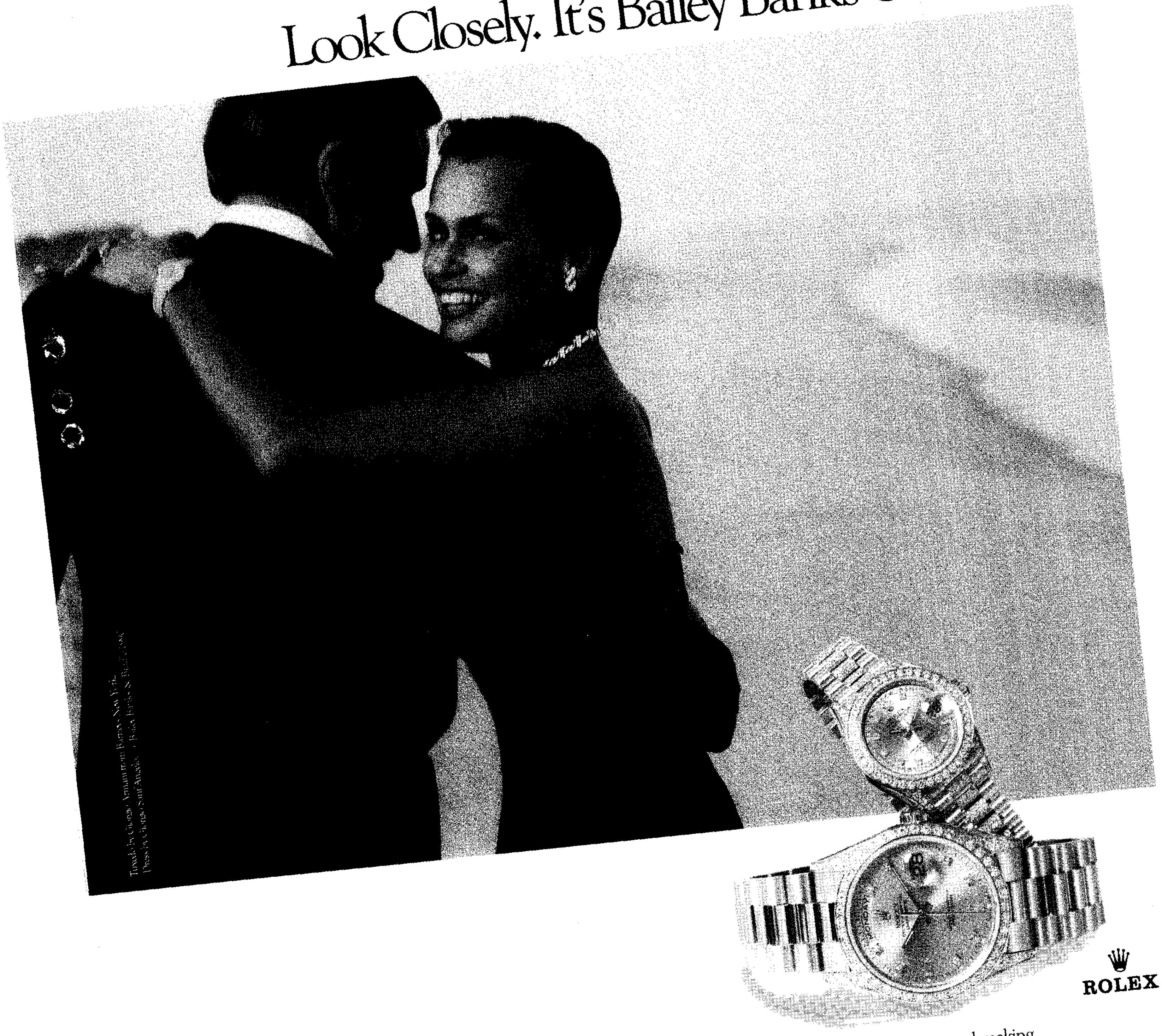
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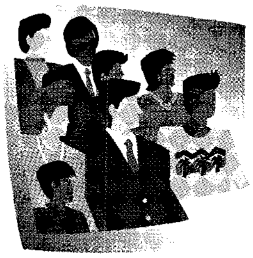

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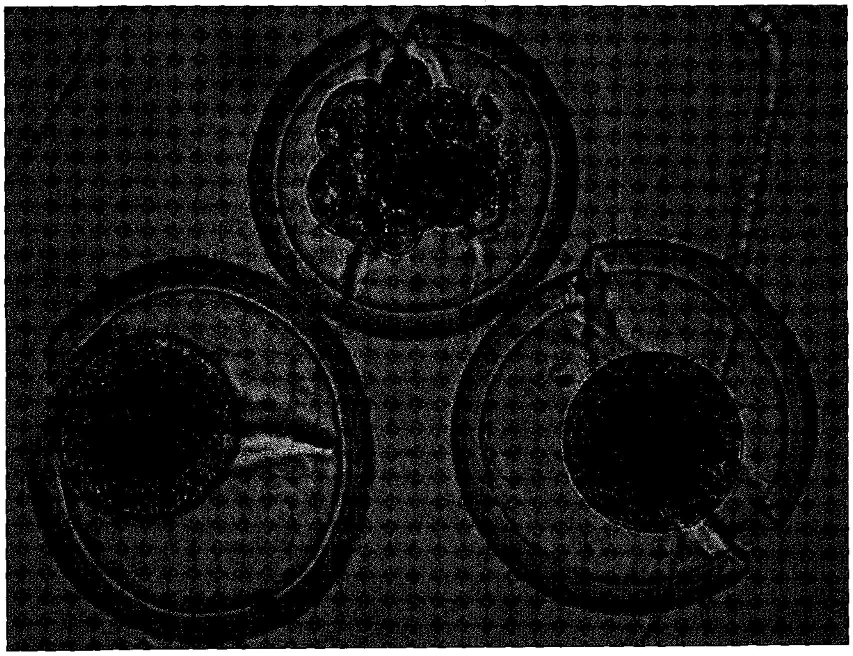

"Smithsonian World" examined the details in "Web of Life"

courtesy WETA / Washington

Public television is a quintessentially democratic institution: individual viewers, corporations, foundations, and government all contributing together to create television that matters. The creative results of this partnership take many forms. Primary is what is visible on home screens across the country — the great drama, the lively children's show, the powerful documentary, the daring or difficult or "dangerous" subject brought to light, not just heat. Almost ninety million viewers tune in to this program mix each and every week.

But it's equally important to convey the full scope of PBS's place in the lives of the public for which it stands. Because PBS is more than just what's listed in the TV log in the daily papers. It's more than a cornucopia of awards. It has become an important force for opening the world to the viewer in ways undreamed of by the early pioneers of educational television.

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In sum, there's a lot going on behind the scenes of what public television brings to the home screen. But that screen is where viewers' special relationships to PBS start.

THE MANY LIVES OF PBS

- PBS is now as national as Wonderworks' "Anne of Green Gables," seen coast to coast, but also as local as "Senior Showcase," a weekly series produced by KRMA for its Denver audience.
- PBS is an active partner with America's schools, from preschool through post-graduate education. Public television programming is available to nearly thirty million students and one and a half million teachers in sixty-three thousand schools throughout the U.S. and in over fifteen hundred colleges and universities. PBS ranked first among teachers' choices of television for instructional use in a survey announced by the National Education Association.
- PBS is now a local agent for change, bringing vital issues of the day — such as child care, drug abuse, and AIDS — to the screen, then opening up discussion with local forums to help find solutions. The people of Evansville, Indiana, discussed child-care dilemmas in a town meeting broadcast live by public television station WNIN. And citizens of Los Angeles came together to talk about local environmental issues in a series of public meetings organized by public station KCET and UCLA Extension.
- PBS is a leader in television technology. It not only created the nation's first satellite distribution system for broadcast television, but also pioneered closed-captioning, stereo television, and other innovative technology such as descriptive video services, which is how Shannon A. Reece, a blind member of KQED in San Francisco, gets to "see" the scenery on "American Playhouse."

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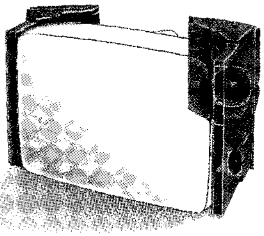

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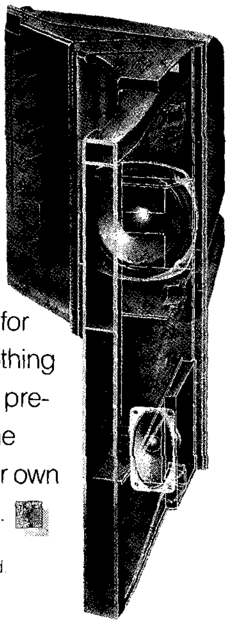

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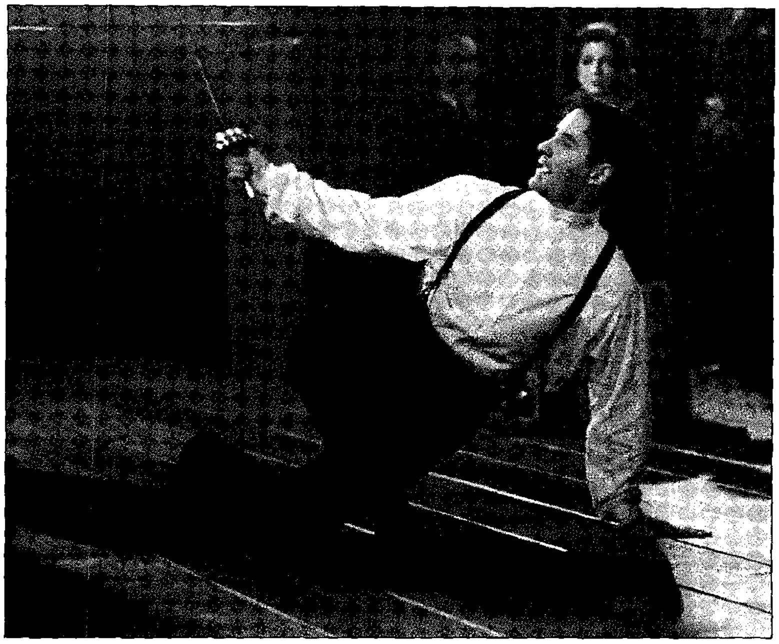
PROGRAMMING WITH A PURPOSE

PBS is a kind of quality, a tone, a depth and scope that is instantly identifiable. PBS is also a reflection of its changing audience. Its early commitment to children's television is now joined by recognition of an aging population, a culturally diverse population, a nation of viewers who can browse through the channels at the click of a remote control keypad.

In the midst of change, there is a constant: public television's desire to inform, to enlighten, and to challenge will always be evident, even when the subject is entertainment. When "American Playhouse" backed "The Thin Blue Line," it not only presented a gripping drama, but also expanded the definition of what constitutes a feature film. When "Great Performances" presents a classic such as "Hamlet" in a modern-dress version starring Kevin Kline, the play's eternal questions come alive for a new generation of viewers.

These principles have created programming with staying power. "Masterpiece Theatre," twenty years old this January, has been around longer than "Gunsmoke" was. "Washington Week in Review," twenty-two years old, has been on the air longer than "60 Minutes." "National Geographic Specials" have thrilled armchair explorers for twenty-five years, fifteen of them on PBS. Big Bird (and Carroll Spinney, the man inside) has been teaching kids how to get to Sesame Street since 1969. Louis Rukeyser celebrates twenty years of "Wall $treet Week" this year. Robert MacNeil and Jim Lehrer have been partners in broadcast journalism for



courtesy Nancy Levine

Kevin Kline brings new life to an old classic in a modern-dress version of "Hamlet"

> **"PBS . . . is firmly establishing its position as the world's leading outlet for scientific and wildlife programming on TV."**
>
> **— Arthur Unger, *Christian Science Monitor***

A trio of zebras pause for refreshment in a "National Geographic Special"

courtesy National Geographic Society

THE CIVIL WAR ENDS. PBS WINS.

CHA
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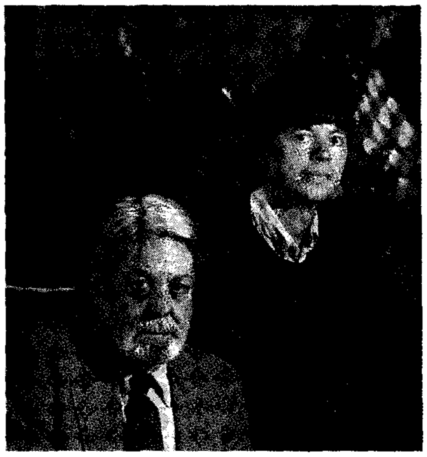
The Civil War, a series by award-winning film maker Ken Burns, inaugurated the 1990 season on public television.



Ken Burns (right) with historian Shelby Foote

It was both honest scholarship and riveting entertainment. It was also the highest-rated series in PBS history. Fourteen million people watched this landmark documentary each of its five evenings. Millions more will see *The Civil War* when it airs again on PBS in January and July, 1991.

General Motors is proud to be the sole corporate sponsor of *The Civil War*. The series represents the standard of excellence in television to which GM has always been committed for our Mark of Excellence Presentations.

A General Motors Mark of Excellence Presentation

courtesy Howard Bingham

Debbie Allen and Spike Lee presented vocal virtuosos on the ''Great Performances'' show ''Spike & Co.: Do It A Capella''

A concert by Harry Connick, Jr., made for a special ''Great Performances''

courtesy WNET / New York

PBS will manage what many haven't: ''Making Sense of the Sixties''

courtesy Jack Rosen

fifteen years — outlasting the team of Chet Huntley and David Brinkley.

PBS will continue to provide the well-loved staples of public television programming: the dramas and the operas and the nature films, the how-tos and whodunits and interviews with smart people talking about important things. But PBS is also striving to explode a few old preconceptions.

''Masterpiece Theatre,'' for example, traditionally devoted to dramatizations of classic literature, is taking on modern issues: last year's ''A Very British Coup'' was a tale of political skullduggery in a futurist England; this year's ''Traffick'' brilliantly presented a tale of the international drug trade. While ''Masterpiece Theatre'' fans will continue to enjoy such classics as this fall's ''Jeeves and Wooster,'' based on the stories of P. G. Wodehouse, they will also be treated to more contemporary fare.

''Nova'' recently took a different tack with ''The KGB, the Computer, and Me,'' a tale of computers and international espionage billed as the series' first comedy-thriller. ''Great Performances'' presented a concert performance by the popular Harry Connick, Jr., and the sounds of the streets in an a-cappella special with Spike Lee. ''Great Performances'' is presenting three Mozart operas staged by Peter Sellars in contemporary locales, including ''The Marriage of Figaro'' in Trump Tower.

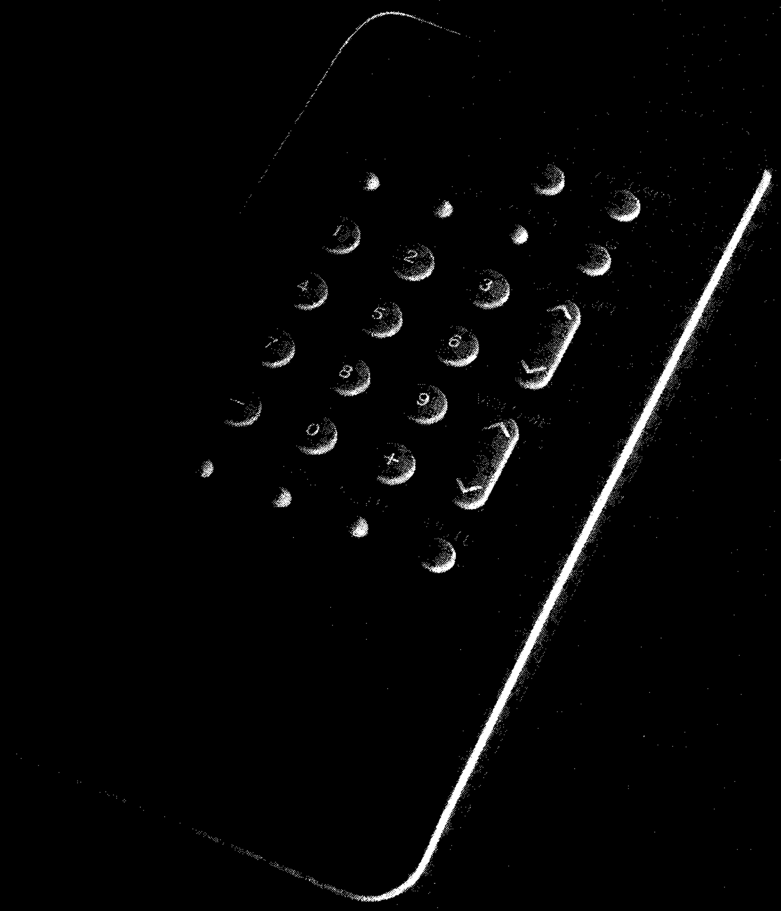
A new approach to the mix and pace of PBS programs is part of the mission for Jennifer Lawson, PBS's new programming chief, who has been charged with directing PBS programming in the nineteen-nineties. Lawson is committed to building on PBS's record of quality while injecting more immediacy and impact into PBS. As she told one television journalist, ''I want to encourage more surprises while preserving the best of PBS. PBS will always be intelligent TV, covering areas commercial television won't.''

PBS's Jennifer Lawson

courtesy Chad Wyatt

What's ''intelligent television'' that's also fun? How about ''Making Sense of the Sixties,'' airing in January, a time probe into the decade that made us what we are today? Or ''Where in the World is Carmen Sandiego,'' a jazzy family program designed to teach children geography, due out next fall? It's a clever twist on learning and fun that also fulfills Lawson's goal of strengthening PBS's leadership role in the presentation of top-quality children's programming — a role central to PBS's identity.

Ms. Lawson is a former civil rights activist, film professor, and producer who has also worked as executive director of a New York foundation for independent filmmakers and later as director of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting's Television Program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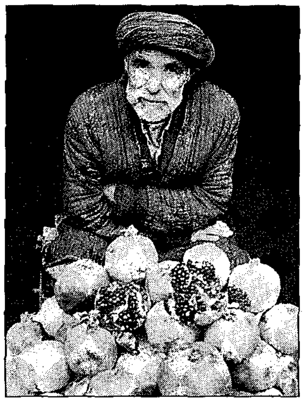
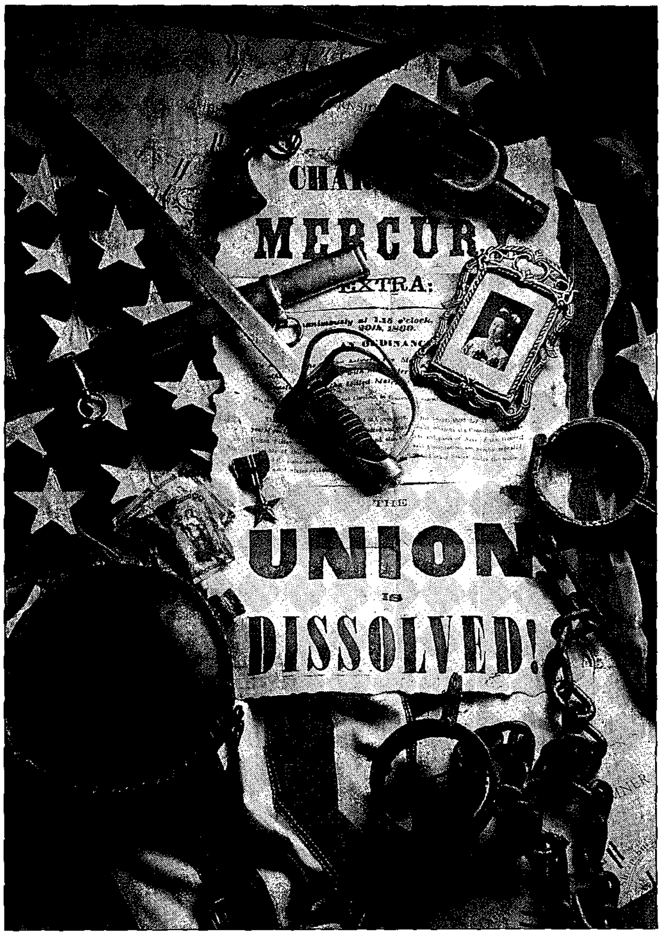


courtesy WETA

The Soviet people are seen through Soviet eyes on "Soviets"



courtesy General Motors

Ken Burns's "The Civil War" was the most-watched PBS program ever

courtesy Maria Nicolo / Maryland Public Television

"Mini-Dragons" profiles rising Asian nations. Shown here, visitors to the Korean War Museum

Fund. She has quickly established her programming priorities.

"I would like PBS to mean the place viewers trust to get the news and information they need," she said recently. "I would like us to be the place they choose to tune in to to get a sense of what the country is about, to feel tapped into the world. I'd like us to honor our commitment to all Americans, in recognition that our culture is a complex mixture."

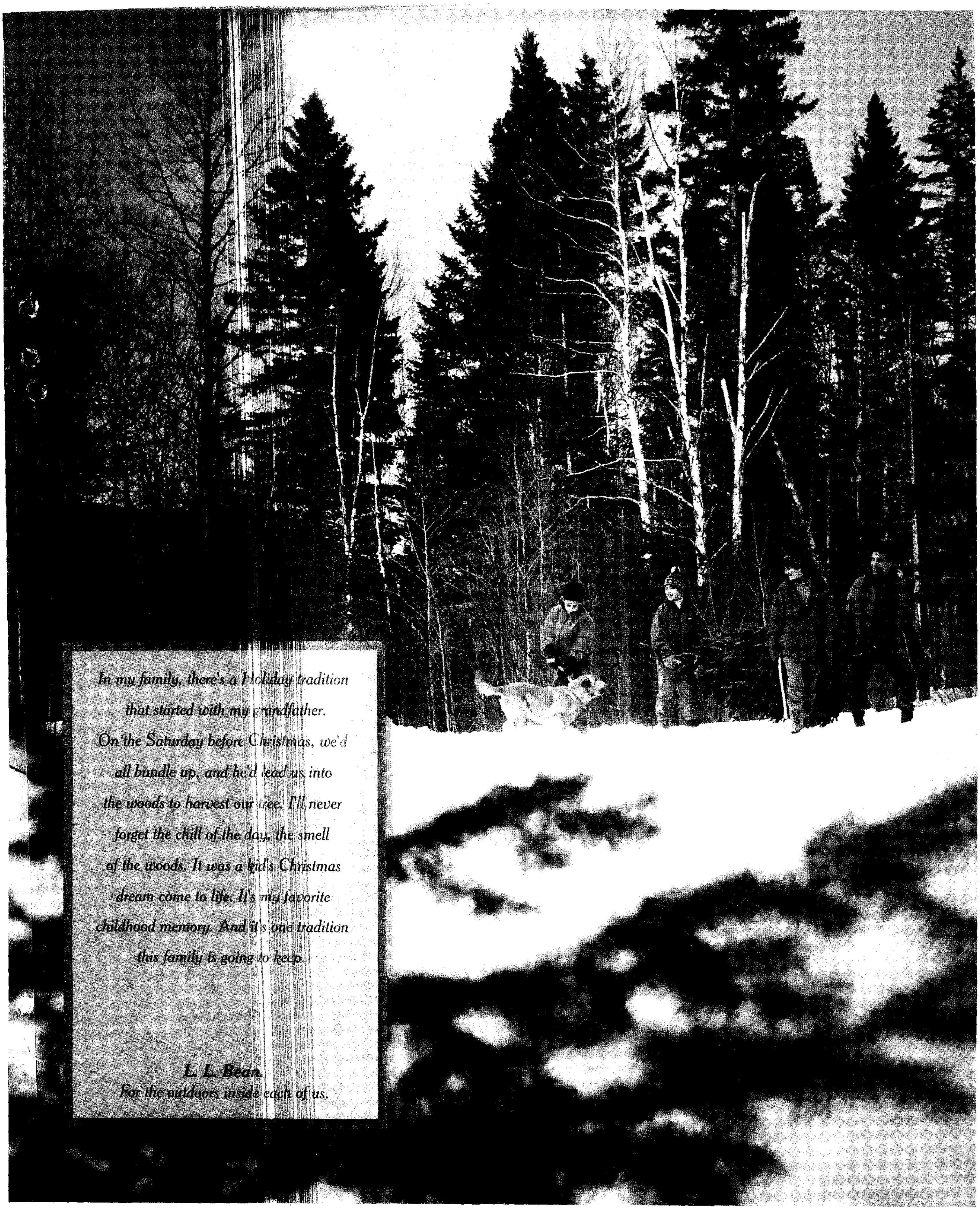
She also seeks to emphasize the global sensibility that has taken hold of public television. This sensibility is evident in "Power in the Pacific" and "Fire on the Rim," two series about Pacific nations that aired this fall. Next year viewers will see "Mini-Dragons," about new Asian power centers, and "The Soviets," one filmmaker's view of life in the Soviet Union. Global perspectives will inform many major new series coming up in the next two years, such as "Columbus and the Age of Discovery," "Millennium," a study of ancient and modern cultures, and "The Dance Project," a series about dance around the world.

Another goal close to Lawson's heart is encouraging the work of independent producers. PBS has long been a forum for the work of independent filmmakers — indeed, often their only chance of an airing. "Independent talents revitalize television in general," says Lawson. A new unit, the Independent Television Service, has been organized under the direction of John Schott, an art historian and social critic who most recently was executive producer of "Alive from Off Center."

"The Civil War" serves well as a paradigm of PBS flexibility, service, and smarts. The series, which premiered in September, 1990, was an epic eleven-hour history documentary produced by filmmaker Ken Burns; it earned universal praise as a masterpiece. *Newsweek* called it a "video miracle."

Beyond providing an unforgettable experience for millions of viewers at home, the value of "The Civil War" was extended in several ways:

- Eighty thousand study and teacher guides were distributed to high schools nationwide;
- An educational resource package was sold that included a complete set of videocassettes, a teacher's guide, a timeline poster, a Civil War map, and an index of people, places, and events;
- The series will be available as a college-credit course beginning in January, 1991, licensed to colleges by the PBS Adult Learning Service.



In my family, there's a Holiday tradition
that started with my grandfather.
On the Saturday before Christmas, we'd
all bundle up, and he'd lead us into
the woods to harvest our tree. I'll never
forget the chill of the day, the smell
of the woods. It was a kid's Christmas
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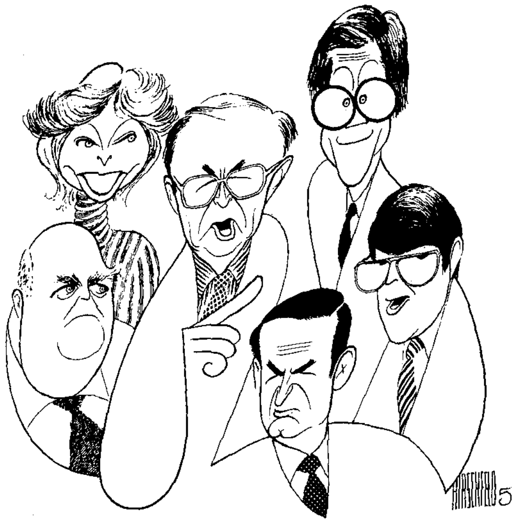

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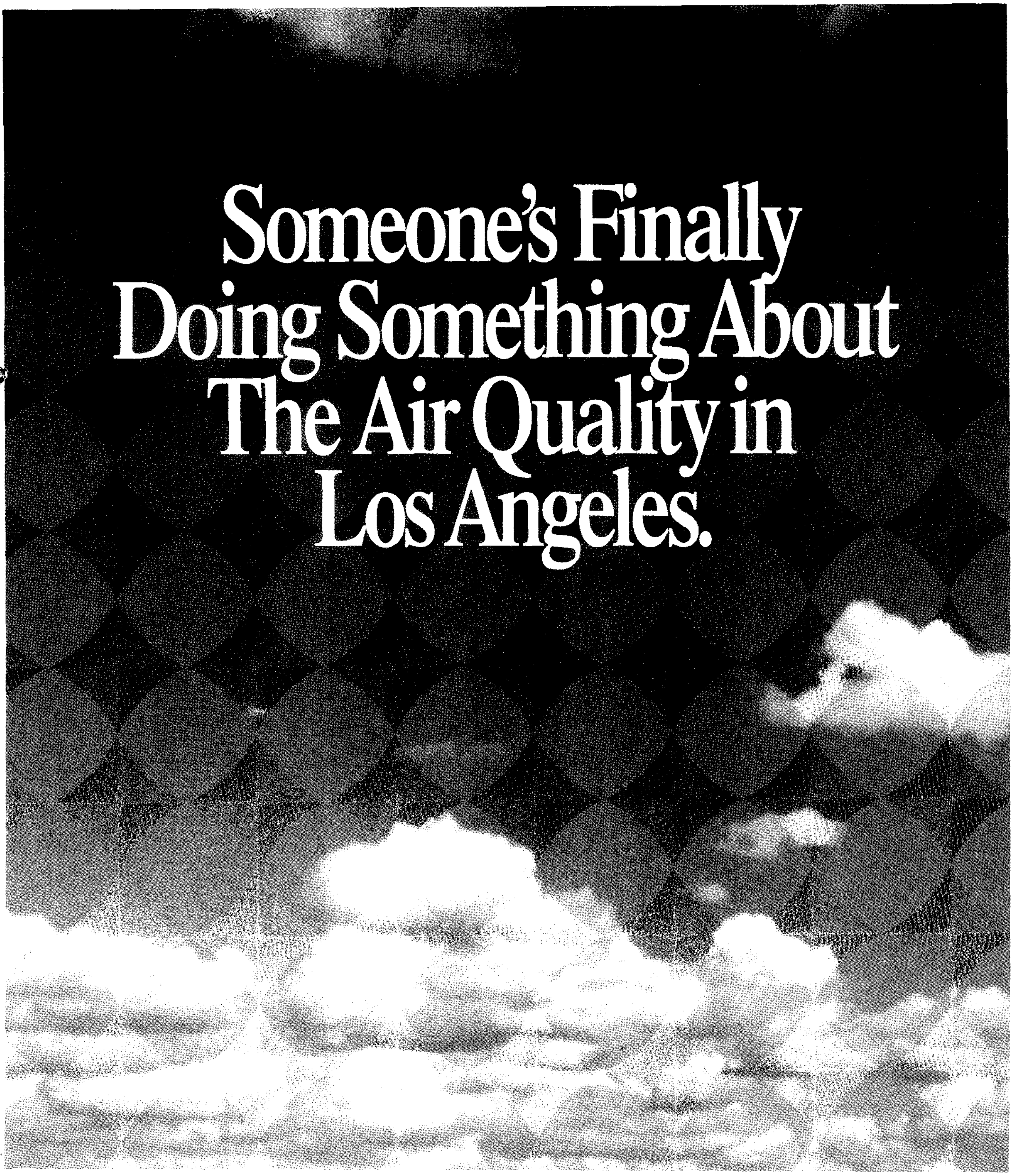
Bruce Christensen, PBS President

- An interactive videodisc, based on the series, is being created in a joint venture by the Center for Interactive Educational Technology at George Mason University, Florentine Films, and WETA in Washington, D.C. Called "The Civil War Interactive," the videodisc will allow students of all ages to explore the Civil War era.

In addition, series producer Ken Burns has been a tireless and passionate speaker on the importance of history, talking to groups, including high-school students, across the land.

PBS President Bruce Christensen calls this kind of project a "learning system," and he wants more of it in the future. "When we present a series like 'The Civil War' or 'Race to Save the Planet,' it's only the start. We want our programs to have resonance, to go on to another life in schools and in teachers' plans," he says. "We want to encourage informal learning, too, at viewers' leisure. This is particularly important, because more and more people are getting the majority of their information through audiovisual means."

Thinking of that, PBS is developing a new partnership to extend the availability of its programs. In addition to PBS Video, which sells, rents, and licenses over sixteen hundred programs to schools, libraries, and other institutions, PBS has recently created a new home video label. PBS Home Video, which began distribution this fall in association with Pacific Arts Video, makes selected titles directly available to the public through video and retail stores and mail and telephone orders.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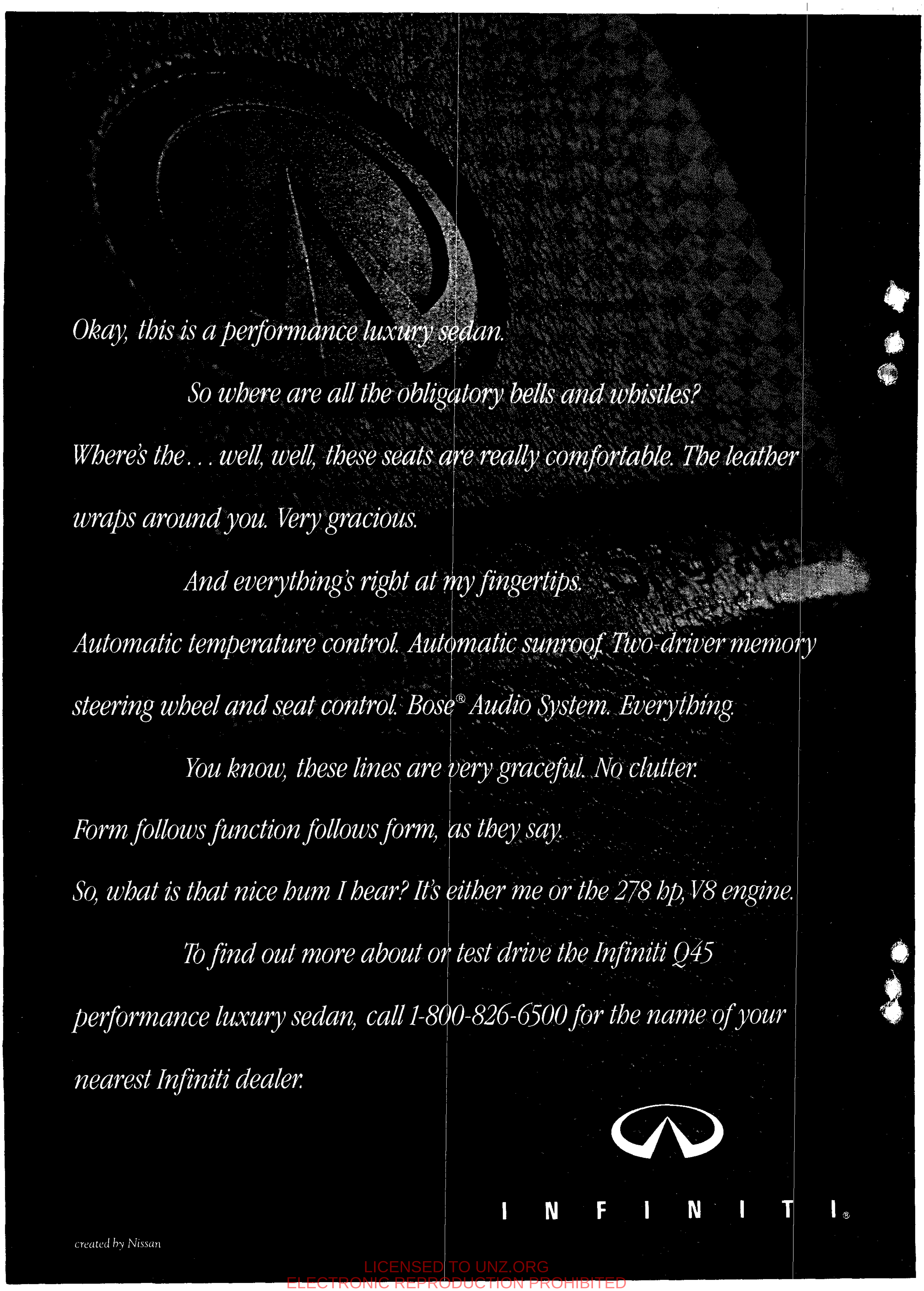
It's just that you have to be indoors to notice.

KCET/28



Okay, this is a performance luxury sedan.

So where are all the obligatory bells and whistles?

Where's the… well, well, these seats are really comfortable. The leather wraps around you. Very gracious.

And everything's right at my fingertips.

Automatic temperature control. Automatic sunroof. Two-driver memory steering wheel and seat control. Bose® Audio System. Everything.

You know, these lines are very graceful. No clutter.

Form follows function follows form, as they say.

So, what is that nice hum I hear? It's either me or the 278 hp, V8 engine.

To find out more about or test drive the Infiniti Q45 performance luxury sedan, call 1-800-826-6500 for the name of your nearest Infiniti dealer.

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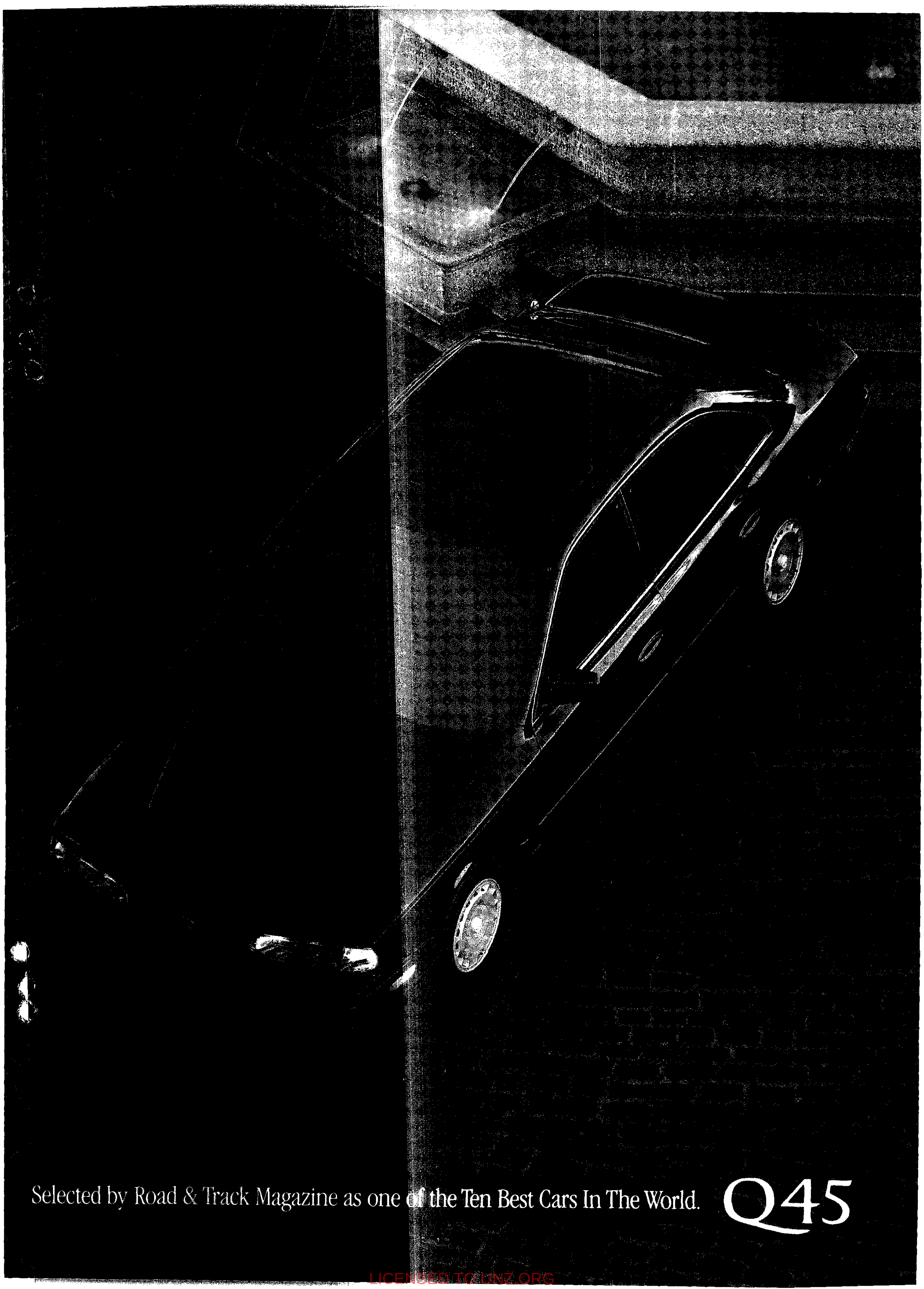
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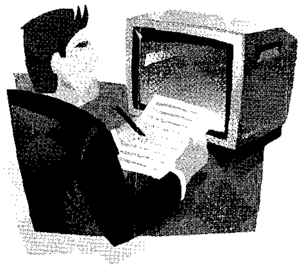


DEDICATED TO LIFELONG LEARNING

Fred Rogers, host of "Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood," is one of the best friends children ever had

courtesy Family Communications, Inc.

> **"I wish commercial television would have the same standards as public television. . . . Public television offers much better viewing."**
>
> **— Phil Rollins, retailer, interviewed in *USA Today***

As Fred Rogers, the gentle man who has been inviting small viewers to "Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood" for three decades, says, "Through television we have a great chance to show and tell our children that they really matter, even when they're very little; that it's not just the adult symbols of our world that have value, but how children interpret and respond to these symbols. We have a chance to communicate the fact that childhood lies at the very basis of what people are and what they become."

A commitment to lifelong learning is the natural extension of PBS's mission. The lifelong student can be as young as a "Sesame Street"–loving pre-schooler, or as old as a retired person enjoying the opportunity to learn something new. Public television has an important role to play in filling all their needs.

"There has been a virtual tidal wave of teachers turning to video and television technology to help students learn. Television provides immediate, lasting images that make events vivid and real." That's Keith Geiger talking. He's president of the National Education Association, and he's talking about the reason public television is a powerful tool for teachers.

As Sandy M. Wohl, the chairman of a junior-high-school science department in British Columbia, wrote about programs he uses that are broadcast on KCTS in Seattle: "I provide an opportunity for students to earn marks in my junior-high science courses by preparing summaries and commentary on science-related programs they've viewed on PBS. The response from students and parents has been tremendous and has resulted in many spin-offs, including parents watching the programs with their children, students doing research on topics related to the television program, and generally increased interest in my science course."

Mr. Wohl is one of a million and a half teachers who use PBS to teach nearly thirty million students in kindergarten through twelfth grade in sixty-three thousand schools throughout the United States. Sometimes those teachers use the regular children's daytime programs, such as the very hip "Square One TV" from Children's Television Workshop, or the long-running science series "Newton's Apple." The Emmy Award–winning book program "Reading Rainbow" was a new discovery for San Francisco elementary school teacher Susie Scurich. She wrote, "I've taught in San Francisco for twenty-two years and never really paid much attention to [instructional television]. It was 'Reading Rainbow' that

PULL OUT AND SAVE

A GUIDE TO UPCOMING PBS PROGRAMS

PBS

The following pages list a number of outstanding programs that will be aired on PBS stations during the next several months. Because they operate independently, different public television stations may air these programs on different dates; consult your local listings to find out when these shows can be seen in your area.

DECEMBER

GREAT PERFORMANCES

© Steve J. Sherman, courtesy WNET

"Kathleen Battle and Jessye Norman Sing Spirituals." Two of opera's reigning divas, backed by a seventy-voice chorus, sing spirituals at Carnegie Hall.

THREE FLAGS OVER EVEREST

A team of American, Soviet, and Chinese climbers scale the world's highest mountain.

FRONTLINE

"The Struggle for South Africa." Days before the elections in South Africa, FRONTLINE profiles Nelson Mandela and Frederik deKlerk.

WEAPONS OF THE SPIRIT

Bill Moyers introduces Pierre Sauvage's documentary about a French village that hid thousands of Jewish refugees from the Nazis during the Second World War.

GREAT PERFORMANCES

"Peter Sellars Directs 'The Marriage of Figaro.'" The Mozart bicentennial celebration begins with Sellars's witty production set in a Trump Tower penthouse.

CHRISTMAS AT POPS

Holiday music from the Boston Pops Orchestra with John Williams conducting.

LIVE FROM LINCOLN CENTER

"James Galway Christmas Concert." A festive holiday concert features flutist James Galway.

WONDERWORKS FAMILY MOVIE

"The Silver Chair." The final episode of C. S. Lewis's "Narnia" classic.

MASTERPIECE THEATRE

"Scoop." Evelyn Waugh's satirical adventures of an unlikely journalist sent to East Africa as a war correspondent.

LIVE FROM LINCOLN CENTER

"New York Philharmonic New Year's Eve Gala." A celebration with Zubin Mehta conducting, hosted by Hugh Downs.

JANUARY

THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. BUSH TALKING WITH DAVID FROST

The veteran interviewer engages the President and First Lady in a candid conversation. The first in a monthly series of Frost interviews.

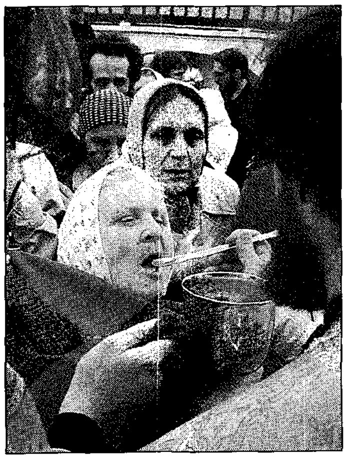
MASTERPIECE THEATRE

"Twentieth Anniversary Favorites." The renowned series celebrates its two decades of classics by reviving episodes from some of its best-loved series.

TRAVELS

"The Last Train Across Canada." A new season of travellers' tales about trips exotic and extraordinary, beginning with a historic train ride.

SOVIETS



courtesy WETA

Filmed by Soviet crews, this five-hour film records today's search by the people of the Soviet Union for their national identity.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN FRONTIERS

A special glimpse at science in the Soviet Union — from Bronze Age archaeology to studies of human physiology in space flight.

SMITHSONIAN WORLD

"Gender: The Enduring Paradox." Are men and women really different species?

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SPECIALS

"Cats: Caressing the Tiger." PBS's most popular specials begin a new season with a portrait of America's most popular pet — the cat.

MYSTERY!

"Poirot." Agatha Christie's dapper Belgian detective returns with all his little gray cells and several new cases.

NATURE

"The Wild Shores of Patagonia." A portrait of a place like no other on Earth — the windswept desert land at the tip of Argentina.

ALL OUR CHILDREN WITH BILL MOYERS

A youth-oriented year on public television kicks off with a report on people helping children at risk.

MAKING SENSE OF THE SIXTIES

Peace and love and a whole lot more in a mini-series that explains how the nineteen-sixties made us what we are today.

VIETNAM: A TELEVISION HISTORY

courtesy Francois Sully / WGBH Boston

The monumental, award-winning thirteen-part series returns.

FEBRUARY

Black History Month is celebrated on PBS with shows about the history of America's race relations and profiles of personalities and trends in the Afro-American community.

courtesy Blackside Productions

GREAT PERFORMANCES

"The Colored Museum." George C. Wolfe's powerful and controversial comedy with music explores black stereotypes.

EYES ON THE PRIZE

A re-broadcast of the critically acclaimed series that traces the early years of the civil rights movement.

GREAT PERFORMANCES

"The Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre Steps Ahead." Two works are introduced by Judith Jameson, the company's new artistic director.

THE AMERICAN EXPERIENCE

"The Massachusetts 54th 'Colored' Regiment." The true story of the black Civil War soldiers who inspired the film "Glory" is told.

AN EVENING OF CHAMPIONSHIP SKATING/ CHAMPIONSHIP BALLROOM DANCING

All the right moves, on the ice and on the dance floor, in two specials.

DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENTS

A look at the perils of modern-day journalism from Beirut to El Salvador.

NOVA

"Soviet Right Stuff." What are the Soviets up to in space?

MARK RUSSELL'S ENGLAND

PBS's political funny man exports his spirited one-liners and piano parodies to London for laughs with a British accent.

MARCH

NOVA

"Swimming with Whales." Down to the vasty deep to see the magnificent mammals eye-to-eye.

WONDERWORKS FAMILY MOVIE

"Jane of Lantern Hill." A young girl's struggle to reunite her parents, based on a story by the author of "Anne of Green Gables," starring Colleen Dewhurst and Sam Waterston.

GOING HOME TO GOSPEL WITH PATTI LABELLE

Gospel music as it's meant to be sung, featuring the Barrett Sisters and Edwin Hawkins.

COLLEGE SPORTS: SCANDAL AND REFORM

Bill Moyers probes the state of U.S. college athletics.

© 1987 Martha Swope, courtesy Schecter / Cone Communications

AMERICAN PLAYHOUSE

"Into the Woods." Bernadette Peters reprises her starring turn in the first television presentation of the Tony Award–winning musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine.

GREAT PERFORMANCES

"The Mahabharata." Peter Brooks's six-hour film version of the Hindu epic which is the basis of all Indian mythology, religion, and thought.

MYSTERY!

"Die Kinder" ("The Children"). A British mother searching for her kidnapped children goes underground and becomes enmeshed in an international terrorist conspiracy.

APRIL

SHAPE OF THE WORLD

An exploration of the adventure, beauty, and science involved in mapping the Earth.

LIFE AND OTHER HAZARDS

Can disasters such as Chernobyl, Bhopal, and the Challenger teach us something useful about the ways we, as individuals and society, look at risk?

AMERICAN PLAYHOUSE

"The Sunset Gang." A mini-series set in a Florida retirement home, adapted from stories by Warren Adler.

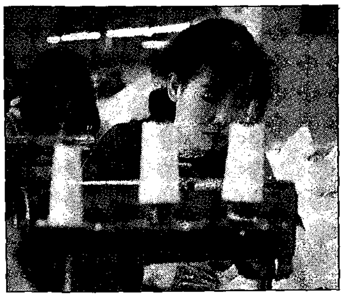
A MASKED BALL FROM THE METROPOLITAN OPERA

Verdi's well-known opera stars Aprile Millo, Luciano Pavarotti, Leo Nucci, and Elena Obraztsova.

THE ASTRONOMERS

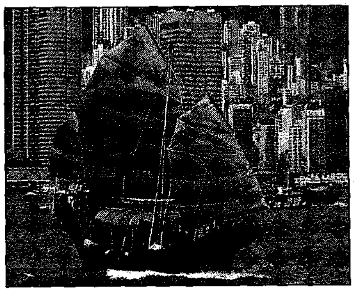
The latest developments in astronomy, such as dark matter, cosmology, and the life of stars, as well as profiles of today's Galileos.

MAY



MINI-DRAGONS

A new series profiling the rising economic powers of Korea, Taiwan, Singapore, and Hong Kong.



courtesy Maria Nicolo / Maryland Public Television

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THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM
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A Holiday Classic
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IBM
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ART OF THE SEPIK RI

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We're also interested in computers.

These are some of the many art exhibitions, musical events and television specials that IBM has supported over the years. Which goes to show that a company known for state-of-the-art technology can also be interested in the state of the arts.

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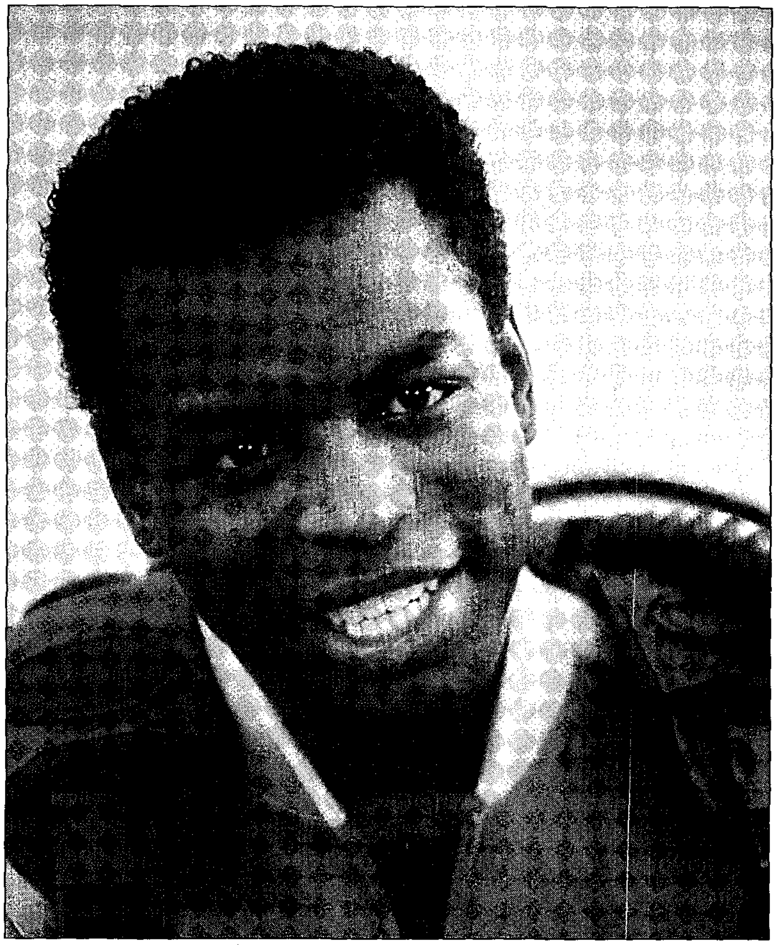


courtesy WNED / Buffalo

Levar Burton makes books exciting adventures on the Emmy Award–winning "Reading Rainbow"

courtesy KTCA / St. Paul

Nancy Gibson, David Heil, and Peggy Knapp of the long-running science show "Newton's Apple"

courtesy Children's Television Workshop

A teacher's guide can make a cool show like "Square One TV" part of a math curriculum

caught my eye. . . . I was instantly hooked."

Elementary schoolteacher Patricia Marshall in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, uses the program "What's in the News," produced by local station WPSX, to get third to fifth graders involved in current events — without commercials.

Other times teachers turn to PBS's schedule of in-school programs created specifically for classroom use — "Ice-walk," perhaps, which teaches about the environment, or "Futures," a brand-new math and science series for seventh through twelfth graders. "Futures" is hosted by math teacher Jaime Escalante, the inspiration for the film "Stand and Deliver" (a film made, incidentally, with the help of public television's "American Playhouse" series).

"Futures" is about as far away as television can get from the stiff look of the old educational filmstrip. The series presents practical applications of math with celebrities such as Arnold Schwarzenegger, who drops by to talk about how statistics measure one's physical condition, Indy 500 car-racing champion Danny Sullivan, who talks about velocity in racing, and model Cindy Crawford, who talks about pricing clothes for profit.

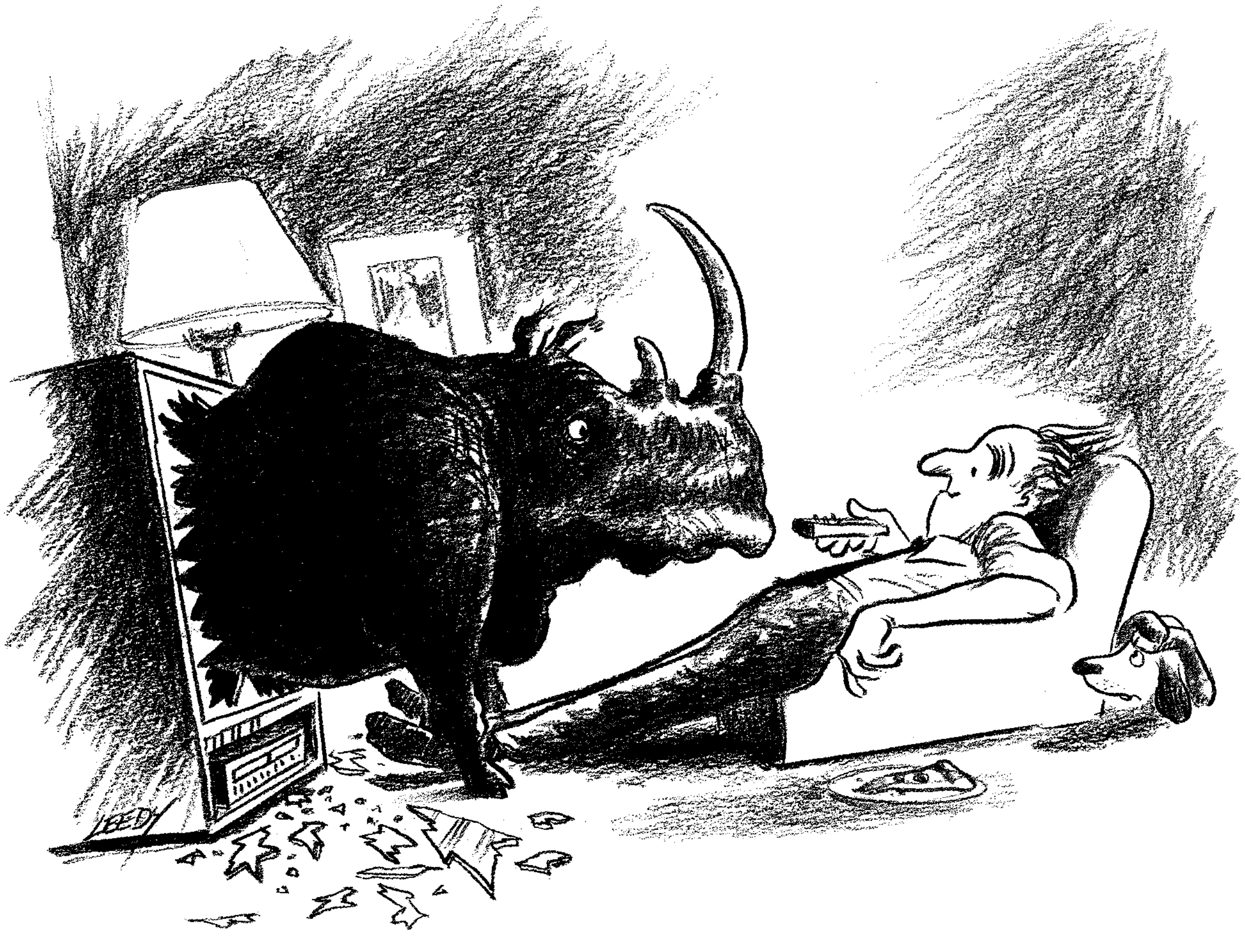
On the college level, more than a million and a half students have enrolled in PBS "telecourses" in the past decade. They earn college credit through fifteen hundred colleges working with three hundred public television stations across the country. (There are sixty million adults who do not have college degrees and who are not now in college.) Some of those courses have been prime-time series, such as "Race to Save the Planet" and "Voices and Visions"; others are non-prime-time offerings, such as "The World of Chemistry" and "The Mechanical Universe" — two of the forty-two courses available for college credit, a curriculum that ranges from the arts and humanities to professional development and teacher training.

"The World of Chemistry": explosive TV

courtesy Annenberg / CPB Project

These courses are offered to colleges through the PBS Adult Learning Service (ALS). The video programs are only part of the course — there are also texts, study guides, and faculty guidance. A spin-off of ALS beams nonbroadcast programs, videoconferences, lectures, and seminars to colleges by satellite.

PBS's commitment to lifelong learning extends to the workplace, too. PBS offers a curriculum of business programming through a service called "The Business Channel," which beams programs and teleconferences to some four hundred and fifty participating businesses and colleges.



25 years…and still bringing the world home.

The National Geographic Specials are one of the longest-running and most honored documentary television series ever produced. Chevron is proud to underwrite such quality educational entertainment and, through its support, help give thought to television.

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY INCORPORATED A.D. 1888

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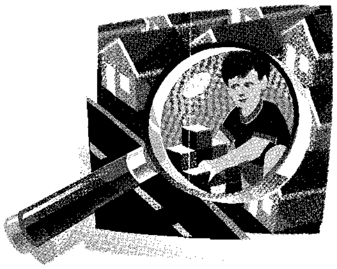


REACHING INTO THE COMMUNITY

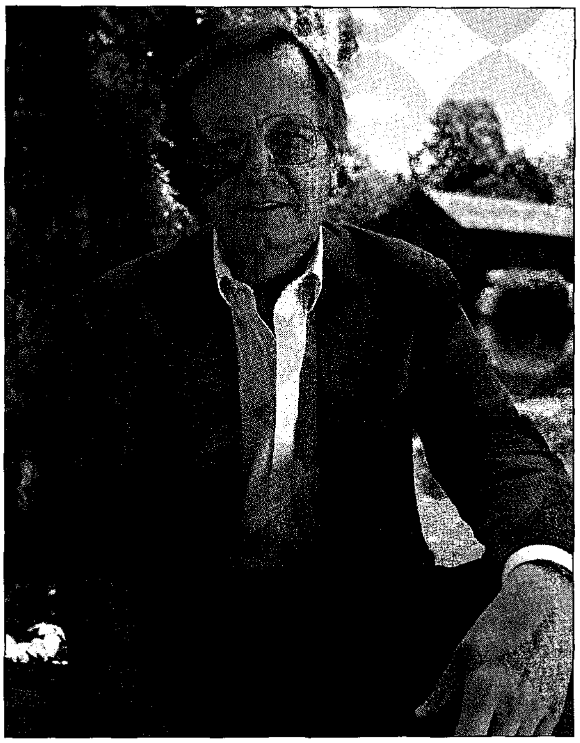
OPERATION EARTH

courtesy Public Broadcasting Service

The time and temperament to focus deeply and comprehensively on what's important, unconstricted by commercial obligations or marketplace pressures, has always been one of public television's greatest assets. Whether it's the state of the nation's schools or the global environmental crisis, PBS has always been the place where what's important can have the airtime it deserves.

Over the years, public television has taken that concept one step further, creating projects that combine the strengths of PBS's national schedule with the specific assets, concerns, and needs of individual local stations and communities. These projects are known as "outreach" — a helping hand extended beyond regular programming.

In 1990, the outreach project called "Operation Earth" began with a coördinated schedule of national programs focussing on environmental issues — recycling, the global ecology, new "green" entrepreneurs — and then encouraged local stations to add their own programming and local community action plans as a follow-up. Stations pooled their ideas through a newsletter published by the Television Outreach Alliance. The results were impressive: fifty-three stations produced their own local television specials, twenty-three stations produced new episodes for local public-affairs programs, and forty-seven stations initiated in-house recycling programs. There were station-sponsored art, essay, and video contests for youths, and community town meetings. A teleconference for teachers discussed instructional videos on ecological subjects. Another teleconference for businesspeople, discussing compliance with new provisions of the Clean Air Act, drew several thousand participants.



Bill Moyers, shown here in 1989's "The Power of the Word," proves "intelligent television" isn't an oxymoron

red Ehmann

Nineteen-ninety-one's year-long project will focus on children, youths, and families. Prime-time broadcasts will include "All Our Children with Bill Moyers," a ninety-minute documentary about workable solutions to the dire predicament of twelve million young people at risk of emerging from school unprepared for life. The program will be followed by a nationally broadcast roundtable of legislators, governors, business and education leaders, and parents. Local follow-up programs are also being encouraged. Also tying in will be a spring special for teens, "Cool Connections," and a major new series, "Childhood," premiering next fall.

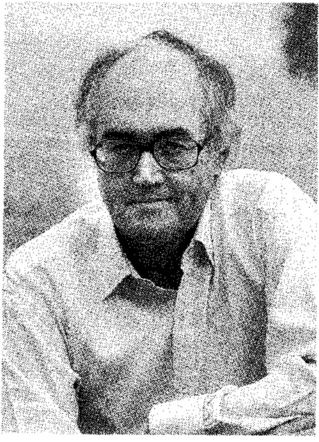
Maryland Public Television Presents The Best Leading Men On Public TV

Some of the most informative and respected 'leading men' on public television can be found on Maryland Public Television national productions. For two decades, public TV viewers have depended on Louis Rukeyser's weekly financial commentary. For ten years, they've trusted John Davis' insights into the automotive industry. This fall James Burke led them into the future of global warming. Next year Michael Wood will guide them through the rise of global urban civilization.

Whether dealing with the past, present or future, Maryland Public Television's leading men help viewers understand the complexities of our world. MPT will continue to invest in the future of public TV with productions for the 1990s and beyond.

Louis Rukeyser
Wall $treet Week with Louis Rukeyser

James Burke
After the Warming

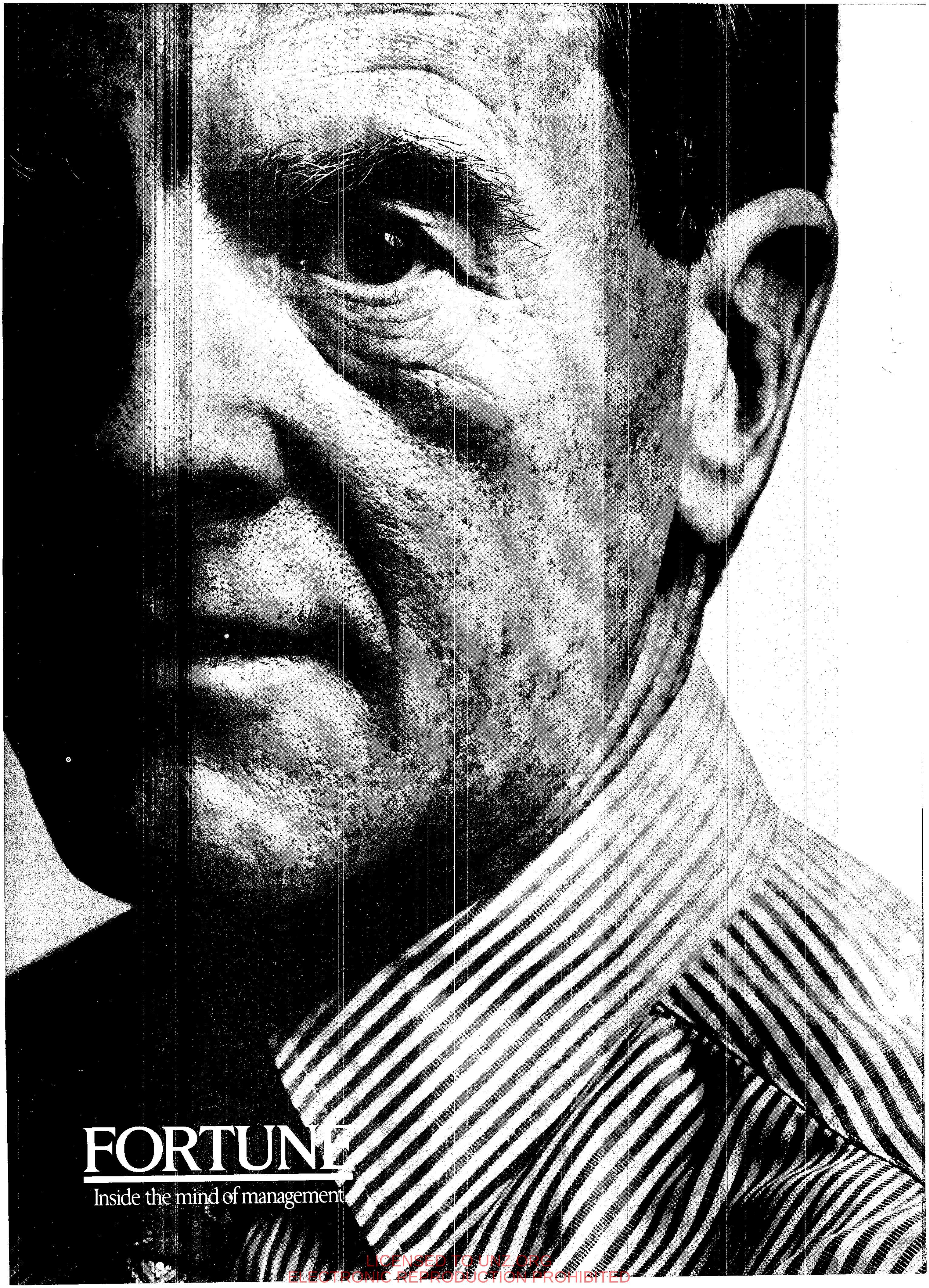


John Davis
MotorWeek

Michael Wood
Legacy: Origins of Civilization

mpt Maryland Public Television

Working For The Future Of Public TV


FORTUNE
Inside the mind of management.

"We expect our teachers to handle teenage pregnancy, substance abuse, and the failings of the family. Then we expect them to educate our children."

–John Sculley, Chairman, President and CEO,
Apple Computer, Inc.

If teachers have to make up for the deficiencies of society, the business community must help them teach more effectively. Apple has forged the way with a range of programs that stress teacher recognition, increased technological literacy and strong public-private partnerships. As the founder of the Education Summit for business, FORTUNE *supports the work of Apple and other corporations, both large and small, that are fighting for real school reform. Because when an education system stops working, the rest of society stops working too. To learn more about what other companies are doing, write James B. Hayes, Publisher,* FORTUNE, *Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020-1393.*

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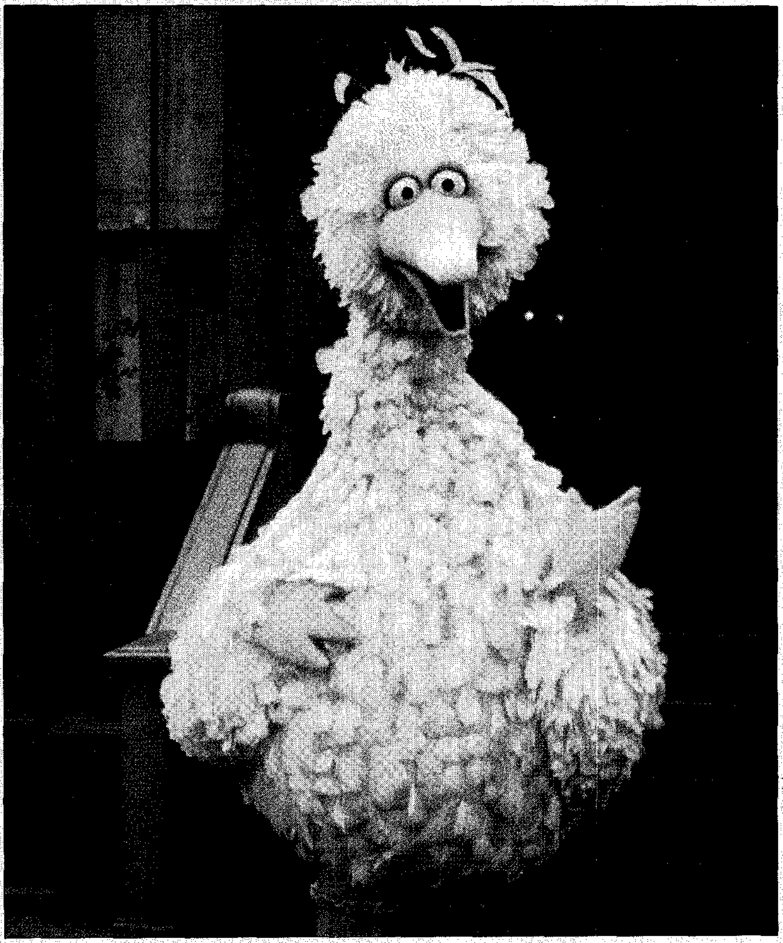
PBS'S EMMY AWARD WINNERS



© Children's Television Workshop

"Sesame Street" finds winning Emmies as easy as learning the ABCs

courtesy John Chaisson

Extraordinary editing won an Emmy for "Gregory Hines' Tap Dance in America" on "Great Performances"

Public television programs are regularly praised by critics and viewers. But the true test of a program's excellence is how it is received by the experts — those people who earn their living in television. As members of the National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences, which gives Emmy Awards for daytime and news and documentary programs, and the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences, which awards the prime-time programming honors, these people make their voices heard each year when the Emmy Awards are given out.

Not surprisingly, public television programs are regularly honored by the members of the two Academies. The kinds of programs for which PBS is best known — children's shows, news programs, and documentaries — tend to garner Emmy Awards every year, but public television also receives accolades for its prime-time shows. The programs listed here are some of the recent recipients in a long line of PBS programs saluted by the television industry.

PRIME-TIME EMMY WINNERS

GREAT PERFORMANCES "The Orchestra" — for Outstanding Achievement in Special Visual Effects

SMITHSONIAN WORLD — for Outstanding Informational Series

AMERICAN MASTERS "Broadway Dreamers: The Legacy of the Group Theatre" — for Outstanding Informational Special

GREAT PERFORMANCES: DANCE IN AMERICA "Gregory Hines' Tap Dance in America" — for Outstanding Editing for Mini-Series or Special (Multi-camera Production)

NATURE — for Outstanding Informational Series

AMERICAN PLAYHOUSE "Andre's Mother" — for Outstanding Writing in a Mini-series or a Special

GREAT PERFORMANCES: DANCE IN AMERICA "Bob Fosse Steam Heat" — for Outstanding Informational Special

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA PRESENTS "Aida" — for Outstanding Classical Program in the Performing Arts

THE EIGHTH VAN CLIBURN INTERNATIONAL PIANO COMPETITION: HERE TO MAKE MUSIC — for Outstanding Individual Achievement (Directing) in Classical Music/Dance Programming

AMERICAN MASTERS "W. Eugene Smith — Photography Made Difficult" — for Outstanding Individual Achievement (Directing) in Informational Programming

GREAT PERFORMANCES "Julie Andrews in Concert" — for Outstanding Achievement in Music Direction

MYSTERY! "Poirot" — for Best Original TV Music (a 1989 Bafta International Emmy Winner)

courtesy Frank Goodman Associates

David Suchet plays Belgian detective Poirot on "Mystery!," an international Emmy winner

DAYTIME EMMY WINNERS

THIS OLD HOUSE — for Outstanding Directing in a Talk/Service Show

SQUARE ONE TV — for Outstanding Directing in a Children's Series

SESAME STREET — for Outstanding Achievement in Art Direction/Set Decoration/Scenic Design, Outstanding Achievement in Costume Design, Outstanding Achievement in Videotape Editing, Outstanding Achievement in Music Direction and Composition, Outstanding Achievement in Writing a Children's Series, Outstanding Achievement in Lighting Direction, and Outstanding Performer in a Children's Series (Kevin Clash as Elmo and Hoots)

courtesy BBC Natural History and WNET/New York

"Nature" has been saluted as the Outstanding Informational Series

WONDERWORKS "Sweet 15" — for Outstanding Achievement in Directing, Special Class

READING RAINBOW — for Outstanding Children's Series

NEWS AND DOCUMENTARY EMMY WINNERS

THE AIDS QUARTERLY "The Education of Admiral Watkins" — for Outstanding Background/Analysis of a Single Current Story

THE POWER OF THE WORD WITH BILL MOYERS "The Living Language" — for Outstanding Interview/Interviewer

THE PUBLIC MIND WITH BILL MOYERS "Illusion of News" — a Special Classification for Outstanding News and Documentary Program Achievement

P.O.V. "Dark Circle" — a Special Classification for Outstanding News and Documentary Individual Achievement

THE AMERICAN EXPERIENCE "Yosemite – The Fate" — for Outstanding Individual Achievement in Directing

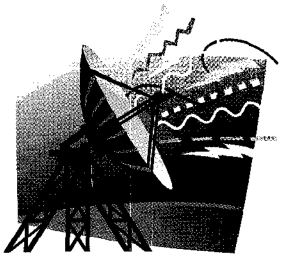
NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SPECIAL "Elephant" — for Outstanding Individual Achievement in Researching

FRONTLINE "Yellowstone Under Fire" — for Outstanding Individual Achievement in Electronic Camerawork

P.O.V. "No Applause, Just Throw Money" — for Outstanding Individual Achievement in Film Editing

THE AIDS QUARTERLY WITH PETER JENNINGS — for Outstanding Individual Achievement in Art Direction/Scenic Design

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SPECIAL "Serengeti Diary"— for Outstanding Individual Achievement in Sound



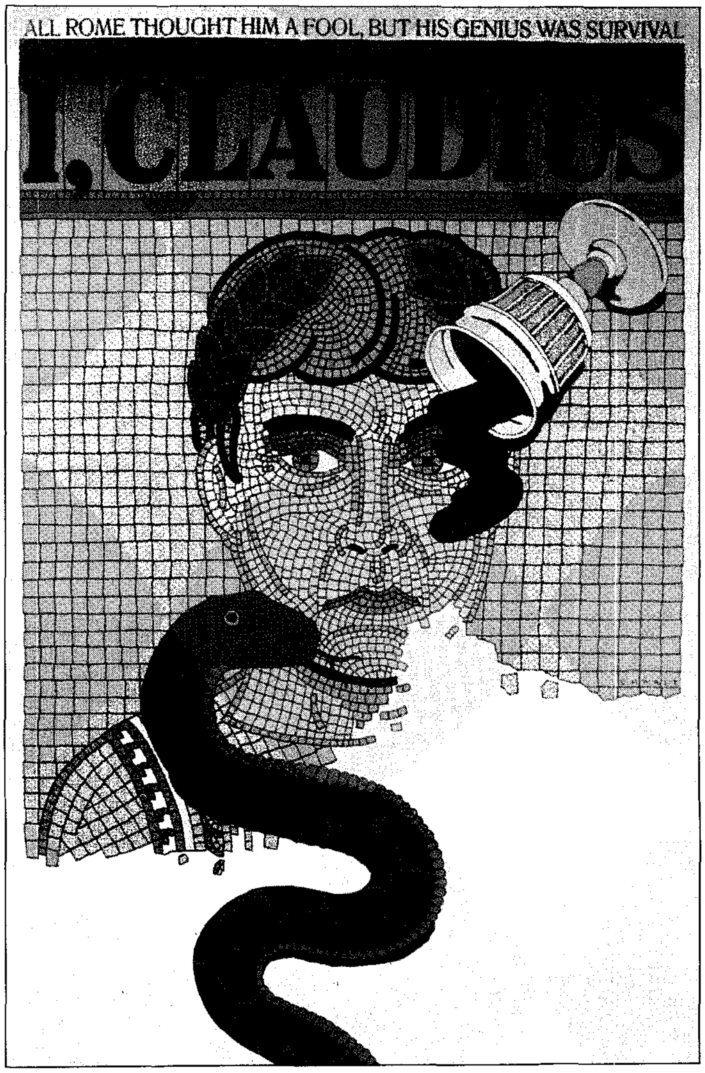
ADVANCING TELEVISION TECHNOLOGY

PBS has come a long way from the early days of educational television, when the few available prints of programs were mailed from station to station. By the late nineteen-seventies, PBS had taken the lead in refining television technology. It's a lead public television still retains.

IT'S A BIRD!

PBS was the first American television system to distribute its programs nationwide via satellite, far ahead of its commercial counterparts. The year was 1978; the big news on screen included "I, Claudius." PBS leased four transponders — devices that receive, amplify, and re-transmit audio and video signals — from the Western Union satellite Westar I. And in a forty-five-thousand-mile leap from PBS's main origination terminal in Virginia to the satellite and back again (a trip lasting about a quarter of a second), PBS gained the capacity to provide public television stations around the country with four different streams of programming simultaneously.

Today, the PBS satellite system has a hundred and seventy-eight receiver sites, or downlinks, across the nation; twenty of these also can send signals up to the satellite, allowing multiple points of entry to the system. Multiple feeds of programs allow flexibility in serving the needs of stations in seven time zones, from Hawaii to the Virgin Islands. A prime-time program, for example, might be transmitted up to five times during one evening. This means that PBS can be seen in ninety-eight per cent of all homes across the country. Meanwhile, progress continues.

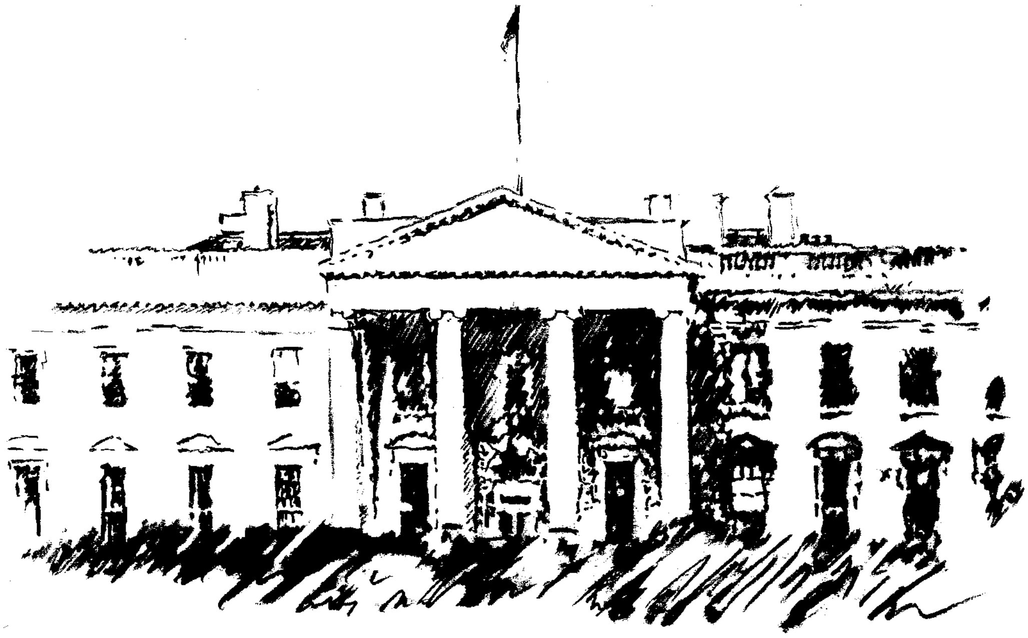

ALL ROME THOUGHT HIM A FOOL, BUT HIS GENIUS WAS SURVIVAL
I, CLAUDIUS

courtesy WGBH / Boston

The show that made compelling modern drama from ancient Roman intrigues

> "I was delighted to hear the demonstration tape of DVS [a descriptive audio track for blind viewers]. . . . I am excited about the possibilities."
>
> — a Montgomery, Alabama, viewer

Ameritech is proud to play a role
in supporting public television.



We're pleased to help make possible the production and distribution of outstanding programming for public television viewers throughout America.

By supporting the development of programs such as "In Performance at the White House," "Soliti's Beethoven," "The Congress," and "Madama Butterfly," all airing during the past two years on PBS, we're helping to enrich American minds.

And the commitment goes on. Right now, we are developing plans for a new PBS series with WXXI-TV, Rochester, New York. So watch for future public television programming underwritten by Ameritech.

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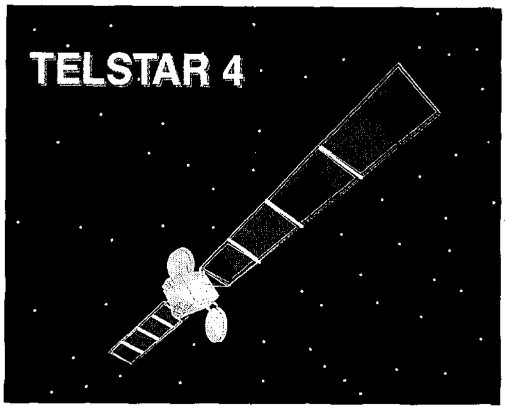
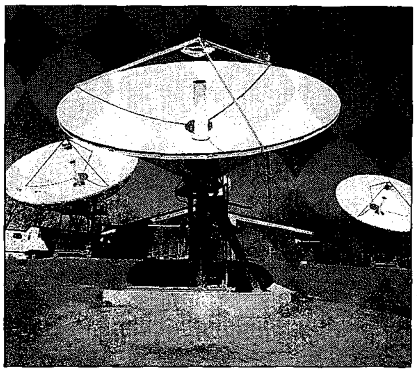
NEW SATELLITE, NEW USES

By 1993, PBS will switch over to a new satellite with improved capacity and flexibility in program transmission. The change is absolutely necessary: PBS's current satellite is dying (all satellites eventually use up their fuel) and soon will fall silent. But the timing of the change is fortunate, for the satellite upgrade will increase public television's potential in two areas of particular interest.



courtesy Hank Preul, PBS

New satellites will allow PBS to develop high-definition television signals



courtesy Public Broadcasting Service

Receiver sites let stations develop interactive educational programs

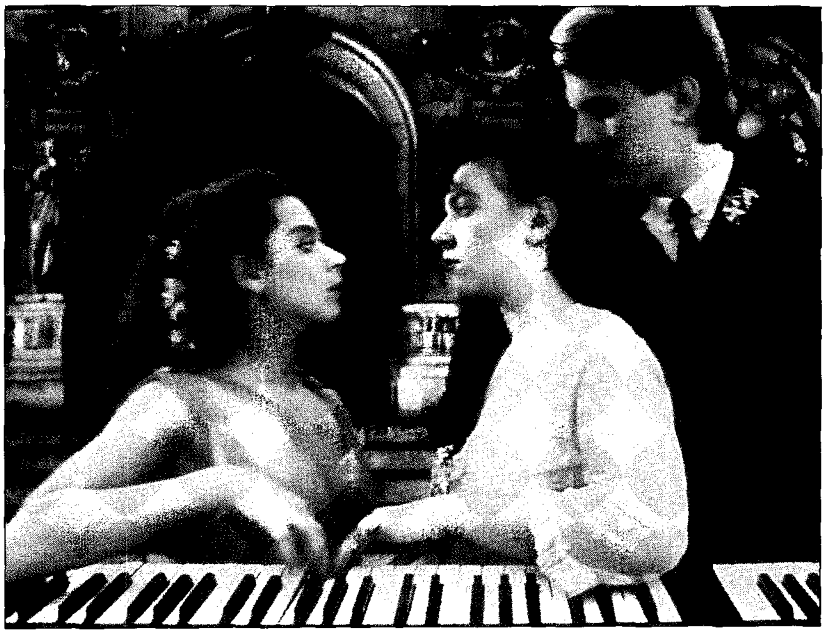
The first is in the delivery of high-definition television (HDTV), a dramatically sharper television picture and clearer sound than anything available today. (The look of HDTV is often compared to a blow-up of a thirty-five-millimetre slide.) Industry analysts call HDTV the "television of the future."

As a noncommercial entity with no vested interests in any one manufacturer, PBS is well positioned as a catalyst for the development of HDTV. "We have no ties that would limit our horizons," says Howard Miller, PBS senior vice president for broadcast operations and engineering. PBS is seeking to make public television stations demonstration sites for HDTV equipment, so that the public could see what HDTV is really like. While broadcasts using HDTV technology are several years away, some programs produced with HDTV equipment have already aired on PBS, such as "Great Performances: 'The Orchestra'" and "The Ginger Tree" on "Masterpiece Theatre" this year.

New satellite capabilities also include the potential to deliver interactive school programming — another case of extending the reach of PBS's educational mission into the twenty-first century. Using specialized computers tied to their local PBS stations, students in isolated areas could, for example, communicate with teachers of subjects not taught in their own schools — ideal for students of specialized subjects, or for learners with special needs.

Such an advance would greatly expand upon interactive programs between public television and schools, programs already underway in various places around the country. Kentucky Educational Television, for instance, is a statewide network that makes use of a satellite-to-computer-to-telephone-line interconnection to offer rural students courses such as calculus and physics.

Learning Link, an interactive computer-based communications and information system, is offered by local public television stations in twelve states, including New York. The New York City school system pays for over a hundred schools to be members of Learning Link; in return, librarians are provided with customized soft-



courtesy WNET / New York

"Great Performances: 'The Orchestra' " was among the shows produced in 1990 using HDTV equipment

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ware, electronic bulletin boards, and training. Through WVIZ in Cleveland, the Learning Link menu includes a student desk-top publishing forum, the chance to chat in French or Spanish, and a trivia exchange.

CREATORS OF CLOSED-CAPTIONING

One of PBS's proudest technological achievements is the development of closed-captioning for the deaf and hearing-impaired, pioneered at public television station WGBH in Boston.

courtesy WGBH Boston

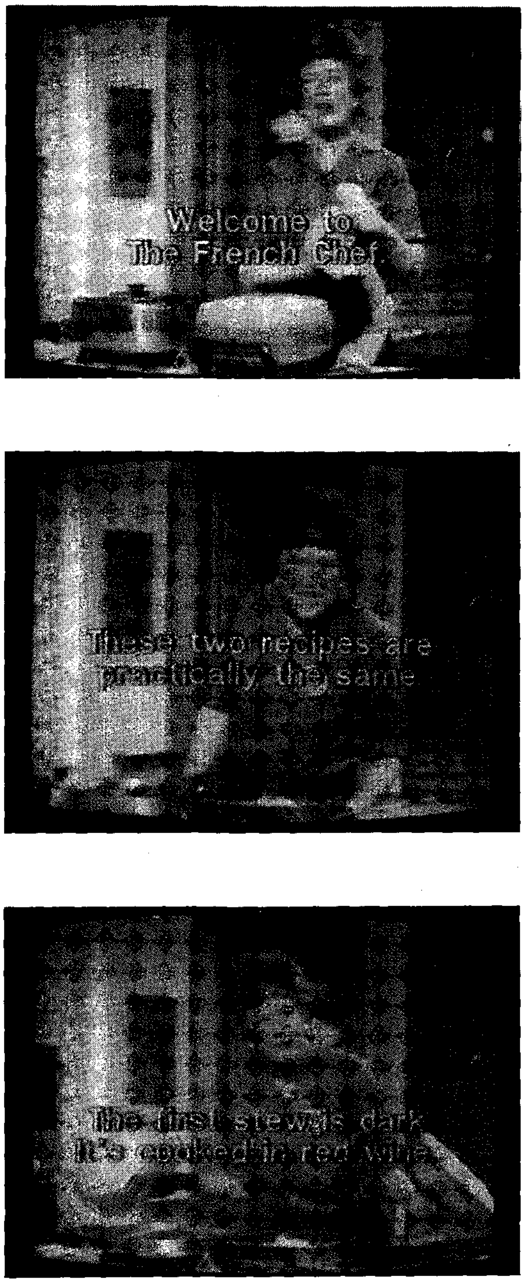
"Degrassi High" can be "seen" by the blind

Captions are transmitted on an unseen portion of the broadcast signal known as the vertical blanking interval (VBI). It's the electronic equivalent of the blank space between frames of film. The captions, or subtitles, are made to appear on the home screen by means of special decoding devices hooked into television sets.

There are an estimated twenty million hearing-impaired people in America. Researchers have found that captions promote communication by including the deaf and hard-of-hearing in what is, after all, America's greatest use of leisure time — watching television. Beyond helping deaf children and adults develop language skills, captions can help teach English as a second language as well as help combat illiteracy.

WGBH opened its caption center in 1971, the first agency in the world to caption a television program specifically for deaf and hard-of-hearing Americans at a language level they can understand. The breakthrough program: Julia Child's "The French Chef." The result: breaking the sound barrier. One Massachusetts viewer wrote in, "My captioned television has opened a world to me that I thought was gone forever." And from Pittsburgh, another wrote, "For the first time in years I have really enjoyed TV! I never realized how much dialogue I missed."

PBS began refining and testing captioning in 1972; the FCC authority to broadcast using the PBS-designed system was granted in 1976. In 1980 PBS won an Emmy in recognition of its work.

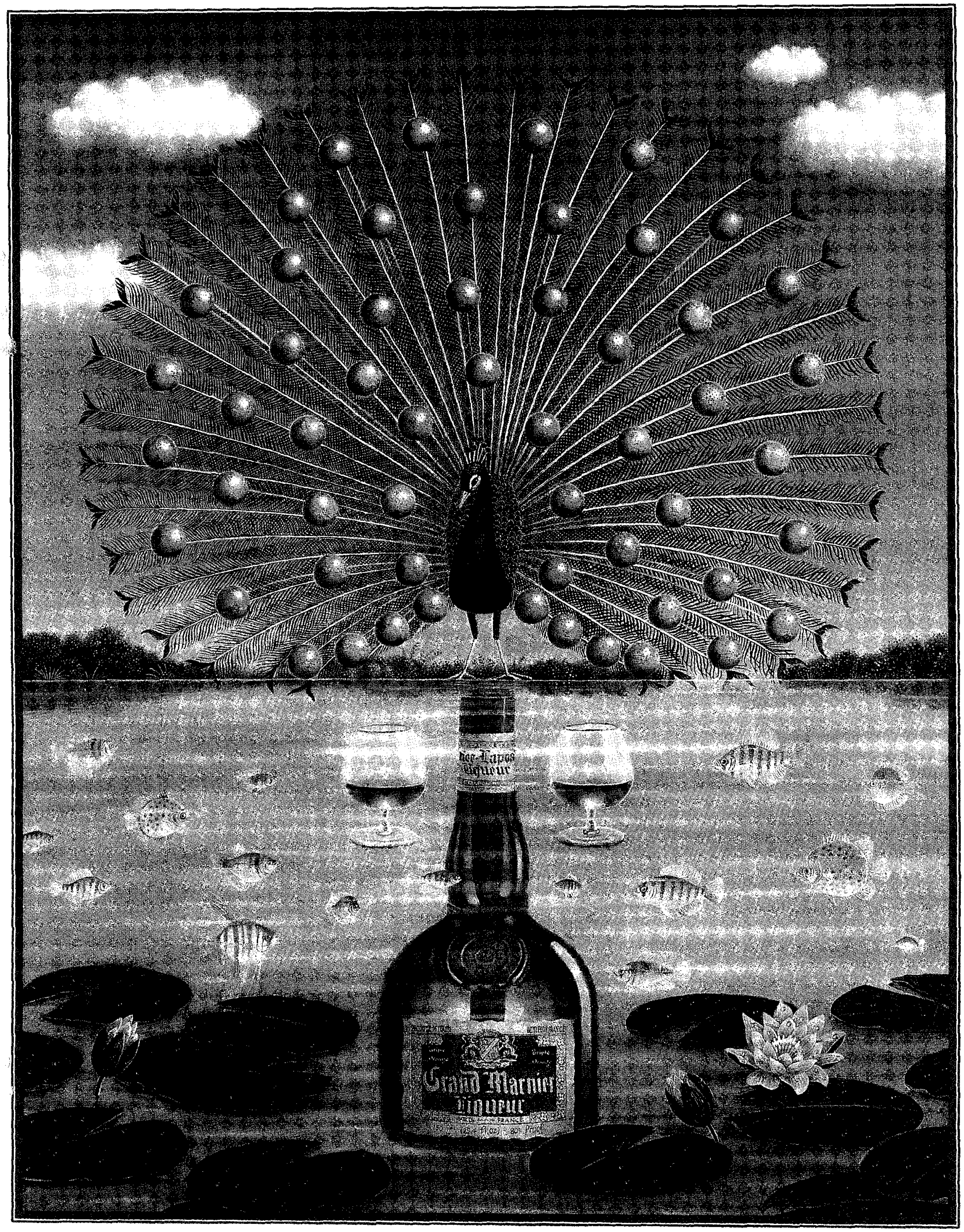

Welcome to
The French Chef.
These two recipes are
practically the same
The first stew is dark.
It's cooked in red wine.

Julia Child's "The French Chef" was the first program to use captioning, which makes TV accessible to the deaf and hard-of-hearing

courtesy WGBH Caption Center

TELEVISION THE BLIND CAN "SEE"

These days PBS is also using its technical skills to make its programs accessible to America's eleven and a half million blind and visually impaired citizens. Making use of the capacity of most new stereo television sets and videocassette recorders to broadcast a separate audio program (SAP) channel, WGBH is experimenting with providing narrated descriptions of a pro-



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"Rumpole of the Bailey" is presented on "Mystery!"

courtesy Frank Goodman Associates

gram's key visual elements between dialogue segments. Such a description might go like this: "Seen through a window, a bird flies across a cloudy sky. Inside the room, a man slumps in a chair while a woman enters holding a glass of water." Then the dialogue resumes.

This new service is called the descriptive video service (DVS). This season, DVS is offered by thirty-five public television stations — reaching about forty per cent of all viewers — on four series: "American Playhouse," "Mystery!," "Wonderworks," and "Degrassi High."

MORE TECHNICAL BREAKTHROUGHS

Poor audio quality has long been one of the television medium's weak points. PBS began tackling the problem in the early nineteen-seventies, working with a communications company, and by 1978 had developed a new system for transmitting high-fidelity stereo via satellite.

This system, which premiered in April, 1979, was initially used to provide FM stations with stereo sound for simulcasts. In 1984, public station WTTW in Chicago became the first TV station of any kind to broadcast direct stereo television sound. By 1990, more than eighty-five PBS stations were providing direct stereo broadcasts.

Now, there's the public good. And there's the entrepreneurial spirit. Technological advances, in addition to serving audiences with special needs, also hold promise as a source of revenue for PBS and its member stations. PBS Enterprises, Inc., a for-profit subsidiary, was incorporated in 1984 to develop goods and services using PBS's technical know-how. Resulting revenues are to be used to help keep PBS's operating costs down.

PBS engineers have found a rich lode of possibilities in harnessing under-used portions of the broadcast signal to transmit data. A new PBS Enterprises service, called National Datacast, is already sending nationwide the data used in credit-card verification. The next time the cashier runs your credit card through a machine, it may be verified with the help of a PBS-delivered signal — a development that will surprise those who think of PBS in terms of gas lamps and horse-drawn carriages.

It's been said we've become so desensitized to what we see on TV—inane sitcoms, violence-infested police dramas, potato-head game shows—we wouldn't even notice if the set was upside down.

Now, there's a new series you can't help but notice. Scientific American Frontiers. A show that looks into some of life's most intriguing mysteries. From homeless woodpeckers to infant heart transplants. You'll find it does something few shows do. It makes you think. Scientific American Frontiers on PBS. Sponsored by GTE Corporation. It might not have a laugh track. But we're confident you won't miss it a single bit.

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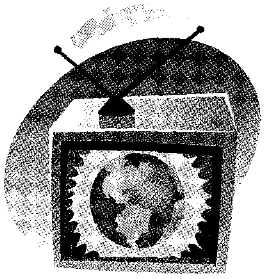
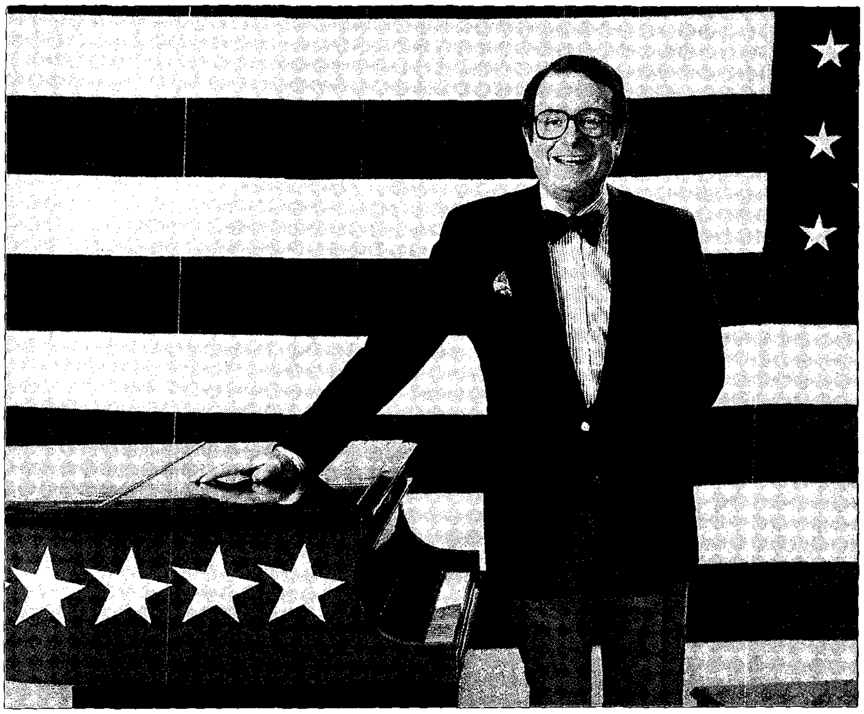


BRINGING IT ALL TOGETHER



courtesy WNED Buffalo

Funnyman Mark Russell regularly takes on political foibles

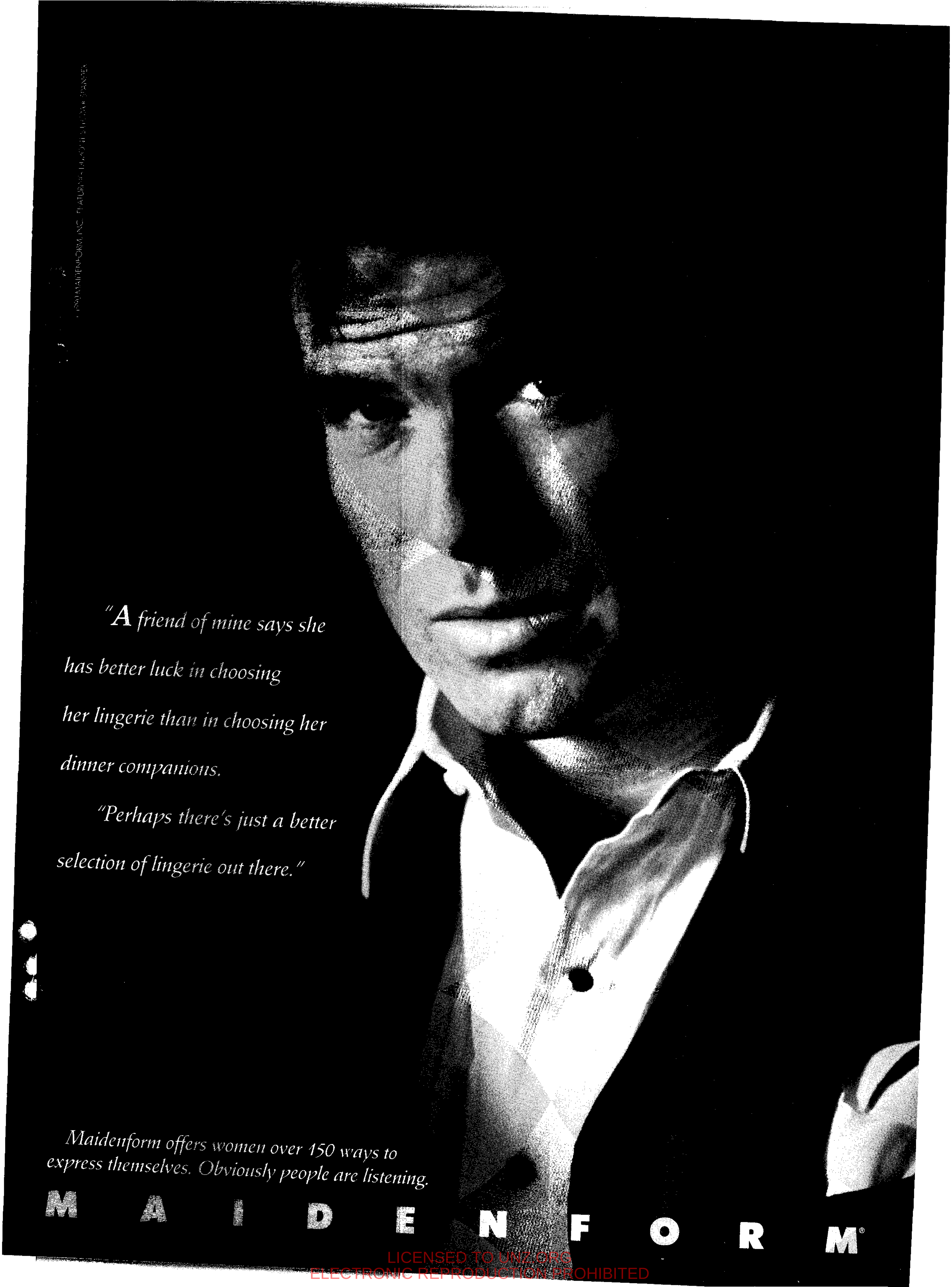
PBS is different from other television services not just because it chooses to be. It's different because of the way it's funded. Public television is funded not by one but by many sources, all working together in a partnership for intelligent television. No other cultural entity in American life brings together so many private and public funders — viewers, the federal and state governments, corporations, foundations, and other organizations — in pursuit of a common goal.

This diversity of funding is one of public television's special strengths: it encourages a diversity of programming ideas. It's also important to the integrity of the system, because it provides checks and balances against domination by any single interest group.

The money goes in many different directions. Viewers, local corporations and foundations, and government all support local public television stations. The stations, in turn, put part of those funds into a pool at PBS to help produce many of the most visible and valued programs. When you hear that a program has been funded by "viewers like you," it's a sign that the program was funded through this pool arrangement.

The Corporation for Public Broadcasting and other federally funded organizations like the U.S. Departments of Education and Commerce and the National Endowments for the Arts and Humanities can, through grants, give new program ideas a head start, allowing producers to commission writers or talent to produce a pilot program.

The phrase "made possible by a grant from . . ." is now familiar to everyone. It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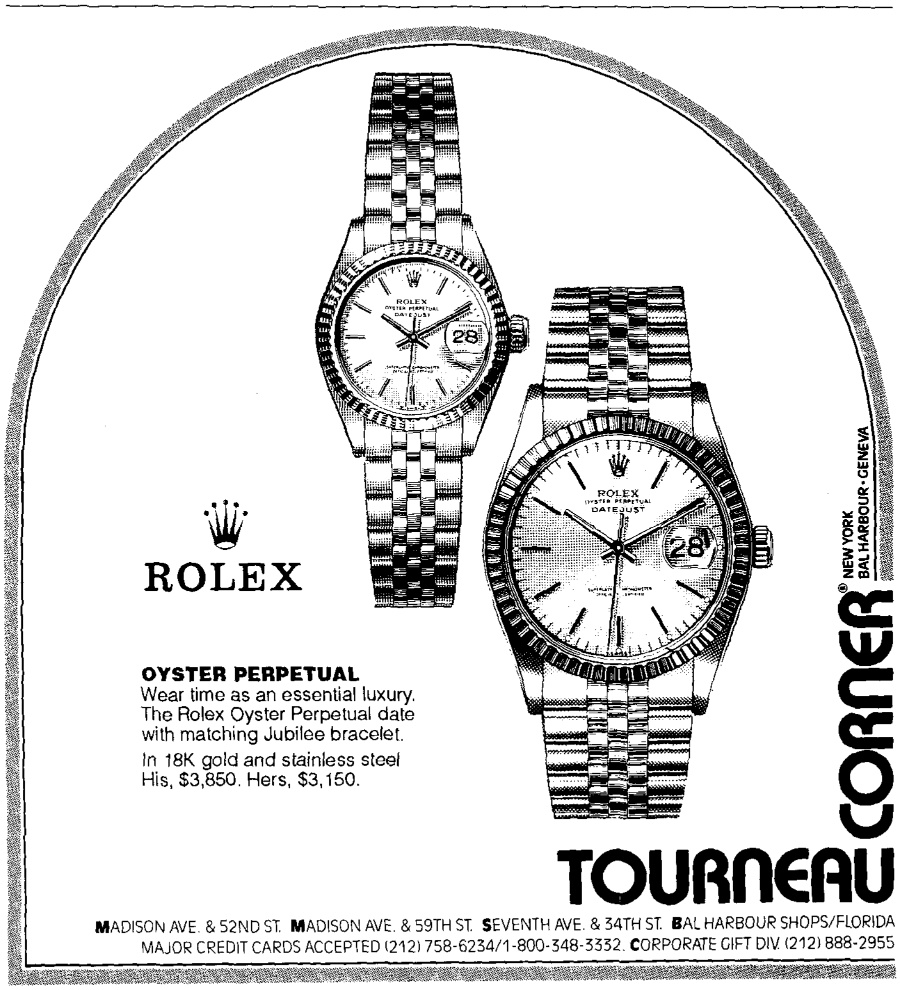

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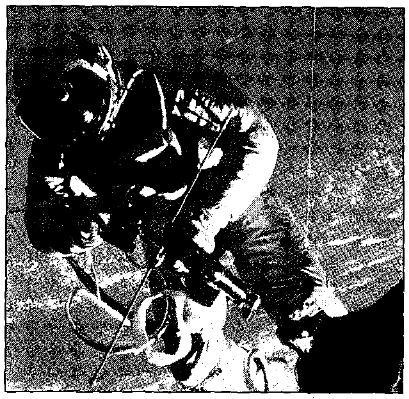
comes from the on-air credits that public television gives to say thanks to the corporations and foundations before and after the programs they fund.

Why do corporations invest in PBS? Because they know PBS is important to their employees and communities. And because they've found that being associated with programming that respects viewers' intelligence is good business. Many hundreds of public-spirited corporations support the national production of programs on public television stations.



"Nova" literally brought the world into focus

courtesy WGBH / Boston

There are other things to fund besides programs. Once a program is made, it must get to the viewer. So programs are fed via public television's satellite interconnection system, which was funded by Congress. At each station, the programs are broadcast from transmitters that may have been built with major contributions from individuals, corporations, and foundations during a station's capital campaign. The transmission is monitored by engineers whose salaries are paid from proceeds from the last on-air membership campaign; they work in a facility that may have been partially funded by the state government.

Meanwhile, the station's fundraising encourages contributions from the community and, of course, from viewers. The on-air pledge drives you see are the most efficient way of reaching people who watch and value public television. Which brings us back to the beginning — the public in public television.

Viewers contribute because they love a program. Or their children are learning from "3-2-1 Contact" or "Square One

TV." Or they appreciate the difference that public television makes in society, in their community, and in their schools. In surveys, viewers say they value their public television station as much as, or more than, their newspapers and arts groups as an enhancement to the community.

Next time you see an appeal for your support on the air or through the mail, think of it as an invitation to join others in your community in a partnership for intelligent television. There's more than just money at stake. As the "public" in public television, you help determine what it is, and what it can be. Viewer support ensures that your station and PBS continue to be responsive to local needs.

PBS will always be the place for bold goals and big dreams — great dramas, performances, instruction, documentaries, science, nature, and public affairs. It's also a place for liveliness and wit, energy and savvy, children and adults.

But you knew that already. PBS is also the place for innovations in lifelong learning. It's the place for bringing the local community together, and uniting hundreds of local communities in common pursuits. It's the place where new technologies allow the blind to "see" television, and the deaf to "hear" it, the place where satellites link classrooms around the world and teachers can unite students in one classroom.

courtesy Frank Goodman Associates

PBS broke the mold of conventional television when it presented "Upstairs, Downstairs"

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about that play forever," and Lou Piniella said, "Eric Davis has the greatest baseball instincts of any player I've ever seen"—but I'm not sure that its full impact came home to the Pirates (who lost the game, 5–3) right away. Bonds, the next man up, now singled and stole second, but stopped there when Bream struck out. In the inning, the Pirates had put together a homer, a double, a single, and a stolen base, all good for one run.

Even at this juncture, the Pirates may have been brooding more about some of the shorter Cincinnati throwing than the amazing stuff coming out of the outfield: thinking about the pitching, I mean. Except in the third game, when the Reds did odious things to the left-hander Zane Smith, the Pirates had enjoyed a little the better of it from their starters so far, but the vastly publicized "Nasty Boys" relief trio was another story. Norm Charlton had surrendered the winning Bucco run in the first game, but Randy Myers had picked up two saves in his three outings to date, and Rob Dibble had struck out ten of sixteen enemy batters. Despite their identical brawn and sullen chins and the heavy-metal handle, the three are not much alike. Charlton (he has a degree in Political Science and Religion and Physical Education from Rice) is a left-handed fastball-forkball-slider pitcher, and will probably be moved back into the starting rotation next year. Dibble offers a slider (now and then) and that White Sands heater, which at times clocks in at better than a hundred and one m.p.h. Pedro Guerrero, the veteran Cardinal slugger, took a pitch like that during one at-bat this summer, and burst out laughing at the mismatch. Dibble's strikeout ratio (K's per nine innings) was 12.5 this year; last season, it was 12.8, the highest in major-league history. Myers, the closer, also throws left, and possesses the full classical repertoire: fastball, curve, slider, change. He has given up the camouflage undies (he still subscribes to *Soldier of Fortune*) that so delighted the writers back when he toiled for the Mets, and now sports a perm. Less of a story, more of a star; more of a pitcher, too.

Dibble will provide copy, in any case. He talked through the playoffs and through the World Series, and on the days in between. He talked on the sidelines, he talked in the dugout, he

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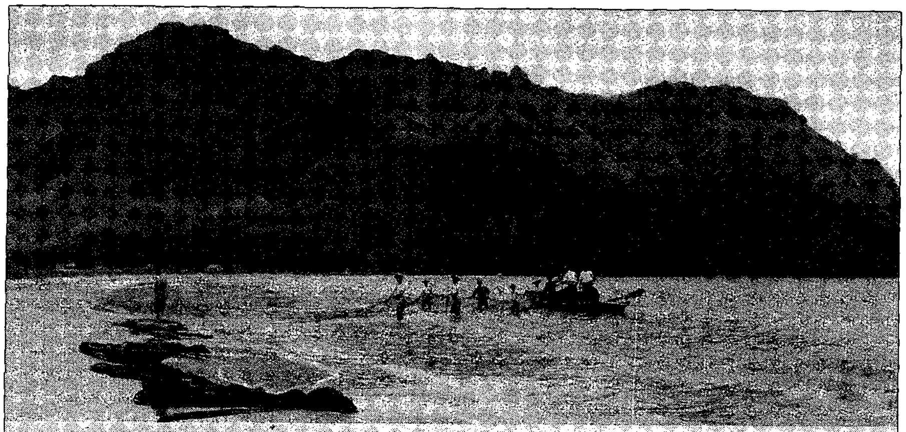
talked in batting practice and in the interview room and in the postgame clubhouse. He was talking, he sometimes explained, because he felt underpaid and underappreciated on the Reds and wanted his story better known, but I think there was more to him than that. There on the sidelines at these games, he had been magically piped into some vast underground source of natural gas, and any reporter whose notebook was running low could pull in at the pump and fill up. In my own notes I find: "I never ice. I take painkillers—Darvon when I get up, and then Medipren and that Canadian stuff, 2-2-2's. They're all legal. I take them during the day and then I never have to worry about my arm. I come to the park and my arm never hurts at all. I know you're supposed to take food with painkillers, but I never eat breakfast. I throw up blood a lot and then I take a Pepto-Bismol."

And: "I never called myself nasty. Randy, he played in New York and he believes all that hype. I used to be more that way, back when I was in high school. I'd drill those showboaty guys—you know, the ones with sweatbands up and down their arms. When I'm out there, there's no thought between me and the catcher. I've been throwing that way since I was eight years old."

Also: "Everyone thinks I dropped off Mars." He is in fact the son of a radio newscaster in Bridgeport, Connecticut. "I worked five years to get here. I worked forms and foundations for a construction company, which is cold, hard work. It makes a man of you. My sister used to call me a dumb jock, but not anymore. She went to Shea this year and heard everybody yelling over me, and she was flabbergasted."

One of those evenings, Dibble wrapped up his last night-school class in front of his locker and then pulled on a brand-new Mario Lemieux Pittsburgh Penguins game shirt before heading out to the team bus. Dibble on hockey is another story, but, mercifully, not one that needs telling here.

The Pirates, with winter closing in, played a fine fifth game behind Doug Drabek, holding a lead from the first inning on, for a change, and barely slipping free from exquisite difficulties in the ninth. It was a sweet farewell to the semi-deserving Pittsburgh hometown fans, who did not fill up their ballpark for this or any other of the



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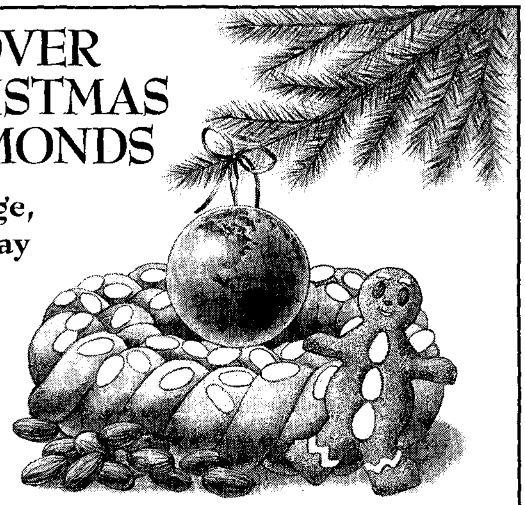

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playoff games, and who somehow never cared enough about Jim Leyland's appealing and spirited young team this year. Back over in Cincinnati, two nights later, the Pirates went down before some more terrific Cincinnati pitching (an omen of things to come), achieving but one lone run and one hit. Lou Piniella proved himself a certified genius when he sent up a pinch-hitter, Luis Quinones, to bat for the tough-out O'Neill and Quinones delivered the game-winning single.

The teams appreciated these games most of all, I think. "This was baseball at its best," Jim Leyland said. Billy Hatcher said, "I still can't sleep at times like this. I'll sleep when all this is over."

Andy Van Slyke, standing on the dark and littered turf at Three Rivers an hour after Game Five wound down, said, "I dream about all this stuff. Out on the field, I fantasize. I want there to be a good fly ball hit to me out there, so I can throw somebody out. I'm thinking, Hit it to me! Hit it to me! Winning this game just gave us two more days of enjoying what we do for a living. That's what I was thinking at the end: I get to play in another baseball game!"

THE FREEZE

A World Series sweep isn't a satisfying sort of story—you'd make it six or seven games if you were still at work on "The Rhinelanders," just to make things harder for your lads before they crash through in late innings—but the Reds played so well from first to last in this one that they defeated tedium as well as the Athletics. So many of them got into the act over this short rush of innings that we fans, although we wanted more games and more baseball, never felt cheated of heroes. There was the engaging and clearly self-startled Billy Hatcher, popping a bubble-gum balloon out in center field as he pulled in a fly ball and then stepping back up to the plate and ripping another line drive; his seven consecutive hits and .750 Series average were records of a very special sort—*record* records. Chris Sabo turned Game Two into a pilot for his own comedy-drama series—"Sluggo," perhaps, with the goggled, buzz-cut, irritable Bart-next-door catching lasers out there and whaling the tar out of the ball, and then stumping angrily down the street when it was over, refusing

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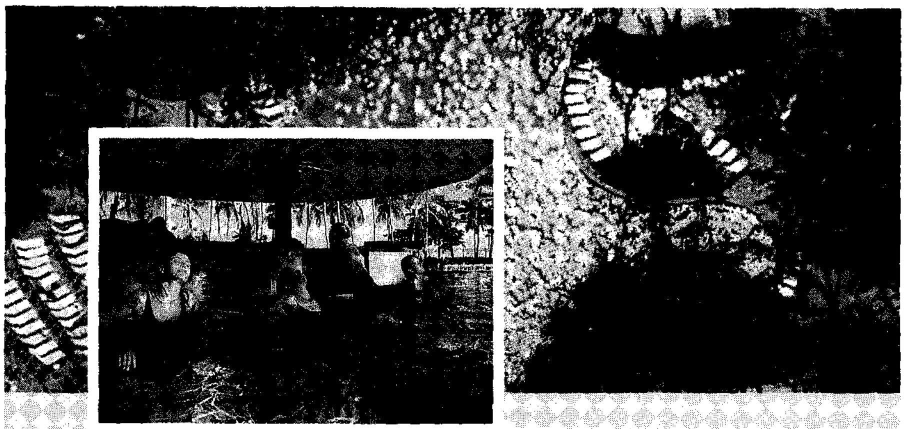
our smiles and shrugging away our pats on the back. Jose Rijo seemed better prepared for good news. Dave Stewart pitched so poorly in the opening game (his fourth-inning departure was his quickest ever in eleven post-season games with the A's, and he had just been voted the Most Valuable Player in the American League playoffs) that Rijo's businesslike 7–0 shutout didn't get much attention. But when the two went at it again, in the tough and austere fourth game, the Series-clincher for the Reds, it was Rijo who came out on top, 2–1. "He outpitched me," Stew said by way of explanation. In the interview room after that game, Rijo kept his right arm around the shoulder of his famous father-in-law, Juan Marichal (who is half a head shorter than he), while holding an unlit fresh cigar in the other hand, and set some sort of non-stop-smiling record at the same time. "Why did I throw so many sliders?" he said at one point. "So they can't hit it!" I was pleased about Rijo, whom I remembered from his unhappy first year, with the 1984 Yankees, when George Steinbrenner kept insisting that his rookie fastballer was the equal of that other kid across town, Dwight Gooden. I'd seen Jose work for the Athletics as well—he went west in the first Rickey Henderson trade—when he was still falling a bit short of his potential. Now he'd got it together and then some: he was the World Series M.V.P.

Lou Piniella was a Boy Edison in these games—everything he tried worked—and his success this fall was very popular with the New York beat writers, who remembered his two stints as manager of the Yankees, a few years back, and the class he'd brought to that toilsome post. I can still see him standing on the Stadium sidelines at batting practice, with his chin in the air and his cap (which always looked as if he'd taken it fresh out of the box that day) tipped up above his bangs, while he paused and tried to think of something diplomatic but unevasive to say about the latest odorous bit of news from the boss. I remember him as a Yankee player, too, of course, and the great swings on the ball he unfailingly produced in the hard games. All that and the famous rages—the hat on the ground, the arms upraised, something flying though the air. After he lost it out there one night while managing the Yankees, his wife, Anita, said,



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"I'm forty-three years old and I'm married to a five-year-old." His Reds were way up for this Series, both icy and incandescent, but Lou was never at a loss to explain that. He pointed out that the close, hard-fought playoff games with the Pirates had been wonderful sharpeners, and that being in first place all year had put the Reds "under scrutiny" from first to last. "Our ball club is basically defense and pitching," he said, "and with that you play a lot of close games. We weren't intimidated at all."

Notable to me as well was the fact that he always spoke of his players as if they and he were the same age. The Reds are youthful but not brand-new; the great majority are in their mid to upper twenties, with three to four major-league seasons under their belts. They are remarkably athletic—it is not a quality one can attribute to every team—and when Piniella, an old pro but a new one for them, came aboard he found a bunch that was dying to win. Ron Schueler (just the other day, he took the post of general manager with the White Sox) scouted Cincinnati for the Athletics in the late season, and noticed how tight and tentative the Reds were before they clinched the National League West—and how relaxed and dangerous thereafter. They came into the post-season as underdogs, with no burden of expectation on their backs, and one of the first pleasures of the 1991 season will be to see how they play when that is turned around and they have to go out there and be great every day. I think they'll thrive on it.

Beyond all this, the Reds were *hot* in October—in the zone where line drives fly off your bat more often than pop-ups, where the slider always shaves the final eighth of an inch off the outer border of the plate, where the enemy one-bounce screamer comes up in your glove, and where your own half-hit turf-hopper goes over the third baseman's head and hits the line, winning the game. There is no explanation for this when it comes along—players who are hot and those in the deep freeze both throw up their hands and shrug when you ask about it: enjoy it when it comes, they say, because it sure won't last. But, hot or cold, the Reds would have won this one (it says here)—in four games or seven. They were not to be beaten. After Game Three, Tony La Russa said, "I've pitched them up

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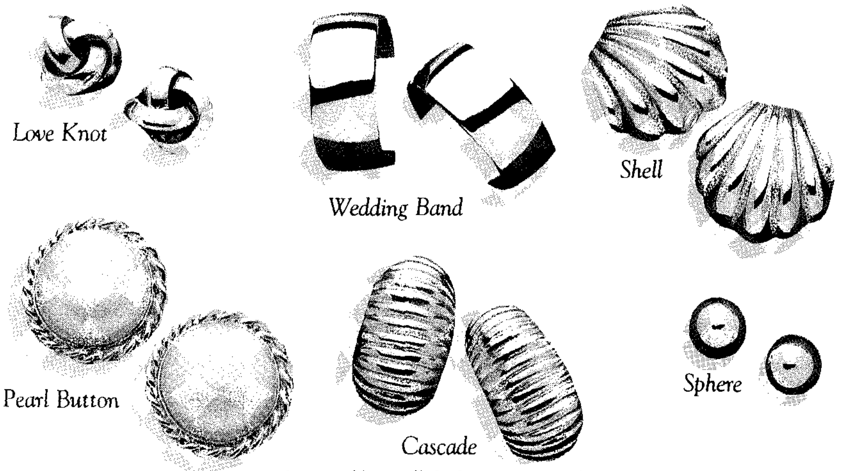

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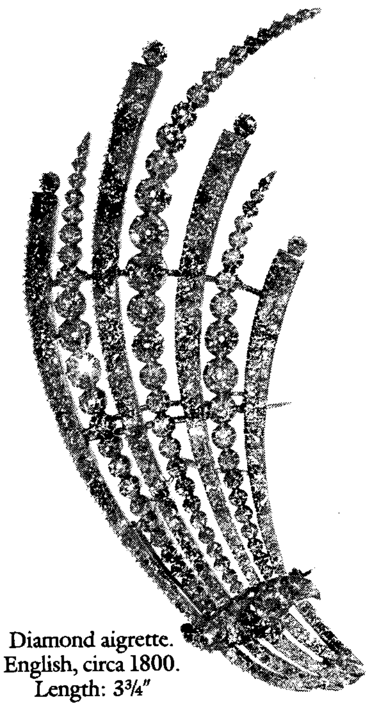

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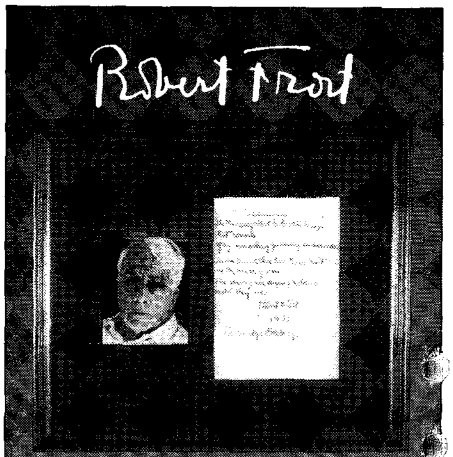
and down and in and out, and they still rough us up. We throw them off-speed pitches up in the strike zone, and they hit them. We throw them down and away, and they hit them. We stopped them for the last six innings tonight, but it was a seven-run inning too late. All in all, they've beaten the shit out of us."

Game Two has appeared more than once in this account, but it deserves a little more buffing. Rickey Henderson led it off with a patented single and stolen base, and came home on a sacrifice, but, tellingly, it was one of the few moments in post-season play when the Cincinnatis failed to put up the first score. This was by *plan*, if such a thing is possible, for the Cincinnati strategists had agreed that keeping the A's behind in the Series was the only way to keep Rickey in check: he would be a mite more careful out on the base paths with his club down a run or two. The Reds now responded with an instant pair of their own, still in the first, but Oakland went back on top with three more runs in the third, one of them a home run by Jose Canseco (it was his only hit in the Series). The catchup seemed to take forever, and waiting for it wrung out the Riverfront Stadium crowd, but even before those Capra touches at the end—the little-known speedster Billy Bates legging out a single in the tenth and then coming home on Joe Oliver's bouncer over Lansford's reach—you had the feeling that it was the old champions who were bending and wincing under the strain. Canseco got a late start on Hatcher's leadoff drive in the eighth, which eluded his twisting, over-the-head lunge and fell in for a triple, and Hatcher then came in with the tying run on an infield out. Tony La Russa was blunt about it afterward, saying that Canseco's was the kind of play that had to be made if you expected to win. There was also room to doubt Tony's decision to keep his starter, Bob Welch, out there into the eighth, instead of calling on his famous bullpen to hold the lead. As it was, Eckersley came on in the tenth, succeeding Honeycutt but now in the unfamiliar role of trying to hold a tie, and he was racked for three hits and the loss—what he calls a "walk-off piece." All through these games, La Russa was oddly hesitant about going to his relievers; it was as if he were saving them for another



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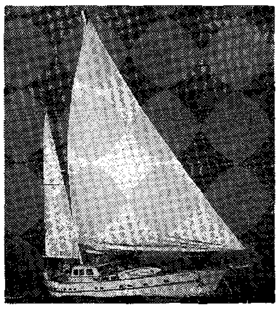

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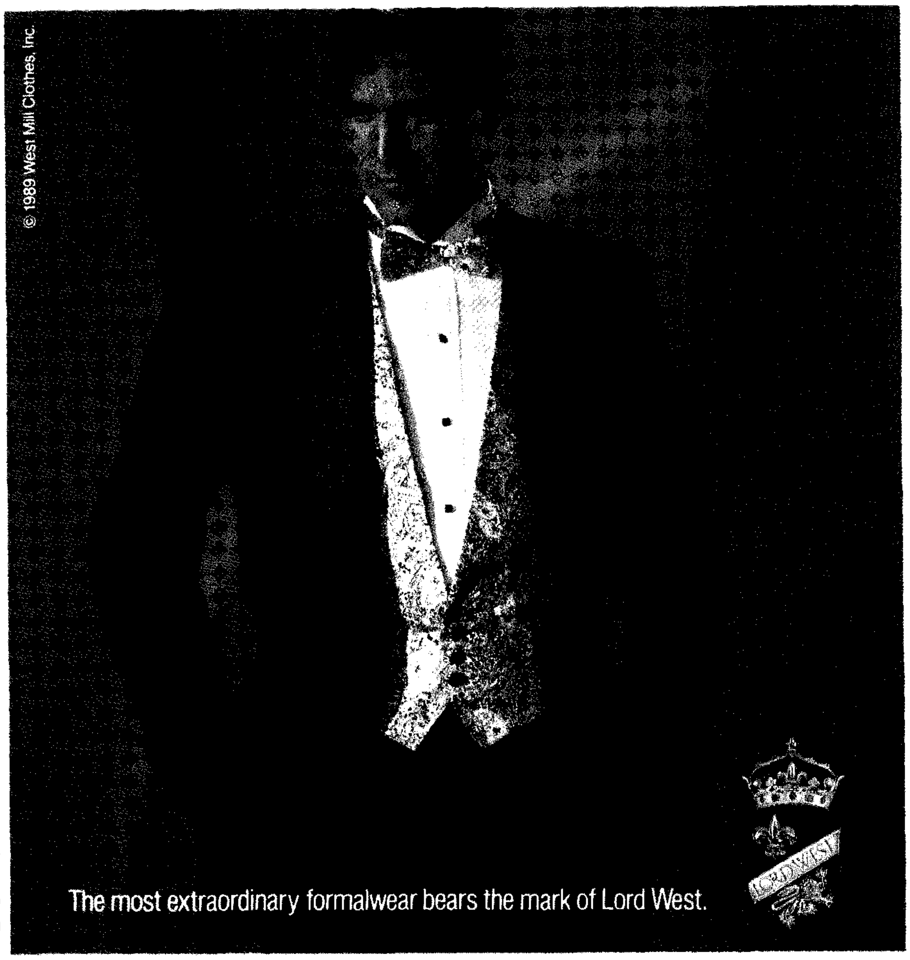
I feel uneasy about such second-guessing, which lessens the Reds' accomplishment and also seems to put me in the vociferous company of fans who turned on the Athletics with distaste, almost with scorn, as they lost. "I never liked them" was a popular refrain, and it would be followed with irritable comments about Canseco's ego and Canseco's salary, Mark McGwire's fallibility against inside pitching, La Russa's intellectual hauteur, and so forth. There was also a barely hidden satisfaction among some front-office people in both leagues, which (to me, at least) arose from the brilliant trading and drafting coups executed by Sandy Alderson and his Oakland colleagues over the past five or six years. Just this summer, the A's took a chance when they drafted and then signed Todd Van Poppel, the best high-school pitching prospect in the land, whom other clubs had bypassed because it was believed that he would go to college to play ball next year. Then, late in the summer, Oakland traded for the Rangers' Harold Baines (as a badly needed left-handed d.h. bat) and for the Cardinals' Willie McGee (to fill in for the ailing Canseco and Dave Henderson in the outfield)—pennant-insuring moves that several needier teams could have tried as well, if they had thought of them and had been willing to take the risk. This sort of stuff makes for respect if you can go on winning and bashing elbows, but if you win and win and then fall on your face, you will be suddenly popular in a new way.

"From dynasty to travesty in two games," Alderson said wryly on the Oakland bench when the teams went West, and he remained for an hour of reporters' questions about what was happening to the A's and why. Excuses were available to him—the absence of shortstop Walt Weiss, who had torn up a knee in the playoffs (his loss made almost as big a hole in the batting order, I felt, as in the middle of the infield), and Canseco's damaged back, which made it impossible for him to uncock his hips when swinging the bat and thus had made for his new and awkward open stance—but of course he offered none. The A's are a proud, high-class organization, and the pain and shock they felt as they expired in the Series—a colleague of mine who watched the games by television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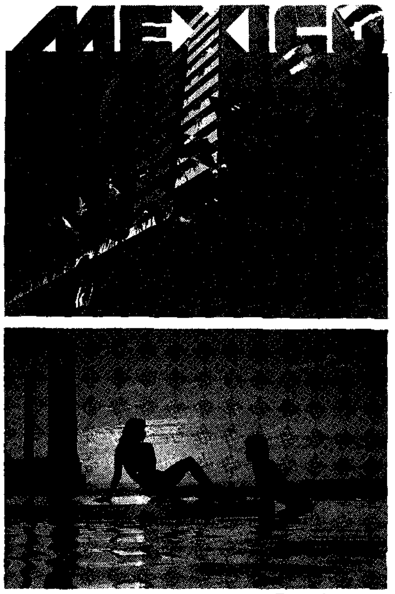

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told me that La Russa's folded arms and funereal phiz in the dugout reminded him of Dante contemplating the circles of Hell—should have been plain enough to silence our carping. "Losing feels worse than people tell me it ought to feel," Tony said unsmilingly in his office after it was over, and when somebody asked if all this would leave a scar, he paused and gave the man that dead-level look of his and said, "There's nothing wrong with a scar."

THE DYNASTS

Sudden extraordinary success is very different from sustained high quality over a long period of time, and this short series gave us a chance to consider both of these rarities. For me, the most impressive aspect of the Reds' victory wasn't what Rijo did or what Hatcher did, or even what their bullpen went on doing—the A's scored no runs at all after the third inning in any Series game. It was the way they hit the ball. In the third inning of the third game, the Reds scored twice against Mike Moore, going back ahead by 3–2. Up in my press perch in the top grandstand, I entered the symbols in my scorecard and took stock. Two runs were in, but there were two out now, and the Reds' advantage looked trifling. Moore had been knocked about, but the Athletics' bullpen was up and throwing, and the Cincinnati pitcher, Tom Browning, had looked no less frail so far. Too much action, but otherwise not a bad game, and with the Athletics now at home playing on grass before their vociferous fans, I felt that they still held a little advantage in the night's business. Stew would go again on the morrow, and it was possible to think that the teams would be even-up twenty-six or twenty-seven hours from now, with the best part of the Series just ahead.

Well, no. Chris Sabo smashed Moore's third pitch into the left-field stands. It was his second homer of the game. Benzinger singled, and La Russa came out at last and called in Scott Sanderson, a 17–11 starter with the A's this year. Sanderson threw a wild pitch and then essayed an off-speed breaking ball to catcher Joe Oliver, who whacked a double into the left-field corner, driving home the fifth run of the inning. Mariano Duncan singled, and Barry Larkin, up for the second time in the inning, tripled to the wall in left-center. That was all—seven runs on six hits in the inning—but it would suffice. The Reds won the game, 8–3. The crowd, of course, had gone mute during the onslaught, and all you could hear in the crammed, festive bowl was the droning reverberation of two advertising towplanes circling in the late sunshine overhead. No one said anything, but we understood. Just like that, the Series was over.

I have some experience in these October adventures, but the latter sector of this Reds half-inning—homer, single, double, single, triple—didn't match anything in my memory. It wasn't the scariness of the totals—there have been plenty of other eruptions in Series play—as much as the deadly timing of the assault: very early in a pivotal game that the other team knew it had to win. This sort of hitting comes along sometimes in spring training, and you laugh at it, because you know how freaky it is; you could watch batting practice for a week and never see its like. In a World Series, it feels very different, and the still reverberating echoes of that inning make me believe that these Reds must be ranked very high among the perpetrators of famous upsets in these games—along with the 1914 Braves, let's say, or with the 1954 Giants, who swept a Cleveland Indians team that had won a hundred and eleven games and had beaten out the Yankees in the process. That 1954 Yankees club won a hundred and three games but finished eight games in arrears, and their failure to make it into the World Series that fall was the only interruption in what would otherwise have been a stretch of ten consecutive pennants, with seven World Championships. Now, *there* was a dynasty.

The Athletics are not a dynasty after all—the Ming cracked in the kiln—and the widespread disappointment in this Series seems to arise from that, for some reason. No team has won consecutive World Series since the Yankees did it in 1977 and '78, while the hairy, green-and-gold, Jackson-Bando-Rudi Oakland A's were the last three-straight champions, earlier in that decade. We want that back—we almost insist on it. You heard "dynasty" all summer, as if it had become the only baseball speculation left to us. Fans I've heard from now speak of the present Athletics with scorn because they lost

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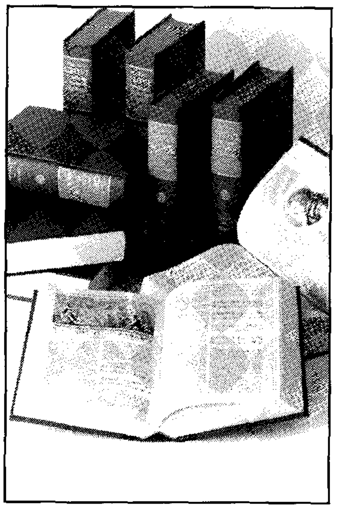

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the World Series in 1988 and now here in 1990, but it's interesting that the veterans among the Reds don't feel that way. "I'll tell you, I'm glad we don't have to play them in the regular season next year," Billy Hatcher said. Why the A's went so flat is something that the Oakland management will be thinking and consulting about all winter, but it's my own feeling that the club will be no less formidable next summer. Winning your division is by far the hardest thing to do in baseball—all the players are in agreement about that—and these Athletics have now done it three times running. Their three-year won-and-lost total comes out to 306–180. (The next-nearest total, for any club, is the Mets' 278–206 in that span, while third-best is the Blue Jays' 262–224—which puts those teams twenty-eight games and forty-four games to the bad, compared with Oakland.) Down the years, twenty-four different teams have won three hundred games or better over three seasons. The best such record in the modern era is the Orioles' three hundred and eighteen wins in 1969, 1970, and 1971. That Earl Weaver club (how well I remember it!) also lost the World Series in their first October and again in the third—to the upstart Mets and then to the Pirates—but no one mentioned the word "dynasty" back then or mourned the missing of it. Sports mean more to us now, I keep hearing. We demand more—or perhaps it's less.

The baseball story we really want to hear may be a primer. If there is no dynasty, then we must dismiss the old kings and the aging knights from our thoughts and mutter harsh things about them as they leave the hall. They didn't try, they weren't noble after all. We turn our attention to a new tale, with fresh faces and different names in it, and glorious adventures. These are heroes for sure: they are young, and they renew all our hopes. The other story goes on, to be sure, but it is a more demanding sort of reading. Its heroes are grown up and their work is more like our own: a hard year-to-year struggle to find or define quality and to hold on to it, if they can—to do well and to persist in that enormous effort. It's a story of complexity and perhaps also of middle age, but there are some of us who find vivid interest in that, and more lasting rewards.

—Roger Angell

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

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IF all the energy that goes into mulling over, finding, wrapping, and dispensing Christmas presents were harnessed, what would it fuel? Colored lights strung from Akron to Zagreb? A trip to the moon? Real Goods Trading Company, based in Northern California, can supply, for someone intent on producing light with his or her own steam, a hundred-watt bicycle-powered generator–battery charger. The generator comes with a stand that can be adapted to hold any regular or stationary bicycle, and a person pedalling fast can produce enough power to keep a television on; $275. For diehards who live in the woods rather than in the urban wilds, Real Goods offers solar-powered electrical systems called Remote Home Kits, which, depending on their size, can supply from thirty to two hundred and twenty-five amp-hours of power a day. (A sixty-amp-hour unit is sufficient for a household using conservation strategies—a propane refrigerator-freezer, cooking stove, and water heater, and D.C. lighting—and has enough juice left over to run a computer, a sewing machine, a vacuum, and a blender.) Prices range from $995 to $8,995. Those who live in breeze-buffeted places might like to be hooked up to a Windseeker II Wind Generator, which puts out three hundred watts an hour in thirty-mile-an-hour winds. It weighs eighteen pounds, and is made of marine-grade metals, to stand up to use near the ocean; the twelve-volt model is $875. On the low-tech end, Real Goods can provide a durable four-ply-plastic bag called the Solar Shower. It holds five gallons of water and has a no-leak shower nozzle rather than the leaky spout all too familiar to New Age Ben Franklins who have tried to rig up such showers themselves. The price is $12. The address of Real Goods is 966 Mazzoni Street, Ukiah, California 95482; telephone 800 762-7325.

Wind & Weather, a concern that operates out of the Albion Street Water Tower in Mendocino (P.O. Box 2320, Mendocino, California 95460; telephone 800 922-9463), specializes in old-fashioned weather predictors, and somebody who doesn't mind if a weathervane points out the wind's direction without starting up the microwave might make room for a vane in the form of a pewter-finished aluminum flying goose, with a width of eleven inches; $85. A hand-hammered, hand-soldered copper Angel Gabriel is made by a New England family named Tinkham and sent out to Mendocino, and, if the recipient doesn't have a roof on which to fasten him, Gabriel, who, with his trumpet, is thirty-two inches across and fifteen inches high, would do all right over the mantel; he's $347. For the same price, the Tinkhams have hammered out a replica of the Mount Vernon dove, holding an olive branch in its beak. The company can also supply barometers, such as a five-inch round one with a brass bezel and a mahogany case; $52. Seven dollars sent to the water tower will buy, for a member of the no-props school of weather forecasting, a cloud chart, with photographs for help in identifying what's looming on the horizon.

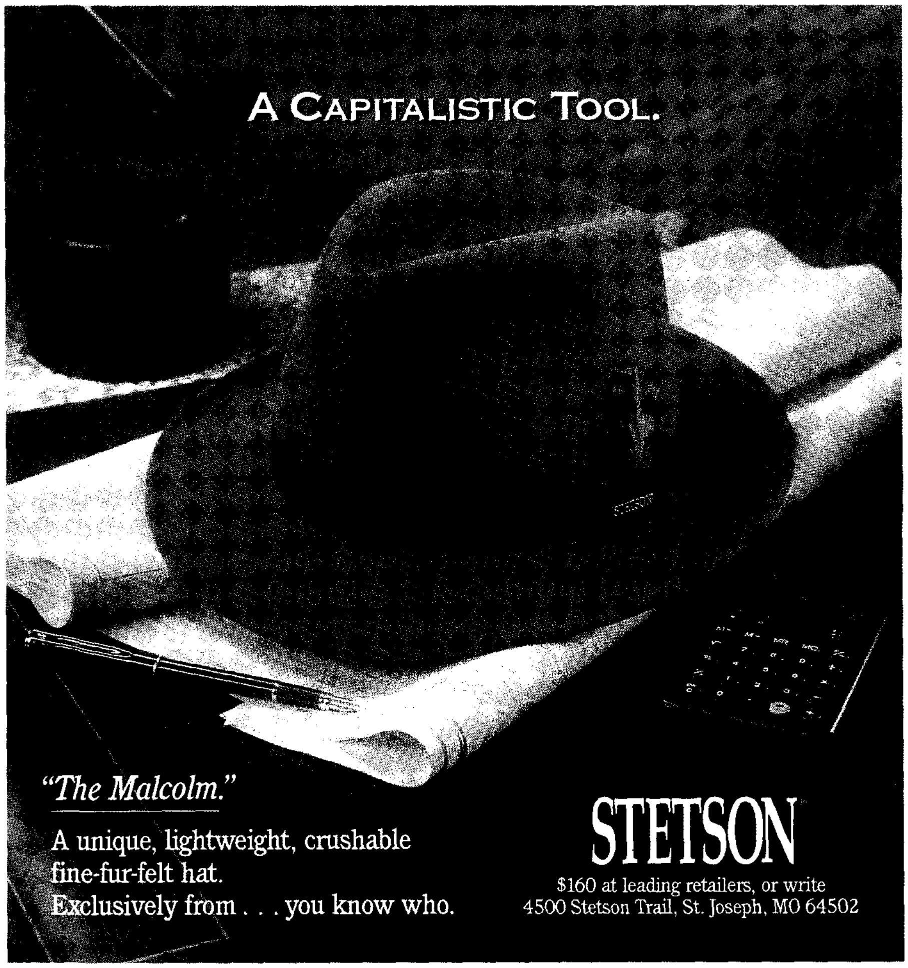
"With *any* telescope you can see the moons of Jupiter," Norman Buitta, of Quark, a purveyor of space-age instruments at 537 Third Avenue (36th), told us. "You just see them a little better as you move up the ladder." To give a stargazer a foot on the first rung, you might present him with a Meade refractor telescope with a sixty-millimetre lens. The telescope, which weighs about eight pounds, has a wooden tripod, and is good for objects at short distances. "It's

"Mom, Dad, this is Eddie, my heart's shaman!"

not a toy," Mr. Buitta said, "but stars will look like bigger stars." The price is $249. To see star systems in deep space, the Meade miniature motorized telescope may be the ticket. (The motor keeps the barrel moving in a slow arc, so that what you're looking at doesn't slide out of view if you take your eye off it for a second.) It's about the third rung on the ladder, and costs $1,300. The top rung is about $5,000.

For those who would rather listen to the great beyond than look at it, Quark an supply, for $169, the Yacht Boy shortwave radio, by Grundig. On its face is a clock that indicates time around the world, and also a map that lights up and pinpoints various cities. The radio is accompanied by a useful little booklet that contains a station index, in which you learn, for instance, that by tuning to 11.795 on the 25m broadcast band you get "Cyclops, Malta." Quark also has a department of skulduggery, whose inventory includes night-vision scopes and wristwatch cameras. Of the latter (which come with a developer kit) Mr. Buitta says, "Guys who buy this, we never see them again." The prices for the spy cameras start at around $200. Someone who doesn't like to go out much might appreciate receiving a screening room installed by the Quark staff. Such a room includes a sound system, a projector, a six-to-ten-foot screen, and Sheetrock or other materials for the walls, and costs about $15,000; the company mentions that for a couple who used to go to the movies a few times a month the installation would pay for itself in about twenty years. For intrepid types who insist on getting out of the house, Quark stocks a bicycle that, while it won't run a television, will fold up to a size that can easily be taken on the subway or checked in a cloakroom. It's from Sweden and is made of anodized aluminum; $598.

Interesting bikes are all around town this year; people in the market for a classic English black bicycle can pick one up at Hammacher Schlemmer, 147 East 57th, a store that is to adults what F.A.O. Schwarz is to their children. The bicycle, a three-speeder, is made by Pashley, and has an enclosed chaincase, a leather seat, an attached air pump, and a bell. The men's version has a paper rack on the back, and the women's has a wicker basket on the front, like the one Toto jumped out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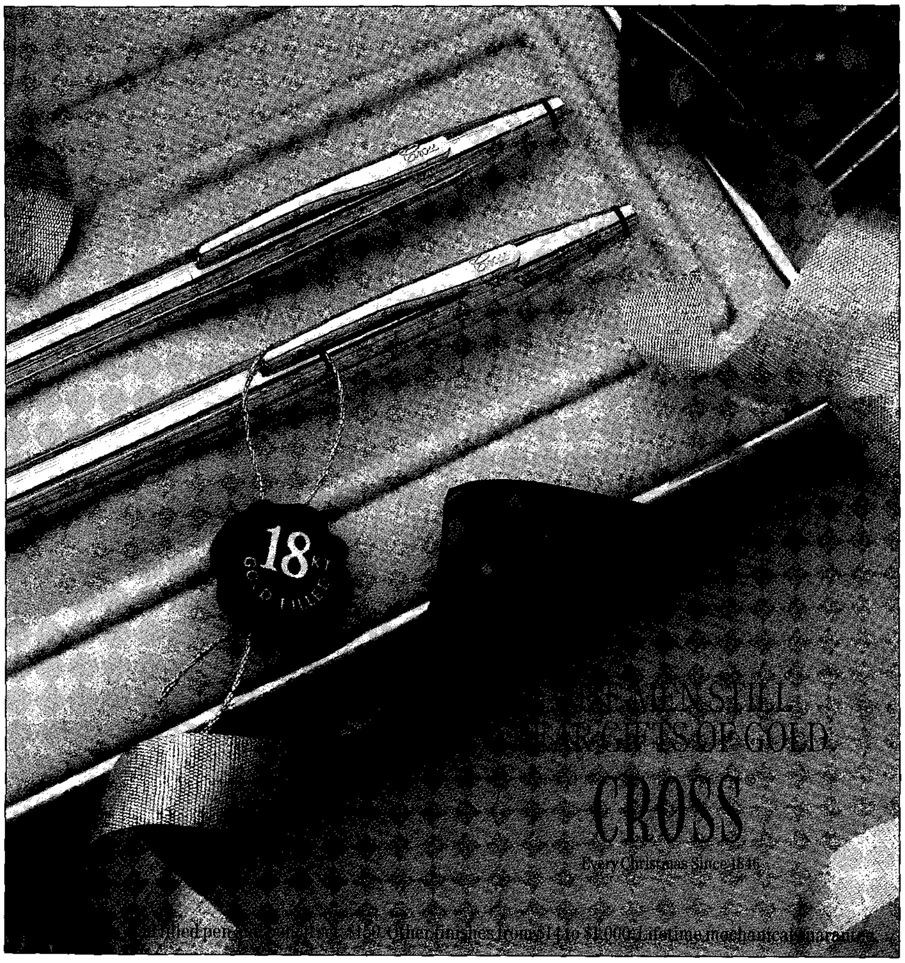
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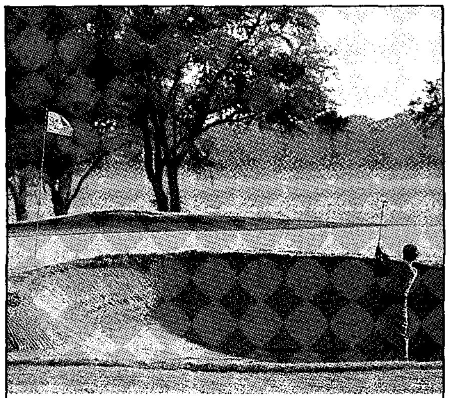

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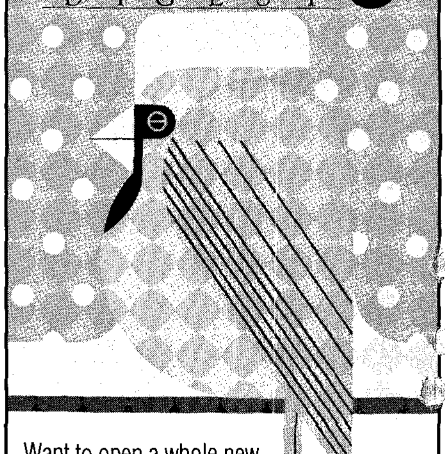
of. The bicycle is $599. Hammacher Schlemmer also has a wind-defying fifty-one-inch umbrella: it's guaranteed not to turn itself inside out even in a forty-mile-an-hour gale. (Anything stronger, it seems to be saying, and you should be in the cellar.) The shaft is fibreglass, the ribbing is doubled steel, and the canopy is white and Technicolor blue; $29.95.

FOR do-it-yourselfers and their distant cousins the Sunday tinkerers, someone indulgent might pedal to Garrett Wade, at 161 Sixth Avenue (Spring). A carpenter of our acquaintance is much taken with the firm's polished-aluminum toolbox. It's ten and a half inches wide, eighteen inches long, and just under a foot deep. It weighs eleven pounds, empty, and has four trays, which fold out, revealing fourteen compartments. The uses of this box go beyond holding hammers. It can help one sort out piles of things that might otherwise be stuffed into a pantry drawer; we once saw a makeup man who kept his brushes in a carpenter's belt and used a toolbox to hold lipsticks. This box is $145. Men and women who, in a fit of holiday cheer, are just getting around to scraping the paint off closet moldings might be pleased to receive a Gilt-Edge Sorby Chisel Set. The bevels are diamond-honed, for sharpness, and the rosewood handles are fitted with solid-brass bolsters. Five chisels, ranging from a quarter inch to an inch in width, make up the set; $128.95. French peasant knives by Opinel have wooden handles, and the trademark printed on the blade is a crown hovering over a hand, suggesting that work done by hand is worthy of kings; the number of raised fingers on the hand indicates the approximate length of the blade: two, three, or four inches, for $8.50, $8.95, or $10.50. For slightly bigger jobs Wade provides an eight-inch brass-backed dovetail saw with an open beechwood handle, for $55.20. The blade has nineteen teeth per inch and is engraved with the legends "Perfect Balance and Temper" and "Pax."

The term "Do it yourself" applies to those who work in media other than plaster, mortar, and wood, and in this city there are clothing designers who, after drawing a garment, run it up themselves with care and attention, and are always ready to adapt a design to suit a customer. Among them is Mari-



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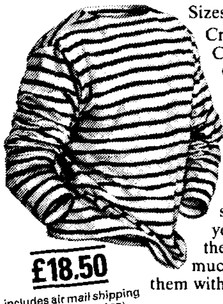

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anne Novobatzky, who has moved from her shop on Thompson Street and now shows her appealing, well-made clothes in a storefront with big windows at the corner of Mercer and Broome. "These are fabrics from my former life," Ms. Novobatzky, who was born in Hungary, told us on the day we stopped by to visit. "I've made them up into vests for the husbands of my clients." The vests are cotton velveteen in tiny prints the colors of autumn leaves. They have silk backs, back belts, and antique horn buttons, and any one of them might be worn with aplomb while fixing the angel to the top of the tree; $160 apiece. Ms. Novobatzky specializes in clothes for women who like to stand out in a crowd without being stared at. For parties she offers an Arthur Rackham overblouse in écru silk georgette with mulberry polka dots. The blouse floats to below the hips, and a little cape is an integral part of the bodice, covering the arms to the elbows like an outsized collar. Silk-covered buttons close the front placket; the blouse is $185. Here, too, for making a different impression, is a short, strapless red velvet party dress, lined in candy-box-pink silk. It has a heart-shaped bodice, and looks like a valentine. It's $300, and to slip over it, or over a little black dress hanging around from last year, Ms. Novobatzky has made some bolero jackets with puffed sleeves which look like wearable tree ornaments. One, of violet organza trimmed with muslin, is $150, and another, of iridescent Swiss silk brocade that looks like a smudged watercolor, is $250. The workroom is stocked with bolts of challis, faille, wool, cotton, and linen, and any of the blouses, daytime suits and dresses, and jackets and trousers here can be made to order in a fabric of the customer's choice.

Those who admire the practicality of pouches worn around the waist for convenience and safety but don't like the look of them might prefer the version made up by Hans Koch, who designs and sells leather goods a few blocks north and west, at 174 Prince Street (Thompson). The pouch of Mr. Koch's black calf wallet belt measures five inches by six, and the black leather strap can be fitted to any size by means of an adjustable knot. The price is $180, and the wallet and belt may be worn by either men or women. (Mr. Koch wears his on Saturdays to the farmers' market in Union Square.) And a wearer can turn the belt into a shoulder strap, thereby turning the wallet into a small shoulder bag. An original collection of handbags is also to be found here, among them a pouch whose curves are outlined with matching leather piping. In one example, the bag is fuchsia leather lined with blue leather, and the shoulder strap is a purple leather cord. A classic envelope bag comes in brown textured leather, and measures eight inches by ten. Any bag can be made up in any color, and the prices range from $100 to $350. The shop sells ingeniously constructed belts as well, almost all of which close by means of adjustable buckles or slipknots. There are upward of forty styles: one consists of four textured straps of different colors (rust, brown, sienna, and loden) woven together in a way that brings to mind those interlocking rings which stand for friendship; another is a single strap of blue, which closes by means of a porcelain bead hand-painted with Chinese characters

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David Clark, *Audio* Magazine, Sept. '89

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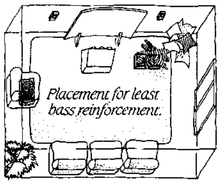
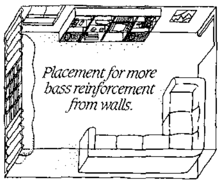
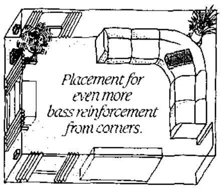


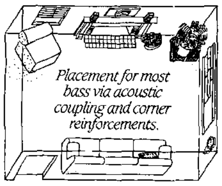
Placement for least bass reinforcement.



Placement for more bass reinforcement from walls.



Placement for even more bass reinforcement from corners.



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that, according to Mr. Koch, have something to do with Chinese dynasties. The belts range in effect from the businesslike to the elaborate and in price from $90 to $210. Mr. Koch also makes leather bracelets. Some are Lilliputian versions of his belts, with gems—cinnabar, African amber, jade—in place of buckles. The bracelets cost from $40 to $90; one called the Black Beauty has multiple strands of black leather, which resemble elephant hairs, strung with clusters of nineteen-twenties Beijing glass beads—purple and gold on one version of the bracelet, blue on another, and milky-white and silver on a third. The last looks like a night view of the bridges crossing the East River. The price is $90.

Quina Fonseca, a milliner who may be visited by appointment in her atelier, on Lafayette Street (353-1765), used to be a costume designer, and turned to hats only a few years ago, after apprenticing herself to Cleo Romagnoli, the prima donna of Roman hatmakers, who has worked quietly for years on the Via Gregoriana, at the top of the Spanish Steps. Ms. Fonseca, the daughter of the Uruguayan sculptor Gonzalo Fonseca, brings an architectonic vision to hats, and she has two tenets: (1) a hat is a collaboration between the designer and the client, and (2) what she's really selling first is the *idea* of wearing a hat. Ms. Fonseca herself always wears a hat, and her efforts, which might easily cover any stage in the life of Eliza Doolittle, include her signature hat, a blue-black wool-felt porkpie festooned with a velvet band and a silk rose, which she describes as "not a precious hat—you can wear it in the rain. Other hats are bowlers revved up with taffeta ribbon (around the crown) and brimmed caps of black-and-white stretch cotton from Japan which might be worn by men or women. One particularly novel hat, in persimmon fur felt, has a spiralling crown like a permanently open small accordion. Ms. Fonseca describes the hats as "serious but not sombre." All the hats are hand-blocked and are one of a kind, and a carte-blanche visit might be just the thing for a woman who has been longing for a hat but losing her nerve. The prices start at $75 and go up to around $200.

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800 441-2538), has recycling on its mind, and for those who spent eleven days of last Christmas fretting over how many trees were cut down to wrap the gifts under the Scotch pine it offers recycled-sugarcane-fibre wrapping paper from Bangladesh. The paper is printed with raspberry, purple, yellow, and pink pinwheels, and two packets—four sheets in each, measuring nineteen and a half inches by twenty-seven and a half—cost $7.50. Forest Saver notepads, headed with printed lines for the date and the subject in order to keep track of pickup schedules for animal, vegetable, and mineral trash, are of light-green recycled paper; twelve pads of forty pages each—the paper is typewriter-size—are $29.95. Seventh Generation is also full of praise for something called Green Cotton. The appellation is political, not descriptive: the cloth is the color of old piano keys. It has not been bleached, dyed, or treated with formaldehyde, and one can get dressing gowns made of it that have patch pockets, amply cut sleeves, and tie sashes; the gowns are $95, and can be worn by either men or women. A set of four sturdy cotton string shopping bags is $16.95. And a bird-feeder kit that does not include the feeder—an empty sixty-four-ounce plastic bottle—comes with a booklet called "Feeding the Birds"; $19.95.

With a good measure of success, the Women's Store at Barneys has since its opening, four years ago, been recycling the idea of a large store that nonetheless provides its customers with attentive service in peaceful surroundings. Even the soft twitter overheard in the café is old-fashioned: people are still saying things like "I saw that jacket in Milan, but they didn't have it in my size." Up on the sixth floor, a quilted green satin Chanel parka is trimmed at the neck, the front placket, and the pockets with black satin; the parka closes with gold buttons. By this time next year, it is sure to have become a piece of Chanelabilia, but some woman may be glad of it now to keep out the wind; $2,825. A red satin wrap cut like a housecoat, with one patch pocket in an abstract shape to distinguish it, is $2,170; it was designed by the busy Karl Lagerfeld. On the fifth floor, a wrap dress with a bodice like an upside-down tulip has been sent over by the dauphin of dress-up, Christian Lacroix. The dress, from his prêt-à-porter collection, is red silk brocade, cut above the knee; $3,390. For fans of Donna Karan, the designer who has made her mark by turning the girl wearing a leotard under her dress into an executive, the fifth floor offers a pair of eight-button-length cashmere gloves, in camel, with a bit of crochet at the hem; $130. A brown or butternut suède belt, also by Karan, is narrower in the middle than at either end, and closes with an oval buckle; $260.

Many women who wouldn't dream of picking out anything but all-cotton lingerie for themselves might be pleased to receive a variation from a loved one. Barneys offers some very pretty tap pants of slub silk, trimmed with alençon lace. These, by Maryvonne, are $130; matching bras are $125, culottes are $135, and garter belts, with silk-covered buttons rather than snaps, are $145. The colors are Odette ivory, Odile black, and Sugarplum pink. Silk-chiffon camisoles by Christine & Company, in celery, are $90 apiece. For sobersides, black-and-white checked flannel robes are made

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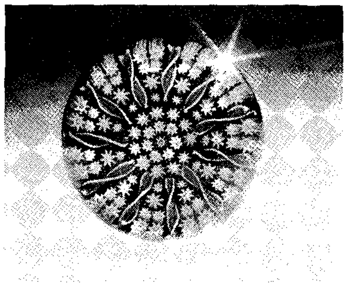

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by La Gioconda, New York, and have two patch pockets; $125. Barneys also carries a line of long-sleeved Italian hope-chest nightgowns, of white cotton. No two we saw were alike, but among them were one with a yoke of Burano lace and lace-covered buttons, and one on which French knots of blue and pink dot the bodice like distant balloons. Prices range from $200 to $250. And, for wearing out to dinner along with one's paste tiara, there's a fake-mink jacket that looks so like the real thing that perhaps its mission is compromised; it's $495.

Shoppers who would rather not go upstairs at all could easily make do with a visit to Barneys' first floor. Someone who is fond of the heavy-opal look of Lalique glass and likes to keep busy might enjoy a thumb-size Lalique spinning top that resembles a parasol in a Hiroshige print. The colors are blue, persimmon, yellow, and caterpillar green, and the price is $65. Lalique rings, as round as sourballs, are $180, and come in lime, plum, and topaz. For women—givers and receivers—who hold firmly this season to the idea that a little luxury might be made to go a long way, Pucci-inspired tights, patterned from hips to toes with kaleidoscopic swirls, are $22, and are made in France, by Dore Dore. The Italian company Arco has contributed, for ceremonial occasions, a handsome bottle opener on which the working part, made of horn, has the squat shape of an Easter Island icon; $55. And, for anyone not old enough to own a Martini strainer already, Barneys can supply one in sterling silver, in exchange for $65. Persons old enough to have broken themselves of the habit of chewing on pen stems might be given one of a number of desk implements of silver and burled wood, such as a ballpoint pen ($125), a fountain pen ($155), a letter opener ($75), or a magnifying glass ($95). Half of Barneys' first floor is given over to floating islands of cosmetic counters, but in the last wood-panelled niche, in the southwest corner, we found, to stuff a few stockings, an egg-shaped pumice stone from Japan ($10); a hundred and ten millilitres of Lotion Pompeii—the bottle bears an appropriately classical label (pedestals and togas)—from L. T. Piver, Parfumier, Paris ($20); and Aromatherapy and Massage Oil for Neck and Shoulders, a combination made by Culpepper, in England. This

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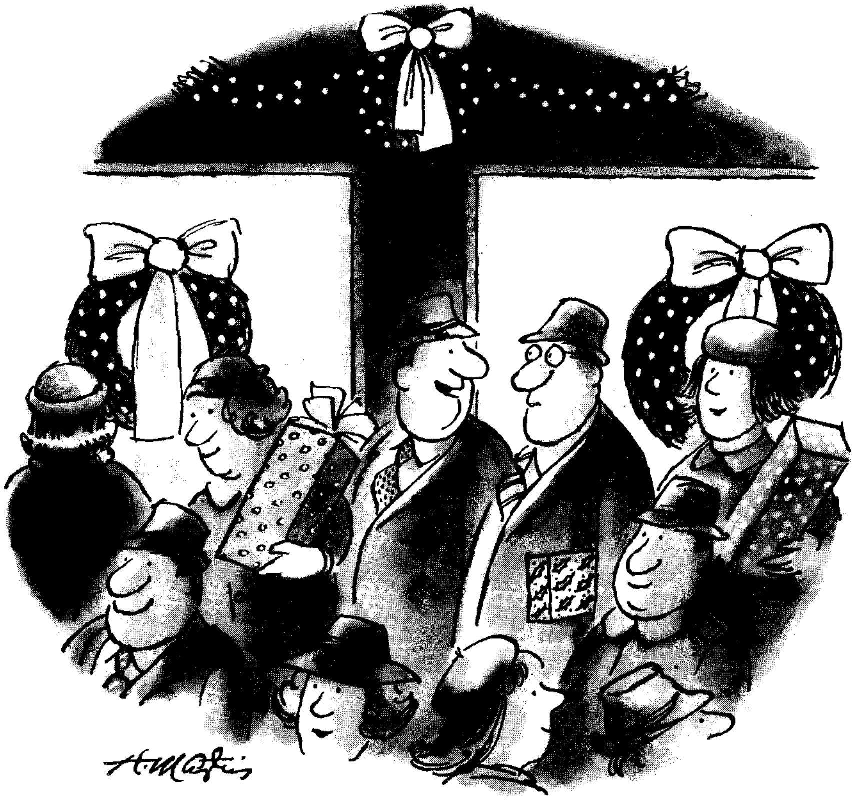

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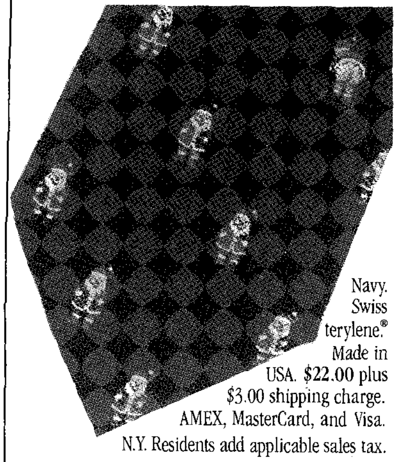

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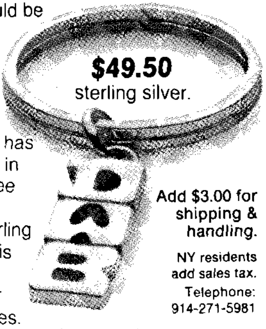

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Feet are the business at Peck & Goodie, purveyors of ice skates and roller skates, at 917 Eighth Avenue (54th) and 1351 Second Avenue (71st). As is clear by now to anyone who walks around with eyes cast down, old-fashioned roller skates have been supplanted by models with their wheels arranged in a straight line. The principle, we learned, was invented in the nineteen-forties, but Dan Barbieri, of Peck & Goodie, says that the skates didn't take off then. Now, a half-century later, the Lightning, made by Rollerblade, Inc., and sold for $185, is the most popular model. The boot is injection-molded plastic, and the lining is nylon. Black boots can be had with yellow wheels, and gray boots with pink wheels. (Generally, skates over size 6 have four wheels, and smaller sizes have three.) The TRS boot, which closes with a ratchet above its laces, is $230, and also at the high end of the scale is the Macroblade skate, which Mr. Barbieri says has an exceptionally good fit. (Some people, it seems, keep their skates on pretty much all day.) It has buckles rather than laces, and a special kind of "memory" padding inside that conforms to the foot; $240. The shop believes that these skates are so popular because they represent the gain-no-pain school of exercise. Be that as it may, Peck & Goodie recommends, to the point of insisting, foam-and-plastic kneecap guards (chartreuse or violet) for anyone who plans to skate on the street. The kneecap guards are $28.95, and Rector wrist guards, with Velcro closings, cost from $17.50 to $26, depending on whether they're nylon or suède. Peck & Goodie offers Rollerblade rentals, at $10 for two hours, for anyone who knows someone who would just like to try out the new skates, and the shop also sponsors free classes in Central Park on Saturdays; the telephone number is 246-6123 or 249-3178, for times and information. People whose lives would be a little more cheerful if they had a pair of ice skates tucked away in the coat closet might like a pair of Riedell figure-skate boots, which here cost between $124 and $200. The necessary blades are sold separately, and their prices range from $38 to $150. The skates are black or white, and are available in any width and any size. And for those for whom *any* kind of skate is too straitlaced, but who like to zoom around, Peck & Goodie still stocks Powell Peralta seven-ply-maple skateboards, which start at $100.

The Bergdorf Goodman men's store, which is across the street from its sister and flagship, opened with hoopla right before Labor Day, and on three floors it provides an answer for every possible need, from a barber shop ($40 for a haircut, $15 for a shave) to a putting green (practice is free). The tie rotunda on the main floor offers what for anyone who avoids commitment might be a surfeit of choices. Grosgrain silk bow ties from Charvet, Paris, are $75, in colors like those used by the costume-makers for the Folies-Bergère, and matching pocket squares are $55. Inventive handkerchiefs of cotton voile are printed, for those in transition from bandannas to monogrammed lawn, with traditional bandanna patterns; $7.50, in iris, leaf green, or barn-door red. Up on the third floor, which Bergdorf's has reserved for newish designers, Jeffrey Joachim, of the Romeo Gigli boutique, told us, "That's what the nineties are about—color." He pointed to a rack nearby. "These are the hottest shirts around. They go even with a Hickey-Freeman suit." The shirts, which do look as if they might go anywhere—camping, for instance, or to dinner—are made of cotton and polyamid, which Mr. Joachim defined for us as the new Japanese microfibre. The shirts—they are cut in the ordinary way—have one breast pocket, and are available in twelve deep shades, umber and greengage among them. Cotton Moroccan-style shirts start at $150.

The haberdasher Paul Smith also has a stand in the bazaar here. A forest-green three-button corduroy jacket—a gussied-up version of the one many men seem to have loved and lost—is plusher than its antecedent, and is lined in mauve silk paisley; it's $550. The tiniest paisleys of all are on a tie by Armani, on the third floor. The colors are brown and tan; $90. In a different ballpark altogether are wool-cashmere-and-polyester baseball jackets in dark green, black, or gold, by Hugo Boss, lined in contrasting quilted satin; $295. Those who have been wondering about Turnbull & Asser will be pleased to learn that the shirtmakers, who had had their own shop across the street, made it safely through the traffic to the new store. Their firm has an appointment to the Prince of Wales, and anyone who would sleep easily on a label bearing such news might like to do so in a nightshirt striped in egg yolk and white, and piped in chestnut. The price is $235; among the other color combinations are pink-and-black stripes on white piped in pastille pink. Pajamas in similar stripes (the trousers have drawstring waists) are $275, and four-foot-long fringed cashmere mufflers are $175, in black, wine, and brown.

The putting green, on the second floor, is run by John Farrell, who combines the roles of salesperson and golf pro. Here, near a clutch of Lacoste golf shirts with alligator emblems that have a kind of retro charm ($55 each), is a cannister of putters. Callaway putters with hickory shafts are precision-milled to create a surface so flat that one can put the edge of a credit card up against it and not see any light. They range from $75 to $135, and have copper, beryllium, or enamelled metal heads. Ray Cook putters, finished with rose gold, have graphite shafts, which are said to provide a more subtle feel than steel ones; these are $89. All the putters are available in different lengths, and all visitors are invited to try out the green; on the day we stopped by, the putting record was still held by a woman who set it opening day. Back downstairs, someone with a friend who uses his hand-eye coördination for activities other than golf might pick up a pair of round black Henry Miller glasses. They are by Oliver Peoples and cost $215. Baseball caps of chocolate corduroy, with mouton earflaps, are $48.50, and, for next year's big game, flasks covered with pigskin, cowhide, or pewter range in capacity from four to eight ounces. Their prices start at $35. Bergdorf Goodman also has on hand colognes from Penhaligon's, of Wellington Street. One, Hammam Bouquet, which dates from 1870, is a mixture of Turkish spices, rose and sandalwood, and jasmine, and another, Blenheim Bouquet, smells like citrus. Both got a passing mark from gentlemen of our acquaintance who don't tend to go for such things; the price is $52 for fifty millilitres of Hammam eau de toilette, $79 for a hundred millilitres of splash, and $110 for thirty millilitres of what Penhaligon's calls Extract, which is more like perfume. The scents come in small crystal apothecary bottles tied with an unfussy red bow, and they may be—and are—worn by both men and women.

There are people for whom a hot bath tops the list of longed-for indulgences, and over the years more than a few of them have been murmuring, through doors left partway open to let out the steam, about the potions dreamed up a century ago by Sebastian Kneipp, a Bavarian priest and botanist whose interest in herbal therapies led to the establishment of a spa called Bad Wörishofen. For anyone whose schedule this winter does not include a week in Bavaria on the way back from Prague, you might consider a bottle or two of Kneipp herbal bath. A capful is added under the running tap, and each

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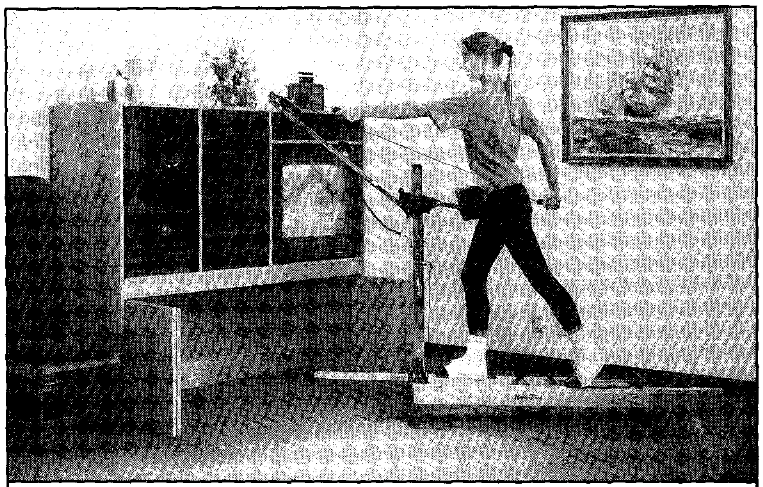

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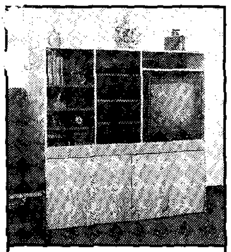

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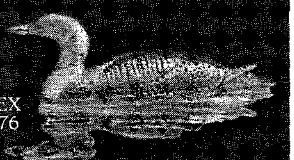

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tonic has its own restorative qualities: Hops calms the nerves; Rosemary invigorates; Chamomile beautifies the skin; Spruce and Pine lifts the spirits; Lavender is for general well-being; Linden and Orange Blossom is for before bed; and Juniper, the berries of which were used by the Romans to ward off evil spirits, is optimistically suggested by the firm as more useful nowadays for unwinding after a stint at the gym. Part of the charm of these concoctions is the hues they turn the bathwater (aquamarine, cherry red, green, pink, and orange), and any of them can be picked up at, among other places, Palmer Pharmacy, at 2395 Broadway (88th). The prices are $9.50 for a hundred millilitres (ten-bath size) and $1.75 for a two-bath bottle. As if by magic, the baths leave no ring.

In the comfort of a warm bath perfumed with, say, juniper, one can flip through the remaining stack of catalogues and fold down the pages to mark an assortment of sou'westers, doublets, weskits, and pantaloons to be given, posthaste, to the hordes as the moment demands. Between the sending out of the order form and the arrival of the bill, mail-order catalogues offer the closest thing to Santa Claus. The catalogues we have received more regularly than the telephone bill over the past few years have taken on the tone of personal correspondence, and fall into several categories: postcards from the college-study-group friend with whom we'd lost touch, from the friend of a friend who gave up a career doing—mainly—pro-bono work and went to live in the country, from the European step-cousin with no visible means of support, and from a fictional character in a little-known novel. The first category is ably represented by the J. Crew catalogue (One Ivy Crescent, Lynchburg, Virginia 24506; telephone 800 562-0258), which appears as regularly as an alumni solicitation. This season, turning the pages rapidly, we can report that, among the crayon-box rugby shirts and sweaters, J. Crew offers, on the luxe side, two versatile black velvet blousons, one with a Jean Harlow V neck, and the other with a ballerina scoop neckline. Both have long sleeves, and look as if they might solve the problem of what to wear over one's leggings. The fabric is rayon and silk, and they are $98 each. And for men who wear boxer shorts J. Crew has some in green, coral, or sapphire blue printed with

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contrasting silhouettes of cows and calves (on the coral shorts the cows are yellow and the calves are purple). Other shorts are printed with various cacti, on sage, white, and a color that J. Crew calls Fiesta but that has been known in other circles as Schiap pink. Solid oxford-cloth (blue, white, pink, green, purple) and striped broadcloth (green, blue, red) boxers, and a windmill print in navy and regent red, are also available. All are $15 a pair, except for the oxford-cloth shorts, which are $12. For women, a bandeau pink cotton top printed with orangeade polka dots is $10, and matching tap pants are $14.

The friend in the country signs in by way of the Smith & Hawken company. This ever-diversifying group, run by the New Age tycoon Paul Hawken, is made up of two hundred and sixty-six people who, according to the letter on the first page of the catalogue, "try to make commercial sense." They conduct their sensible business out of a former radiator shop, an old post office, and a vacant elementary school in Northern California (25 Corte Madera, Mill Valley, California 94941; telephone 415 383-2000), and for some readers in the hidebound East this only reinforces the idea that these catalogues issue from never-never land. This year, Smith & Hawken has sent around a booklet called "Clothing," which includes almost none of its usual stock of garden tools. (Last year, the firm sent a catalogue called Rose & Gerard, in which practicality dovetailed with twee in items such as expensive enamelled tin plates painted with roses, for picnics.) Most of the clothing photographed in pastoral scenes would look best if it remained there, but some would also look fine on people who take their constitutionals by walking to the boat basin and back. A heavy cotton interlock mock turtleneck that unbuttons at the neck is $48, for men or women, in pebble, sea green, cranberry, china blue, or midnight (that is, black), and a horizontally striped long-sleeved cotton shirt is decidedly *un*nautical done up in cranberry and heather gray. It's $40. Smith & Hawken also offers a clutch of button-down shirts, for men or women: a heavy twill plaid, in combed cotton, brings into play the colors of Mondrian's Blue Chrysanthemum. The seams are triple needle-stitched, there are two breast pockets, and the price is $45. Corduroy shirts with pencil-line wales and a box pleat

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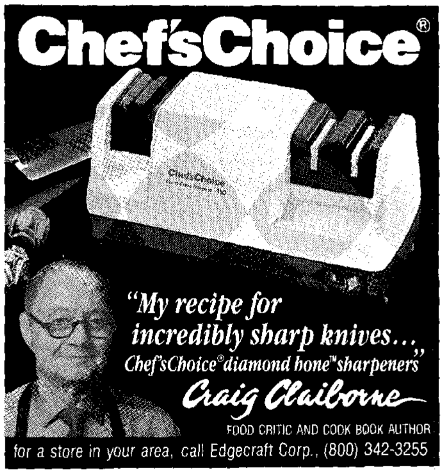

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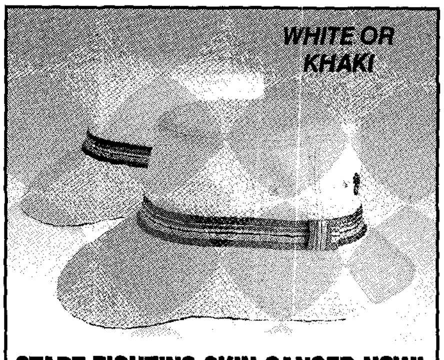
in back are $56, in a color that Smith & Hawken calls garnet but that looks like ruby red, and another called ink, which is purple. The company also has on hand, for anyone whose old denim jacket has been appropriated by a teenage child or otherwise lost, two respectable versions: the first, called the Range Jacket, is made from fourteen-and-a-half-ounce washed indigo-blue denim and is cropped at the waist. It has metal-shank buttons, side pockets, and two breast pockets with Velcro closures, and it's $54. A second version, called the Work Jacket, is cut to lie over the hips. It's of lighter denim, has two patch pockets, each big enough to hold a flashlight, and a loop inside the collar to hang it up; $58. Italian wooden hairbrushes, with wooden bristles on a rubber cushion, are $29 for the eight-inch size. (The combination of wood and rubber is supposed to put a damper on static electricity.) Large-tooth combs made of hard ash are five and a half inches long and cost $12. Two-tone canvas bags (blue or orange and yellow, red or bottle green and black), priced at $39, can be worn over the shoulder or as backpacks. The flap closes with a Velcro strip, there are two quick-release plastic buckles, and the bag is lined with vinyl laminate, in case the apple-juice bottle leaks. These bags are modelled on the ones worn by bicycle messengers, and if you're considering one you might keep it in mind that a Paris fashion editor on a recent visit to New York commented that *everyone* she met seemed to be dressed as a bicycle messenger.

The catalogue from the Tweeds company (One Avery Row, Roanoke, Virginia 24012; telephone 800 999-7997) is the missive from the Continent. Here the models look as if they were holding on to a treacherous secret or else were in retreat, recovering from bad news. Lately, a number of women we know who are adept at getting dressed quickly in the morning have been going about their daily rounds in sand-washed silk shirts from Tweeds. These shirts, which are for men as well as women, feel like soft suède, and the colors include lavender and pumpkin, for women, and rattan and aubergine, for men. The shirts have button-down collars, two back pleats, and shirttail hems. The price is $79. Other shirts of this material, for women, have flap front pockets and spread collars with tab loops; they come in bright red,



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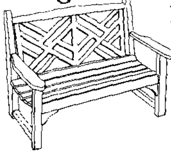

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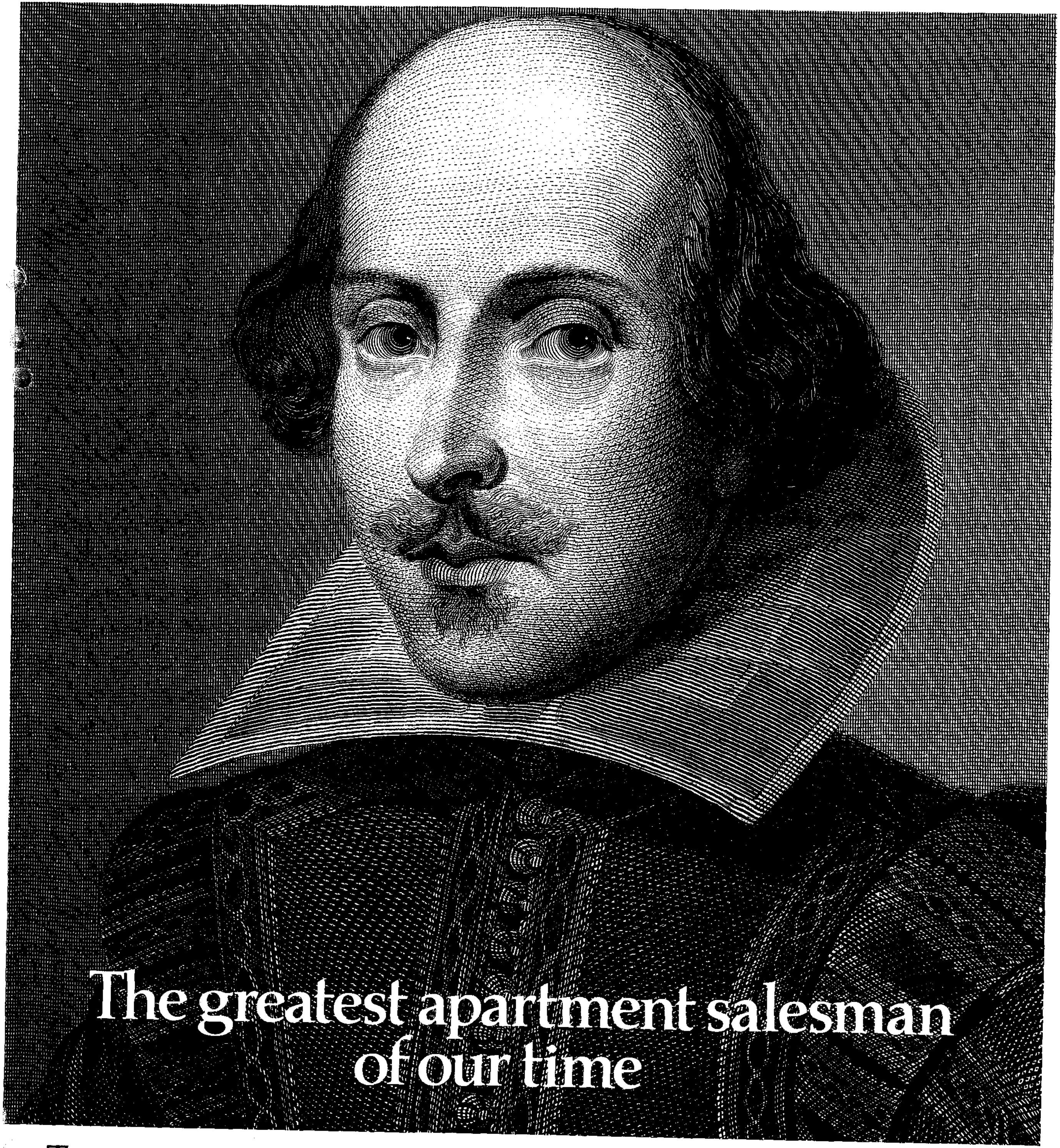

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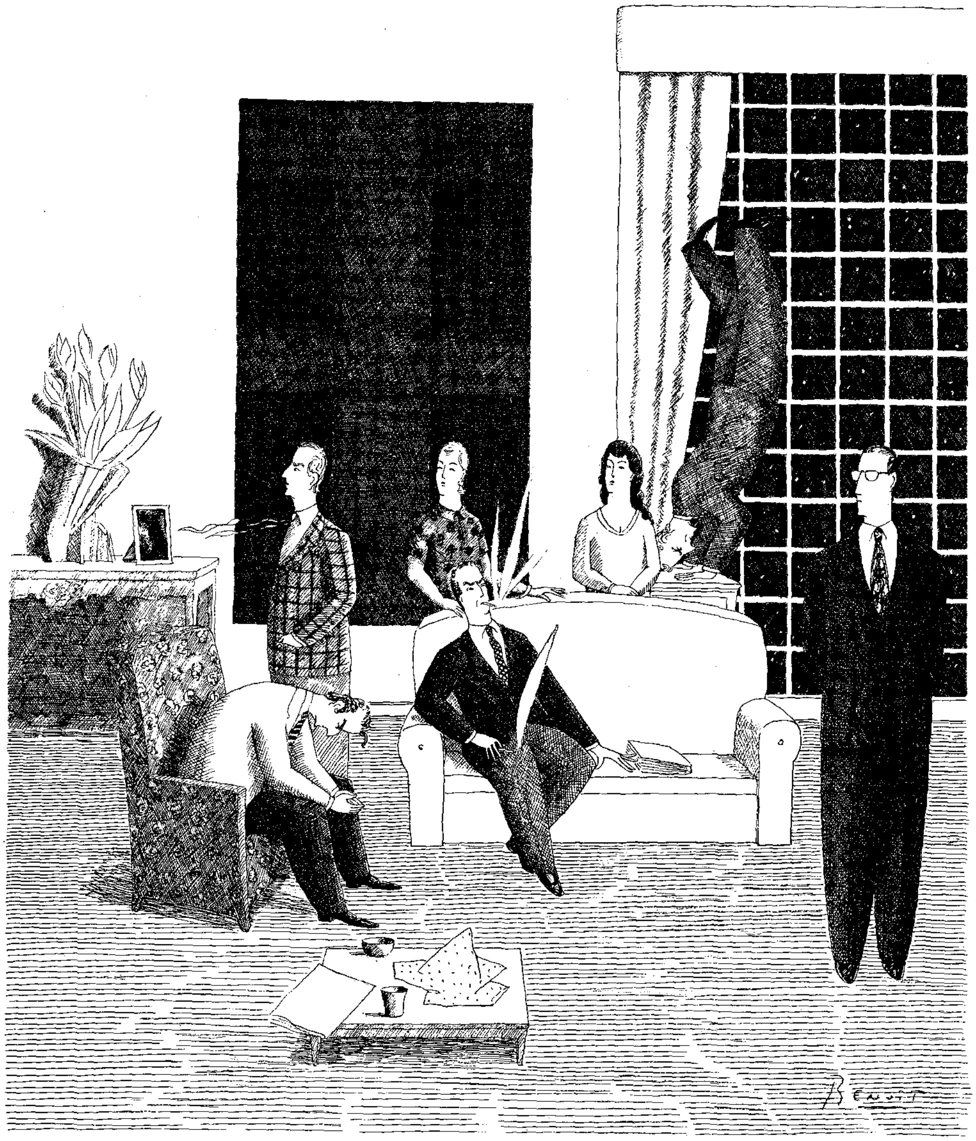

That evening, they decided not to discuss contemporary art.

• •

black, or raisin, and their price is $89. Undyed linen shirts the color of milkweed are $69, and Marianne Moore white cotton-lawn blouses, with pearlized buttons, are $49. For *écoliers*, French black leather schoolbags with leather-covered handles, a leather shoulder strap, and a center push lock and buckles have a space in which to slip a calling card; $79.

The J. Peterman Company catalogue (2444 Palumbo Drive, Lexington, Kentucky 40509; *telephone* 800 231-7341) arrives this Christmas bearing the title "Owner's Manual No. 8," and the descriptions of what Mr. Peterman has on sale, from Nora Joyce lace blouses, through leather skirts modelled on the one Ava Gardner wore in "The Barefoot Contessa," to Baker Street overcoats, are written in a style reminiscent of early Tom Robbins novels. The merchandise offered has a strange aura, suggesting the property list for a play of which Nancy Mitford and Richard Henry Dana were the co-authors. The articles available include, for a fellow for whom sandalwood top notes are out of the question, a ten-ounce bottle of Shillingford Bay Rum aftershave, made from the oil of bay leaves combined with double-distilled alcohol ($11); fishermen's blue wool cable sweaters made by hand by women on the island of Inisheer, off the Irish coast ($263); Irish nubby wool plaid ties, in shades of lichen, slate, and roan ($22); a Greer Garson short-sleeved blouse of Dublin linen with spokework detailing on the collar and sleeves, and linen-covered buttons ($94); a seven-foot Oxbridge wool muffler ($47); a ladies' moss tweed hacking jacket with a bottle-green velvet collar ($331); a silver-tipped badger shaving brush in a crushed-bone base, by Taylor of Old Bond Street ($78); and some peculiar items called Sea-Bands. They look like tennis wrist guards and work "by exerting . . . acupressure on the *Nei-Kuan* point inside both wrists," we're told. The purpose of the bands is to combat nausea on shipboard, on long car rides, and in other such situations; $16.95 a pair.

ROUNDING the column of catalogues now piling up in the hall, we head out into the afternoon air of Madison Avenue and, ducking into a side street to catch our breath, find ourself outside the door of the shop run by Lee Anderson, at 23 East 67th Street. Ms. Anderson, like Marianne Novobatzky downtown, specializes in made-to-order clothes designed according to her particular taste, which means blouses, shirtwaists, suits, and gowns of the type that might be worn, by a woman of charm, for urban appointments that could include the opera and open-school day. The clothes are expensive but not out of sight. Choices include a silk brocade back-seam blouse with dolman sleeves and what Lee Anderson calls her "I Love Lucy" collar, and a mocha crêpe-georgette blouse with short sleeves and a fetching twist-front yoke. Prices range from $275 to $350, and while the blouses can be bought off the rack, and so can some examples of Ms. Anderson's *raffiné* dresses, all can be made up in other fabrics that she has in stock. Here, too, in a curio cabinet, is a collection of vintage costume jewelry. A little enamelled bird of paradise with peacock-blue plumes, which dates from the thirties, is $80, and, from the forties, a flying wooden duck, with a three-inch wingspan, is $90. To top everything off, Ms. Anderson's genial partner, Jeffrey Moss, continues to make and show his eminently wearable hats here. The Ingrid Bergman, with a downturned brim and a moiré taffeta band, comes, Mr. Moss says, "in all the usual colors." These include claret and chocolate, and the price of the hat is $180.

Woollens made by the Italian company Missoni have for years been notable for the intricacy and dash of their design. Like a man or a woman who has decided early on what suits him or her, and stuck with it, Missoni sweaters, dresses, scarves, and hats seem to exist just to the side of fashion—up on a balcony while the carnival passes by below. At the Missoni Boutique, 836 Madison (69th), wool hats and five-foot wool scarves to embellish any head are woven with complex intarsia designs that bring African fabrics to mind; they're $155 and $245, respectively. Plaid cotton-flannel shirts in Tiepolo blue and assorted greens start at $150, and silk ties with teardrop paisleys or laurel leaves are $85. Collapsing umbrellas, called Ondes, are covered with a pattern of blue lozenges and cost $110. Missoni's perfume, Aria, has a lavender stopper; $95 for four ounces.

Portantina, at 895 Madison Avenue (72nd), is a store whose stock-in-trade is Venetian hand-blocked and painted velvet and related wares. A *portantina* is a sedan chair—that contraption in which royalty are carried around on the shoulders of others. For those who walk around on their own two feet but would nevertheless like to offer a few inches of ritz to a friend, Portantina can provide a small velvet cushion with Gritti Palace tassels. Velvet pillows about seven inches square, for propping up the head of someone watching a rerun of "Death in Venice," are $40 to $50 each. Clip-on hair bows in the same lush velvet are twice the price, and faux-tortoiseshell hair combs set with four velvet rosettes are $70. Alice hairbands range from $80 to $125; one we particularly liked is wound, Titania style, with gold taffeta ribbon. Velvet earmuffs are $110, in violet, and chenille pullover sweaters, for men or women, are cut big and dyed the colors of jewels: amethyst, lapis, or tourmaline. They are $240, and long-sleeved white T-shirts printed with a gravure head of Caesar wearing a laurel wreath are $55. The T-shirts were designed by Timney-Fowler, in London.

A giant step away, the L•S Collection, at 765 Madison Avenue (66th), is a showcase for the wares of a diverse pride of artisans. The most ephemeral of the products here may be the one-and-a-half-inch-square bars of Marzo soap, from the workshop of Tomiko Fukuda, who spends his time dreaming up what he calls "interior objects for the pure and simple life." The soap is made with squalene and aloin, and the bars, in brilliant shades, cost $20 each. One large piece of soap shaped like a stone for contemplation is $8. The fine lather of these soaps is meant to rejuvenate the skin. The traditional crafts of Venezia show up again here, in the form of perfume bottles blown, by Suzanne Sent, on the island of Murano. The clear bottles have minaret stoppers, in blue or green, and cost $48 or $62, depending on their size. Closer to home, in Woodstock, New York, Peter Benzing, a jeweller, has made and brought down to the city a sterling-silver bracelet fashioned of eight spheres the size of colossal olives. The bracelet is not too heavy, and it costs $350. Laurence de Vries, who, we were

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told, is inspired by mysticism and magic, works here and in Paris, and has contributed, among other items, a pair of shield-shaped silver earrings, each with a gold Pegasus soldered on; $400. Those who now consider manual typewriters quaint may not be surprised at the news that Barbara Bosha Nelson has been going around to London flea markets and breaking up old Royal typewriters she finds there in order to set the keys in sterling silver and make cufflinks out of them. They go for $95 a pair, and various letters are available, including "N" and "O." For members of the opposing team, a cylinder filled with "Twelve Wooden Writing Instruments," which turn out to be drafting pencils, costs $10. Silver circle bookmarks are $55, and silver-plated bud vases that look like miniature steamship vents are $125. Each of a group of small silver dessert spoons from Australia is topped with an ebony, gold, carnelian, red-gum, or hematite bevel, and each bears the imprint of the Kangaroo Guild. Any one of them would do well for giving a recalcitrant Roo his or her medicine; they cost from $115 to $215 each, depending on the gem used. Twelve-inch calf-leather photo albums, from Italy, which might encourage someone to pick through that shoebox of snapshots under the bed and look past events in the eye, are $115, $140, or $170.

"Everything here comes from nature," we were told as we stepped into Kyoto Arts & Fashions, a serene, narrow shop, at 927 Madison Avenue (74th), that seemed to be hung with elegant laundry. A closer look revealed raw-silk clothing, floating on the walls and over a center island, like sails; all of it, we learned, was from Japan and had been colored by hand with natural dyes derived from forest life. Our fund of information expanded to include the fact that yellow comes from the buds of the Japanese pagoda tree, *enju;* that the European madder, *seiyo akane*, produces brilliant cinnabar; and that common gromwell, *murasakiso*, is a source of purple, and even dyes the ground in which it grows. All these shades and others—including one derived from onions, which is olive green—can be seen here on an assortment of raw-silk T-shirts ($160 to $190) and tank tops ($150). Cobwebby silk shawls, in pussywillow gray and catkin gray, start at $55, and knit silk dickeys that close with five bloodstone buttons may be unbuttoned and worn as ornamental collars; they are $65. Hand-braided neckties are $200—these fall into the category of extremely sophisticated macramé—and raw-silk sneakers, with rubber soles, in no-color pale tones, range from $160 to $180, depending on size. No artificial chemicals are used in the dyeing and finishing, which is done in Kyoto, the store's manager, Mr. Tazoe, assured us, adding, as we left, "People are coming to love nature day by day. That is why they are counting on this."

For some, love of nature extends to the insect world. Those who want to advertise that affection might like a carryall that can be found just up the street, at the Whitney Museum's Store Next Door, at 943 Madison (75th). The box, which is the size of a child's lunchbox, is made of translucent plastic, and is printed with the black silhouettes of scorpions, grasshoppers, garden spiders, tarantulas, wasps, and harlequin longhorns. The price is $9, and if you would like to de-accession the bugs you can get a box of plain plastic and save fifty cents. Devotees of citrus, or someone who just admires the far reaches of American ingenuity, might like to have another box here—a cylindrical one, three inches across, that is made, following a technique that has been handed down for generations, out of the skin of an orange. The magicians who perform this feat are Elena and Alexander Deutsch, who live in California. The box is $18; it retains the smell of its origin, and would be just the thing in which to house a ring on which an acorn takes the place of a stone. The ring is by Douglas Benoit, of Warwick, New York; all of it but the acorn is of exotic hardwood, and its price is $45. For help in finding items in the dark, the Bright Eye key light, by Tekna, is $14.95; it emits a red beam when the barrel is twisted. Store Next Door also sells books, primarily books dealing with American artists. Among them are three volumes of photographs taken by the late Robert Mapplethorpe: "Robert Mapplethorpe," by Richard Marshall, with essays by Richard Howard and Ingrid Sischy (Whitney Museum/Bulfinch/Little, Brown;

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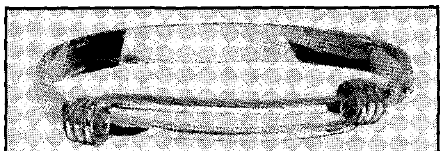

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$25); "Flowers," with a foreword by Patti Smith (Bulfinch; $50); and "Some Women," with an introduction by Joan Didion (Bulfinch; $50). In the last, the women photographed include Sigourney Weaver, Susan Sarandon, Yoko Ono, and Louise Nevelson.

Muriel Clarke, with her husband, Bert, is the proprietor of Trouvaille Française, and her stock, which may be seen by appointment (737-6015), is housed on the cheerfully cluttered top floor of her house, on East 87th Street. It consists of linen, lace, and cotton treasures accumulated during the Clarkes' trips to France, and includes pretty arm's-length pieces of bobbin lace that could be worn as scarves or shawls; $45. Antique cotton nightgowns, the color of calla lilies, from the Netherlands, England, and Belgium as well as France, range from $45 to $95; some, with embroidered, lacy collars, might be worn to a garden party and no one would look askance. Ivory cotton-flannel nightshirts piped in red might be worn with comfort by either men or women, and are priced at $50. Elaborate shirts that could be worn as jackets include one with insets of eyelet lace, one with woven panels embroidered with fleur-de-lis, and one of flannel-lined cotton piqué; prices range from $45 to $85. And, for just wearing around—scrambling eggs, say, or over a bathing suit come summer—Mrs. Clarke has dyed some antique linen shifts and turned them the colors of the August garden: cinnamon, coral, and forest green; they are knee-length, and cost $45 each.

For those interested in antique sounds rather than antique textiles, you might order from Wireless, the catalogue issued for friends of Public Radio (274 Fillmore Avenue East, St. Paul, Minnesota 55107; telephone 800 669-9999), one or more sets of tapes offering tales of suspense which were first broadcast on the radio in the nineteen-forties. One set, called "Great Radio Mysteries," includes "The Green Hornet Drops a Hint," "The Thin Man: Nora's Night of Mystery," and Bulldog Drummond in "Death Uses Disappearing Ink." A second set, "The New Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," consists of broadcasts that were lost for more than forty years and only recently discovered by radio sleuths; it is made up of eight thirty-minute episodes starring Basil Rath-

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bone and Nigel Bruce, among them "The Girl with the Gazelle," "The Case of the Limping Ghost," and "The Amateur Mendicant Society." The third, and last, set, "The Suspense Radio Show Collection," has been culled from a weekly show that ran from 1942 to 1962 and employed actors such as Alan Ladd (in "One Way Ride to Nowhere") and Orson Welles (in "Donovan's Brain") to scare radio audiences silly. The prices are $24.95, $39.50, and $29.95, respectively, and any one of them might be put to good use in a household that harbors someone who keeps Public Radio on even during fund drives.

Some men and women who have spent a good deal of time lately reading "The Very Hungry Caterpillar" aloud might enjoy being read to themselves once in a while. Books on Tape (P.O. Box 7900, Newport Beach, California, 92658; telephone 800 626-3333) has a wider choice of reading matter than many bookstores have on their shelves. Its catalogue divides the bulk of the selections into nine categories, and while the controlling idea behind some of them is rather confused ("History and War" is separate from "Non-Fiction," and there's a category called "Classics and Family") a flip-through reveals, for example, Poe's "The Narrative of A. Gordon Pym of Nantucket," which might be listened to while waiting in line for the ferry, and Thurber's "My Life and Hard Times," for Sunday afternoons. The catalogue listing, by title rather than by author, can be inconvenient, but under "W" one finds all sixty and a half hours of "War and Peace." (It is listed in "Classics and Family," peace having won out over "History and War.") The tapes may be rented, a month at a time, for $73, or bought, for $360; other cassettes are offered at prices ranging from $10 to $30 for rentals, and starting at $24 for purchase. The stock includes language-instruction tapes. A subscription to the catalogue is $5, and gift subscriptions for a series of rentals are available.

Men and women who spent their formative years being told that if they didn't put that book down they were going to ruin their eyes, and who still don't have a good reading lamp, might appreciate one that is offered in the Levenger catalogue of Tools for Serious Readers (975 South Congress Avenue, Delray Beach, Florida 33445;

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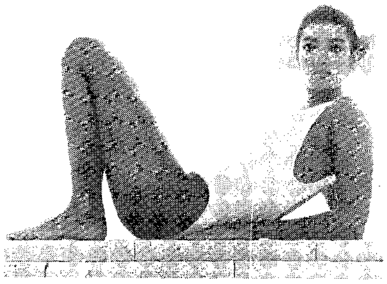
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telephone 800 544-0880). The Swing halogen desk light, which takes a thirty-five-watt halogen bulb (it equals the light of a hundred-and-five-watt incandescent bulb but generates only a third as much heat), is $95, in black or white. It has a seventeen-inch reach, the shade is a half-moon, and when the lamp is viewed from the side it looks like an outsized insect antenna. The Sunnex gooseneck lamp has a cylindrical shade and a twenty-seven-inch reach, and clamps onto a headboard; $189. Some people, not content with breakfast in bed, insist on reading in bed while drinking coffee. They, or the household launderer, might be pleased to receive this Christmas a Reader's Bedtray, which is of wood and tilts up to hold a book in place. The tray measures twelve by twenty inches, and the surface is washable white melamine; $35. Oak book stands, for Gutenberg-size volumes, are made of northern red oak with supporting backrests of birch dowels. The price is $30. Levenger also has a selection of bookends, including a pair called Classic Columns, which look like the façade of a Greek temple ($99), and for the friend who is forever climbing on the cane-seat chairs to retrieve books from the top shelf the firm can provide an oak library ladder. The ladder is two-sided (facing sets of steps form the sides of an isosceles triangle) and is forty-seven inches high; the top step is wide enough to sit on, and the price is $245, in either natural oak or dark mission.

"To me, a leather-bound book is a normal book," Herbert Weitz says. "My old man dealt in fine bindings, and I've been looking at beautiful books since I was born." Mr. Weitz, who has a shop at 1377 Lexington Avenue (91st), binds books owned by customers, and also sells old books that he has bound in hand-tooled calf or morocco. The tooling, which is done downstairs by his staff, is in twenty-four-carat gold, and almost limitless possibilities of decoration are provided by his collection of over two thousand antique tools, from which spring imprints of stars, blossoms, leaves, sprockets, and flourishes of every description. Imprints can also be designed to depict a book's theme or can be taken from its illustrations; the typography available includes hand-set Bodoni. The marbleized endpapers Mr. Weitz uses are handmade in New Jersey by a young

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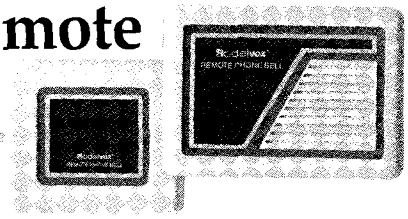

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woman named Iris Nevins. Mr. Weitz likes to bind books that, as he puts it, "you don't have to be smart to read." The volumes he has on hand for ready sale include a first edition of Hemingway's "Men Without Women," in a blue morocco binding ($355); "Goodness Had Nothing to Do with It," the autobiography of Mae West, in ivory calf embossed with pink roses at the corners (the book is $325, and is dedicated to West's mother, "without whom I might have been somebody else"); the Baskerville edition of "The Fables of Aesop," bound in red morocco ($365); "The Natural History of Selborne," by Gilbert White, in a glade-green leather, with gold rabbits along the spine ($175); and "Old Christmas," by Washington Irving, which ends, "But enough of Christmas and its gambols; it is time for me to pause in this garrulity." The book comes in red or green calf or morocco, for Christmas, and costs $325. All the pages of the books are gilt-edged, and the basic price of having a book bound here is calculated by adding together the length and the width of the book in inches and multiplying by fifteen, in dollars. The average cost, with decorative touches, is about $300.

One kind of volume it would probably *not* be worthwhile binding is a cookbook, but if you happen to know someone whose idea of a good read is a description of how to cook pork chops so they'll taste like wild boar, just letting him or her know about Kitchen Arts & Letters, up the street at 1435 Lexington Avenue (94th), might be gift enough to insure an invitation to dinner by Twelfth Night. The shop has in stock between six and seven thousand books about food—a definition that the owner, Nahum Waxman, extends to include scholarly works, oenology, and the history of agriculture and of domestic arrangements, all of which do indeed have a direct bearing on what turns up on the dinner table. There are revamped classics here, among them "The New American Edition of Larousse Gastronomique," with four thousand recipes and a thousand illustrations, edited by Jenifer Harvey Lang (Crown; $60), and there are new books, such as "La Varenne Pratique: The Complete Illustrated Cooking Course," by Anne Willan, the founder and president of the École de Cuisine La Varenne, in Paris (Crown; $60), which has the clearest

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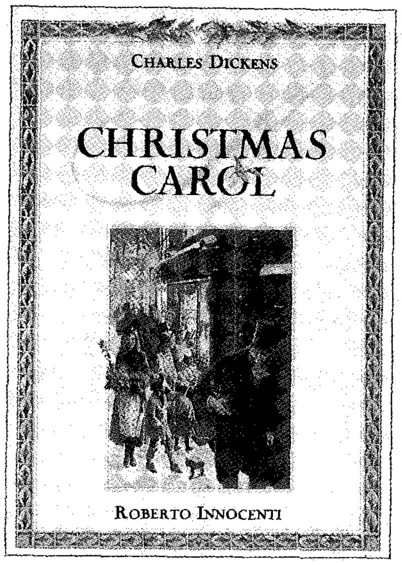

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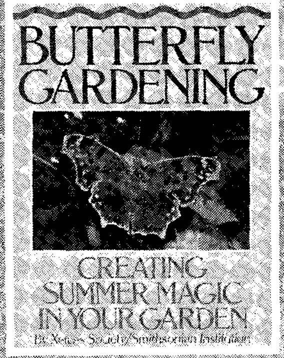

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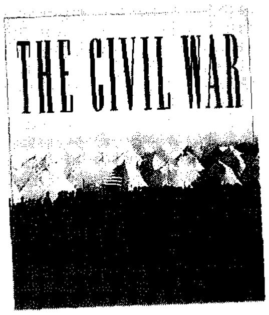

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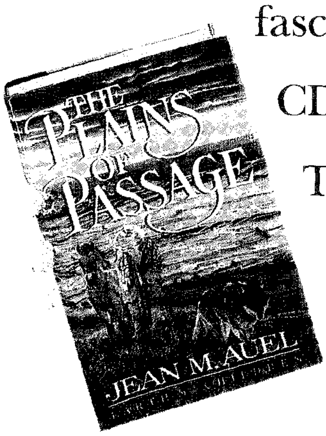

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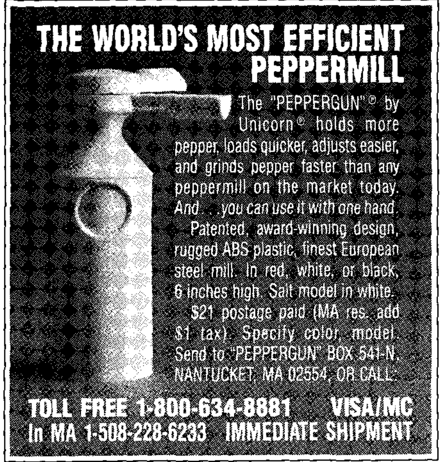

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step-by-step photographs imaginable—showing how, for instance, to peel and seed grapes. Francophiles who like to read recipes for the Christmas *oie aux marrons* in French will be glad to know that Kitchen Arts & Letters can supply a shelf of imported cookbooks, among them the seven-hundred-odd-page "Ma Cuisine," by Escoffier (Flammarion; $50.95). There is no type of cooking absent from the roll call. "The Complete Servant," first published in 1825 (Southover; $34.95), lists duties for a house with a staff of thirty-five and includes these maxims: "Do everything in the proper time; Keep everything in its proper place; Use everything for its proper use." Mr. Waxman also has a collection of magazine advertisements from the twenties and thirties, one of which might be framed for a nostalgic gastronome. They range in price from $6 to $12, and, to give you an idea of their tone, one for Grape-Nuts cautions that "mental dullness usually comes from imperfectly nourished brains." And, finally, instruction of another sort may be gained from one of the shop's old and out-of-print books. (Mr. Waxman will also search for any title requested; he prides himself on not giving up.) Titled "How to Behave—Though a Débutante: Opinions by Muriel as Overheard by Emily Post," and illustrated by John Held, Jr., the book contains practical observations like "There are situations where politeness is not only senseless but simply gets things all tangled up," and on the subject of letter-writing it says:

> In the first class are those to the family when you are away from them.
>
> In the second are letters of thanks for Christmas or birthday presents—which you have to write even if the present is not really worth the letter, because it may be a wonderful one the next time.

The book was published by Doubleday, Doran in 1928, and is inscribed "Valentine Greetings, Mother."

THE CHILDREN'S CLOSET

"A LOT of my customers are having children, and they *demanded* that we start making clothes for their kids," we were told by Lee Anderson, who has more than a nodding acquaintance with the carriage trade. For command appearances with Mama, or Grandmama, Ms. Anderson (whose shop is at 23 East 67th Street) has come up with a fetching long-sleeved sailor dress in navy wool challis piped in white and with two short rows of antique brass buttons down the bodice. She has also run up some double-breasted cropped jackets, in navy with burgundy piping, to be paired with culottes. A Melton paying-calls coat has a velvet collar trimmed with lamb's-wool pom-poms and might be topped off by a custom fur-felt boater, made by Jeffrey Moss. The seams and hems are generous, so that the clothes may be altered as they are handed down. The prices, which range from $225 to $295, might be amortized by the clothes' being worn by several children, and the clothes can be custom-fitted on the one at hand.

Carole French, the proprietor of Magic Windows, at 1186 Madison Avenue (87th) and 1046 Lexington (75th), specializes in hand-smocked birthday-party and school dresses. Cottage-garden Liberty prints covered with gentians and borage flowers have trellis smocking, and a short-sleeved white dress has Christmas trees in green smocking across the bodice and a Peter Pan collar edged with green; $68. For blowing out two, three, or four candles, Karla Lacayo for Vive la Fête contributes a blue velvet dress with a peekaboo eyelet collar and with front tucks on which rose petals are scattered; $128. Another dress bearing that label is of tomato-red cotton and has been smocked with écru cross-stitch and embellished with flora-like tan embroidery; $96. The dresses are available, for the most part, in sizes 2T to 7, but for tiny girls, not yet up to skirts, Noel Streatfeild fans can pick up a romper with a Petrushka collar. The whole is printed with ballet slippers, and the legs, which will easily bend to continual pliés, snap all the way around on the inside for quick costume changes; $42, in sizes 6 months to 24 months. For little boys who wear sizes 2T to 4T, red plaid Viyella shorts with crossover suspenders, by Doris Sardelis, are $66. Duffel coats by Forever Classic are here, in red or blue, and Magic Windows also has velvet-collared chesterfield coats in the same shades. The girls' coats range in size from 2T to 10 and the boys' from 2T to 7; the prices for either go from $135 to $170.

Madison Avenue in the Nineties has the advantage, for someone shopping with a child in mind or in tow, of having a number of children's shops close together. Right next door to Magic Windows is Greenstones, Too!, at 1184 Madison—for Westsiders, there is another store, Greenstones & Cie, at 442 Columbus Avenue (81st)—which has some pie-size bibs to cover up the silk-smocking set. Made of washable vinyl, the bibs are round twelve-inch photographs, without borders—one of an Oreo cookie, another of a plate of spaghetti and tomato sauce, a third of a bowl of Cheerios doused with milk and berries; $7 each. For protecting small hands in chilly weather, the store can provide very warm acrylic mittens, in cobalt, navy, red, or pink. These, by the Maine Mad-Hatter, have long cuffs to tuck up inside a child's jacket sleeves, so snow won't get in; they're machine-washable, they can fit anybody up to about five, and they cost $16. For leapfrogging, Greenstones has waterproof non-skid rubber boots by Puddleduckers which can stretch over two (consecutive) shoe sizes, and should allow for wear through at least one winter. They are washable and non-toxic, come in colors called flamingo, bluebell, and mallard green, and range in size from 4 to 12; $18. For holding up hand-me-down trousers that are slightly big, black-and-white checked suspenders by Suspended Animation are $10.

A pirouette across the street, at 1269 Madison Avenue (91st), Bonpoint, a French concern, has opened a store for the convenience of its American customers. A child's-fist-size wallet has been run up in the shape of a plush bear's head, for the bear market. The top of the head opens and closes with Velcro; $24. For wee Antoinettes to wear to the park, there's a duffel coat whose ordinary detailing has been outlined with rickrack. The topper, called the Smog Coat, is black and the rickrack white; $174. Here one might also pick up a a four-in-hand on which soccer players dribble toward goalposts in blue-and-red regimental stripes, for $20. A fringed navy-blue wool muffler embroidered with a Christmas goose who's wearing a red-ribbon muffler is $52, and so is an écru muffler carrying the image of a runaway bunny wearing a blue ribbon. Pin-on floppy velvet roses that Mother might like for herself are $42.

In some circles, any mention of clothes for children gives rise to an immediate paean to Hanna Andersson, who is represented by the Hanna

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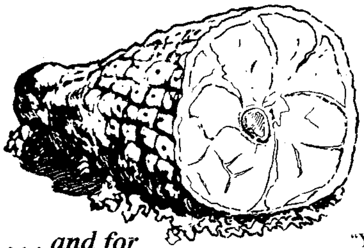

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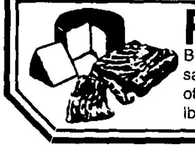

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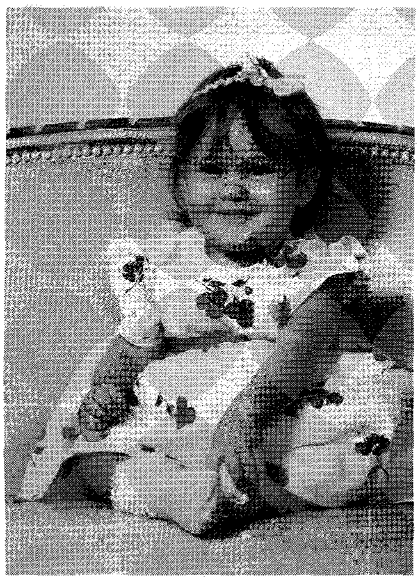

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Andersson catalogue (1010 N.W. Flanders, Portland, Oregon 97209; telephone 800 222-0544) and offers clothing made primarily in Sweden. Hanna's lace offering this season is a white cotton collar that, for $6, can transform any day dress into a party dress. For boys or girls not yet steady on their feet, polka-dotted cotton jersey playsuits filled with tumble-cushioning polyfil have big watermelon-slice front pockets and full back zippers. They come in light-pink dots on dark pink, or pale blue on royal blue, with the dark and light shades reversed on the pocket and arms, and are trimmed in pine green; $41. Jumpers for very little girls who are just wider than a handspan are available in raspberry or turquoise sweatshirt material. They have gathered "waists" and scoop necks, and button at both shoulders. The price is $20, and a turtleneck that might go under one of them, or over pants, snaps across the shoulders, so that no one will get trapped in the dark while the shirt is pulled over his or her head. The colors include yellow and red; $18. Even contrary Marys might be persuaded to put on, in place of jeans, a fuchsia sweatshirt dress with blue piping and patch pockets that have been cut to look like tulips; $38. Horizontally striped nylon-and-Lycra paintbox tights (the stripes are pink, green, blue, red, yellow, and purple) are $12, and $14 in bigger sizes. Simple cowhide belts with chrome-plated buckles, for school-age boys or girls, are $12, and striped navy-and-green fleece-lined sweatshirts for the same group are $34. And for those busy slipping around corners, terry-cloth-lined socks with no-skid diamonds on the soles are $7 a pair, in eight colors, including mint and Baltic blue. The catalogue provides a chart that converts height in centimetres (which is how the clothes are sized) to height in inches.

Hanna Andersson ships her clothes in biodegradable packaging. Patagonia (1609 West Babcock Street, P.O. Box 8900, Bozeman, Montana 59715; telephone 800 638-6464) prints its catalogues on recycled paper. The presiding spirit of this winter's Patagonia booklet is Rachel Carson—a paragraph from "The Sense of Wonder" is quoted on the inside front cover—and the pages are peppered with asides to children, such as "Turn off the lights in any room you aren't using" and "Have a parent run a thorough efficiency

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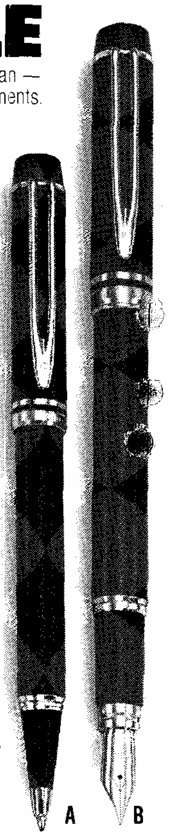

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check on the family car." Patagonia specializes in outdoor gear. Here, for the very smallest friends of the earth, is the Baby Featherweight Shell, meant to be put over all the other layers of clothing a child wears outdoors. It has a zipper running from wrist to wrist across the chest, and a hood that closes with what Patagonia calls Houdini drawcords: the ends are tucked into hidden pouches, so they don't poke or tickle. There is a pouch below the zipper, and the whole shell is ripstop nylon, piped in reflective tape for night travel; $65 (1T to 3T), in green or purple. Children who walk home from school during Eastern Standard afternoons might do so in jackets made entirely of reflective material that shines in car headlights up to a distance of two hundred yards. The jacket is made of treated nylon and is ribbed at the wrists and waist. It's silver, and the color of its lining, of polyester fleece, is neon green; sizes 3T to 6x are $60, and sizes 7/8 to 16 are $62. Stretch balaclavas that are ninety-three per cent Synchilla pile (Synchilla is Patagonia's special fleecy synthetic) and seven per cent Lycra are $22. The fabric has been treated to wick moisture away from sweaty brows, and the colors are cobalt blue and sea green. Alpine gloves, which are designed so that the insulation doesn't compress when the hand is curved (around a hockey stick, for instance), are described by Patagonia in the language of old science fiction: the palm is made of Clarino, a synthetic leather that is abrasion- and water-resistant, and the shell, of five-ounce textured nylon, is treated with H_2No Storm. The gloves are electric blue, and have the don't-lose-them price of $35. Synchilla vests with large enough armholes so that a sweater can be worn underneath are also $35, in sizes 3T to 6x, or $37, in 7/8 to 14.

Kae's Kids, owned and run by Kae Yoshida with her daughter, Miki, at [illegible]1 Greenwich Street (Chambers), is a streamlined shop that manages to avoid the clutter that seems to be endemic to children's shops: there's room to move around here, and not much to knock over. The store carries a mix of ready- and custom-made goods. In the latter category, hand-knit sweaters designed by Mrs. Yoshida include a royal-blue one on which a black-and-white bull's-eye patch serves as a front pocket. On a red one, vertical green stripes ascend toward the neckline, and there they

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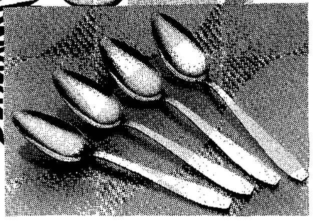

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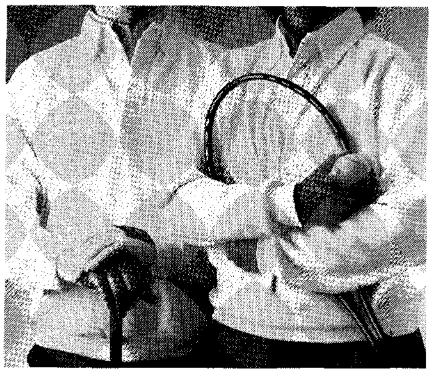

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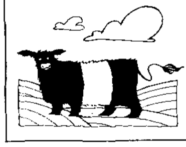

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sprout a gold-and-pink flower; on another red sweater a round yellow sun replaces the bull's-eye. The sweaters come in sizes 2 to 10, and the prices range from $66 to $76. Coördinating striped roll-up caps are $22. Mrs. Yoshida has also dressed up some red-and-blue plain-Jane woollen caps by appliquéing them with quantities of tiny plastic grapes, bits of antique lace, and colorful buttons from French flea markets. Everything is sewn on tight, and the price of a cap is $16. Black cotton Chinese slippers for downtown kids say "TRIBECA" or "NEW YORK," and, as Miss Yoshida explains, since tiny footgear often confuses parents, she also has slippers marked "R" and "L." All the slippers are $8 a pair—that is, all except the new, bonbon-decorated Christmas slippers, which are $10, and quilted cotton evening-slipper booties, in paisley brocade, by Mod Mox, which are $18 and are piped in red and lined in teal. For the littlest joker, jester caps with two tassels, stitched up out of green, gold, and purple fabric patches, were designed by Hariklia, and cost $22. For girls almost old enough to babysit, frocks, by Bubala, that the shop calls teatime dresses (tea in a glass, maybe) are made of stretchy purple, plum, cherry, or salmon-pink cotton. They have dropped waists and face-framing ruffled collars, and fall to mid-calf; $52, in sizes 6x to 10. Yellow or red slickers with quilted linings printed with Santa Fe triangles and squares are $28, in 2 to 6x.

And, finally, for those who have a more stripped-down idea of what might end up under the tree, CityKids, at 130 Seventh Avenue (18th), across the street from Barneys, can provide any bather with Gimme Pigment FingerPaint, which can be used to great effect as body paint or to paint the side of the tub. It turns into bubbles when it hits the water. The paint, whose colors include purple and Turk-Oink blue, is made by Smith & Bailey, in San Francisco, and two tubes might not be too lavish a Christmas present for anyone who helps to put his or her clothes away in the closet after a bath. They are $3.50 each.

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CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Needham (Mass.) Times*]

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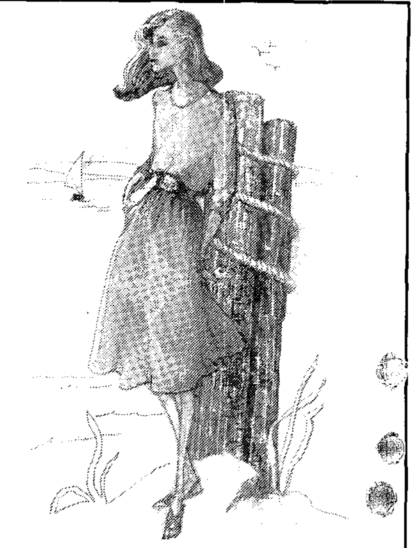

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THE THEATRE

Milkman

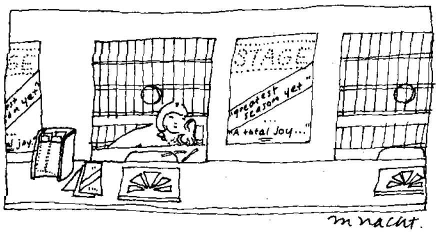
WHEN I saw the original production of "Fiddler on the Roof," twenty-six years ago, I knew pretty soon that, for all its richness—its feast for ear and eye—it was not my show. After Luther Adler stepped into the leading role of Tevye, I went back, and because he was so good, so legitimate, I modified my opinion somewhat, though not much. But enough about me. Let's talk about the revival of "Fiddler," with Topol at the helm, which opened last week at the George Gershwin (né Uris). Topol, the Israeli actor, makes a commanding Tevye; he is the most authentic of all of them and the most at home. There is never a moment's doubt, in his mind or ours, about who the star of this show is; he makes no attempt to woo or to flirt with the audience. When, shortly after the opening, he sings "If I Were a Rich Man," we know we are in the hands of a master singer and comedian. Incidentally, the song comes nearly as soon after the curtain's rise as "Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin' " does in "Oklahoma!," so it is essential to get to the theatre on time.

In case you need reminding, "Fiddler on the Roof," which is based on stories by Sholem Aleichem, was written by Joseph Stein, with music by Jerry Bock and lyrics by Sheldon Harnick, and with scenery by the late Boris Aronson (based, of course, on Chagall's paintings) and costumes by Patricia Zipprodt. The direction and choreography were by Jerome Robbins. In the present production, the scenery and costumes are based on the original ones; the choreography has been reproduced by Sammy Dallas Bayes; and the direction has been reproduced by Ruth Mitchell. The plot concerns Tevye, the Jewish milkman in the Russian shtetl of Anatevka, and his five marriageable daughters—his attempts, mostly unsuccessful, to control their prospects. Commanding Topol may be as actor, but as character, as family man, he is anything but. His daughters go their own (unsuitable) ways, and that, if anything, is the source of the comedy as well as the feeling.

The supporting company is, in every instance, very good indeed. Marcia Lewis is Tevye's managerial wife; Sharon Lawrence, Tia Riebling, and Jennifer Prescott are his three eldest daughters, and Jack Kenny, Gary Schwartz, and Ron Bohmer are their successful suitors; Ruth Jaroslow is the community's marriage broker, Jerry Matz is the rabbi, Mark Zeller is the butcher, and Stephen Wright is the fiddler himself. Mr. Aronson's scenery is extraordinary, and so are Mr. Robbins' dances. Everything looks fine, and were it not for the usual pesky amplification, which takes the words out of the actors' mouths and sends them sky high, everything would sound fine, too. In short, every aspect of the show is right. I just wish I liked it better.

HAL HOLBROOK'S King, in "King Lear," at the Roundabout, starts out as a benign and merry old soul. When his daughters Regan and Goneril proclaim their false love and allegiance, he laughs and applauds with delight, and when his Cordelia speaks sincerely to him, he is shocked and hurt and angry but still innocent. Apparently, nobody has let him know that he is meant to be a tragic hero. As the action proceeds, his loss of innocence—at the discovery of the harshness and cruelty of his older daughters, at the sight of his dear Earl of Kent in the stocks, at one awful surprise after another—is one tragic element among many. Mr. Holbrook's reading of the role is unlike any other I've seen, and he is so deeply immersed in it (and is so strong an actor) that he makes it convincing and ultimately very moving. When, after the terrible night of storm and derangement, he meets the Earl of Gloucester on the road to Dover and says in a quiet, normal voice, "I know thee well enough, thy name is Gloucester," I defy anyone to keep a dry eye.

Unfortunately, he must carry the whole burden almost alone; with a few exceptions, the supporting cast is little help. Most notable of the exceptions is Ron Randell, whose Gloucester is in every way worthy of the King. Michael James-Reed as Edgar is good, too, but he lacks eloquence, so that the moment he drops Poor Tom and calls Gloucester "Father," which should be dramatic, goes for almost nothing. Gloria Biegler is properly pretty and affectionate as Cordelia, and Simon Brooking, given his two or three lines as the King of France, is absolutely fine. Gerald Freedman directed. —EDITH OLIVER



Samurai Hoofers

"OUR life a fragile cherry blossom that grows in beauty on the twig" runs one of the lyrics in James Clavell's "Shogun: The Musical," and it's so true. The comparative fragility of life is not all you can learn from "Shogun," however. If you peruse your *Playbill*, you can come away from the show reasonably well versed in Japanese. A glossary of phrases included in the program, just below the plot synopsis, tells you, for instance, that *hai* and *gyoi* both mean "yes," while *domo arigato* and *do itashimashite* mean "Thank you very much" and "You are welcome," respectively. It also tells you that a *shogun* is a "supreme military dictator," that *seppuku* is "ritual suicide," and that *cha-no-yu* is "the sacred tea ceremony." It tells you that *wa* means "harmony," that *Yame!* means "Stop!" and that a *ryo* is "a large thin gold coin." It gives you both the polite and the impolite forms of "I understand," and tells you what to say when a high-ranking lord arrives (*onari*) or, alternatively, how to say "He is the enemy" (*Teki-da*).

"Shogun," which opened at the Marquis last Tuesday, is about an English sea captain who gets shipwrecked on the coast of Japan in 1600 and learns a thing or two. It has a book and lyrics by John Driver, music by Paul Chihara, and some of the most hilarious choreography—by Michael Smuin, who also directed—I've ever seen. It begins with two half-naked men appearing aloft, one on either side of the stage, each banging a drum, and what more could you ask? "Shogun" has a shipwreck sequence, a lightning effect, an entire number performed on a treadmill, a slow-motion sequence, a gunshot, an earthquake, a rainstorm, a

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snowstorm, a cavalry charge, a ninja raid, a haiku competition, a song about sex paraphernalia, and one more number in the first act than it says there'll be—I know, because I checked.

"Shogun" also has lots of dry ice, but then it's the sort of show that has lots and lots of whatever is in it to begin with: lots of scenery (designed by Loren Sherman), lots of costumes (designed by Patricia Zipprodt), lots of cast members doing lots of "Star Trek" acting, and lots of flex-foot dancing straight out of "The King and I." It has lots of songs, too, including one that goes "Our lives like leaves in mountain streams . . . karma, karma" so many times that you want to yell "*Yame!*" ("Stop!") or "*Wakaru!*" ("I understand!," impolite). The only thing that Mr. Chihara's music hasn't got lots of is *wa*. There's lots of tuneless caterwauling in imitation of Andrew Lloyd Webber, and lots and lots of high notes that everybody has to strain for—particularly Philip Casnoff, who not only plays the lead and got knocked unconscious by a piece of falling scenery during the previews but has to endure countless jokes about his character's sexual endowments, or, as Mr. Driver's book has it, "the size of his yang."

That said, it only remains to note that June Angela gives a remorselessly well-enunciated performance as the heroine (her voice, miked, sounds a little the way Julie Andrews' used to sound naturally); to state one's conviction that Natasha Katz, who designed the lighting (it's truly good) and has been involved in more worthwhile projects, will go on to better things; and to mention again Mr. Clavell, who is, presumably, the person to whom we ought to say *domo arigato* for all this. "Shogun" is one of those musicals which most people, I think, will want to catch at least one act of, though it's hard to choose which. (*Both* halves begin with the two half-naked men banging their drums, for example; the producers have spared no expense.) I think I would recommend the second act. Of course, if you opt for the first act (though it means missing Mr. Smuin's jocund firefly ballet), you can get to bed early, or, if you like, perform *cha-no-yu* with a couple of dry Martinis at one of the two revolving bars at the Marriott Marquis. In which case, *Kampai* ("Bottoms up!").

—MIMI KRAMER

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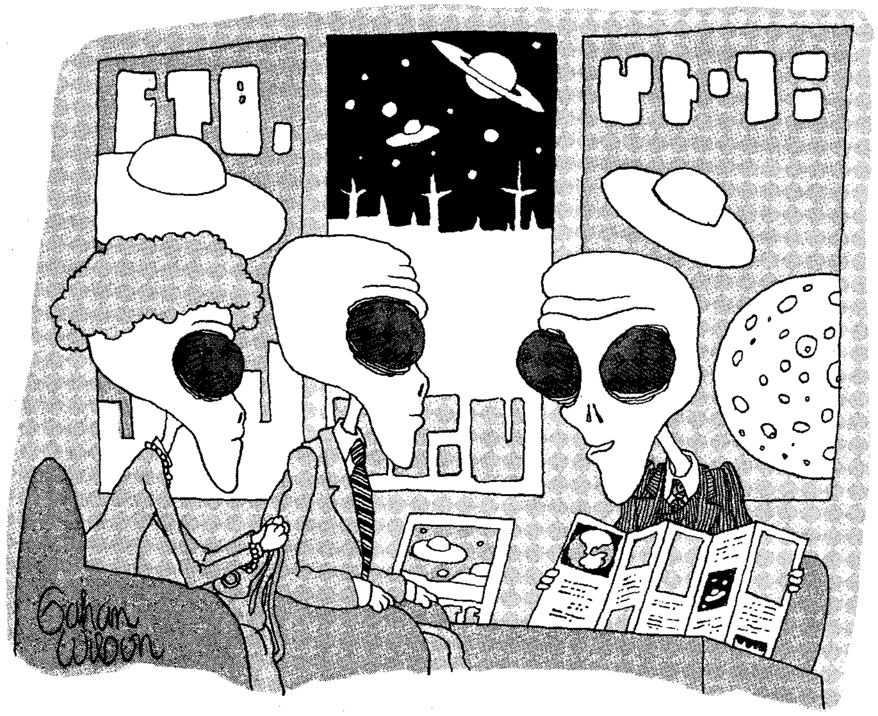
MUSICAL EVENTS

Modern Diversities

IN October, New York enjoyed a remarkable festival: three big concerts and one recital of contemporary Italian music presented, under the auspices of the city of Turin and the region of Emilia-Romagna, by Settembre Musica, the copious and adventurous Turin festival that I wrote about last year. Twenty-five expert and well-rehearsed instrumentalists—the Chamber Ensemble of the Arturo Toscanini Orchestra of Emilia-Romagna (which is based in Parma and plays widely through Europe)—came over. So did the soprano Victoria Schneider, who has a wide range and an exact ear, and sings new scores without relying on the book; the pianist Massimiliano Damerini, who has recorded twentieth-century music from Ives to Brian Ferneyhough; and an able conductor, Giuseppe Garbarino. Twenty compositions were played. Admission was free. The concerts were given in the five-hundred-seat auditorium of the Equitable Center; the recital was given in the crowded salon of the Italian Cultural Institute. Last year's Settembre in Turin presented fourteen works by Elliott Carter (including four big-orchestra pieces) to Italian audiences; this year's, twenty-seven by Franco Donatoni. To New York it presented a pageant of music by Italian composers from Petrassi, born in 1904, to Stefano Gervasoni, born in 1962. A few "classics" were included: Nono's "Canti per 13" (1955); Petrassi's "Estri" (composed for Dartmouth College in 1967); Maderna's Juilliard Serenade (1971); Dallapiccola's "Commiato" (1972), his last work and a very beautiful one; Berio's "E vo' " (1972). There were three world and several American premières. Six of the composers had taught in America. (At Queens College, Dallapiccola devised his grading system: A means Average, B Bad, C Can't Do Anything, and D Disaster.) Two of them were former Tanglewood fellows. Any attempt to define "trends" would be foolish. Twenty chamber-orchestra or chamber works cannot exemplify the diverse activity of three generations. (What American trends could be deduced from a festival at which, say, Roger Sessions and Kamran Ince, Miriam Gideon and Philip Glass, Charles Wuorinen and Richard Wilson, Milton Babbitt and Michael Torke, Ned Rorem and Scott Eyerly were played?)

There were three picturesque compositions, one at each concert. Salvatore Sciarrino's "Introduzione all'Oscuro" (1981), a London Sinfonietta commission, is a rapt nocturne: fourteen minutes of very quiet, intricate music for twelve instruments—a delicate, pulsing web of sound where pitches are indicated by tongue taps on mouthpieces, puffs of lightest breath, whisper touches on the strings. Sciarrino's "Aspern" opera looks fascinating in score, and "Introduction to Darkness" leaves me ready to hear more of his music. He was born in Sicily in 1947. "Dialogo del Fischio nell'Orecchio e di un Rospo" (1989-1990), by Gervasoni, a Milan-trained Bergamask, uses larger forces, for longer, to smaller effect. This dialogue for tinnitus and toad is an arty, tedious stretch of whistle and cheep, punctuated by recitation; the sound of two percussionists ripping squares of silk proves curious once, but Gervasoni employs it again and again. "L'Usgnol in Vatta a un Fil," by Fabio Vacchi, a Bolognese composer born in 1949, was very pretty: a twelve-minute tapestry of song, richly woven. Real nightingales sing not with a long line but in short, pregnant motifs, varied and voiced in thrilling timbres; antiphony through the woods turns their monodies into enchanted "composition." Vacchi does much to recapture the magic for an urban concert hall, but Federico Montagner, the author of the program notes, seems almost apologetic about a composer whose work "stands outside the stylistic idioms of the more recent generations" and "abounds in elegantly seductive coloristic effects and a return to vaguely tonal atmospheres."

I admired Niccolò Castiglioni's Conductus (1988), in which fourteen players are used judiciously—never all at once—but with great variety, in a fascinating piece where freely lyrical melodies of graceful contour coalesce into a central chorale and then proliferate again. Aldo Clementi's Concerto (1986), for piano and fourteen instruments, is a hundred and eighty-eight bars played at breakneck speed to start with, then slowing down throughout two complete repetitions, so that what begins as a dazzle calms into something spare and solemn. The Adagio Cantabile of Lorenzo Ferrero, a Turinese born in 1956, is a "deconstruction" of the "Pathétique" slow movement, more an experiment than a composition. Among the not unfamiliar pieces, Nono's ". . . sofferte onde serene . . ." (which Pollini has recorded) was well



"*Of course, there's always Planet Earth.*"

played by Mr. Damerini. Mr. Garbarino was a tireless, punctilious conductor. Only Donatoni's "Tema" (an IRCAM piece, which Boulez has recorded) proved disappointing: the performance was below tempo.

ALMOST every night in New York, there is new music to be heard. Here is a sampling of some of the new or newish music—not all of it American—that the week of November 11th had to offer. Again, no trend spotting, no general conclusions—just an account of diversity.

SUNDAY: The American Composers Orchestra concert in Carnegie Hall, conducted by Paul Lustig Dunkel, began with David Lang's "Bonehead." Lang, who was born in Los Angeles in 1957, came to notice six years ago with his "Flaming Youth," for the New York Youth Symphony. Since then, his "Eating Living Monkeys" has been widely played. This summer, his puppet opera "Judith and Holofernes" won a Munich Biennale prize. His music proves energetic and arresting even when one doesn't exactly like it much. Some pieces are created by pursuing a premise. In "Eating Living Monkeys," the orchestra divisions represent opposed civilizations while a few instruments act as ambassadors. The image for "Spud" is the decay and disintegration of an initially firm, healthy potato. Of "Bonehead" Lang says, "I imagine what would result from giving musical instruments to cavemen"—cavemen who have virtuoso technical command but no knowledge of mathematics, traditional rhetoric, or the classical repertory: "Without the influence of these more sophisticated disciplines, music might be reduced to its ritual function . . . or it might depict natural sounds." "Bonehead" presents such possible music in a fairly developed state: the saxophones at the start have discovered fifths; the strings have discovered the excitement of tremolando crescendos. The piece does go on a bit, but not too long. (The score suggests a duration of sixteen minutes, and the A.C.O. performance lasted about thirteen.) The close—solos for English horn and saxophone, mandolin twittering from the upper strings, a quartet of those string drums called Lion's Roar roaring us as gently as any sucking dove—is engaging.

There followed the Third Symphony of the late Lester Trimble, which

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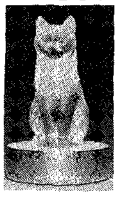

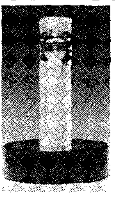

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was composed in 1986 and could well have been composed, much of it, in 1886. Then Hannibal Peterson's "African Portraits," a forty-five-minute suite strung on a thread of plot. It starts with African drumming and Mandingo chant. There is a gospel song (Vanessa Bell Armstrong), a blues (David "Honeyboy" Edwards), a jazz session (the Peterson Quintet), a final tutti affirmation, "Love is the key to life." The forces—they included the Morgan State University Chorus—were varied and colorful. The modern orchestra's contributions were the least interesting.

Monday: Alfred Brendel in a recent essay, "The Pianist and the Program," remarks, "It ought to be a matter of personal pride for younger performers to play a fair share of the new repertory.... Among all the programs I could name, those promoting important new music get my highest marks." At an Alice Tully Hall recital, Bruce Brubaker, one of the most satisfactory of younger American pianists, introduced Mark-Anthony Turnage's "Entranced" to New York and revived Edward Steuermann's Sonata, framing them between Haydn and Brahms.

"Entranced" was composed in 1982, when Turnage, born in 1960, graduated from the Royal College. He was already known: the London Sinfonietta had played his "Night Dances," and the Orchestra of St. John's, Smith Square, his "Kind of Blue." He reached wider audiences with "Greek" (1988)—an "Oedipus" set in Thatcher's London, which has been produced at the Munich Biennale, at the Edinburgh Festival, by BBC Television, and, this season, by the English National Opera. Several of his earlier pieces show American influence. "Kind of Blue," subtitled "In Memoriam, Thelonious Monk," uses material from a John Coltrane solo. "Lament for a Hanging Man," a dramatic song cycle for soprano and instrumental quintet (text from Jeremiah and from Sylvia Plath), evokes soul music and Sidney Bechet's saxophone. "Entranced," in the words of Barbara Lukruc-Becker's Tully program note (Mr. Brubaker's middle name is evidently Clark), "contains elements of gospel music and 'cool' jazz." It is a rich, big, "layered" piece, lasting six minutes, with long-breathed song, keyboard-spanning choral support, riffs and breaks, far-flung perspectives, and a thorough command of piano sonorities.

Steuermann's Sonata was composed in 1926, when he was a member of Schoenberg's circle, and was revised in 1954, when he taught at Juilliard. He is remembered best as the pianist who introduced all Schoenberg's music with piano from "Pierrot Lunaire" onward (except the Songs, Opus 48), Berg's Sonata and Chamber Concerto, and much Webern, and as a teacher—of, among others, T. W. Adorno, Brendel, Lili Kraus, Moura Lympany, and Russell Sherman. But he called composition "the most serious thing in my artistic personality." The twenty-minute Sonata, in two movements ("Deciso" and "Molto sostenuto"), reflects his early championship of Bartók, Debussy, and Berg. Thoroughly and intensely composed, thoroughly pianistic, it proves gripping while it lasts; later, however, one begins to think that perhaps integrity of thought rather than creativity, process rather than any powerful invention, has held the attention.

Mr. Brubaker's Haydn, the G-major sonata, No. 39, was captivating—elegant, personal, and charming. His Brahms, the Opus 116 Fantasies, was balanced, poetic, and thoughtful. Others (Wilhelm Kempff, for one) have played the Fantasies with a readier yielding to rhapsodic impulse; Mr. Brubaker's searching of their sense, his revelation of the late-Brahms thought that makes of seven capriccios and intermezzos a single composition, provides complementary adventure. Analysts—notably Jonathan Dunsby in his contribution to the sesquicentenary collection "Brahms" (Cambridge)—have demonstrated the unity, and Mr. Brubaker made one hear and feel it. He is no dry or merely "expository" pianist but a romantic. (Some of his metrical freedoms shocked me for a moment.) He draws beautiful sound from the strings and never bangs. Especially notable is his command of "voicing," of placing line against line and color against color in controlled yet supple metrical flow. Highest marks!

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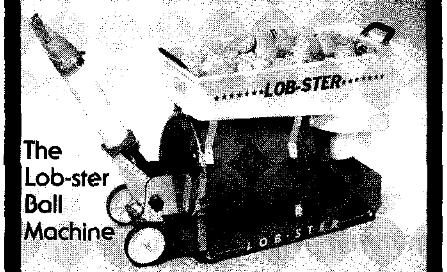

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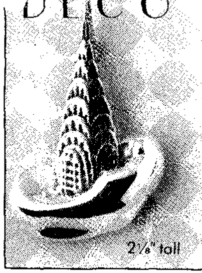

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sicae's three programs this season, in Merkin Hall, contains a work by Milton Babbitt, played in seventy-fifth-birthday celebration. The first program began with "Reflections" (1975), for piano and tape, a glittering, vivacious composition, of which Aleck Karis gave a buoyant performance. The other works on the program—overshadowed by Babbitt's copious, compact creativity—were premières. "Harlequin," by Robert Ceely (a New England academic composer, born in 1930), is a short duo for double-bass and tape, and an agreeable composition. The double-bass Harlequin—he was Donald Palma—pursues his mercurial course through the six minutes of adventures suggested by the tape. Ezequiel Viñao's moderately interesting "La Noche de las Noches" is a set of seven *zenga*, or Zen paintings, executed in the medium of string quartet and live electronics. For the second half, there was Poul Ruders's half-hour suite "Psalmodies," written for the Speculum guitarist David Starobin: eleven brief pieces for guitar and nine players—wind quartet and string quintet—in varying combinations. The outer pieces are an exuberant Entrance and a melancholy Exit for solo guitar. No. 2 is a Queen Mab scherzo for guitar and cello, sounded only by the impact of left-hand fingers on the strings. No. 6 has a solo-violin song with guitar and double-bass in accompaniment. In No. 10, "A Prayer with Halo," guitar and viola play in charmed heterophony. Ruders comes up with one good idea after another; I look forward to the promised Bridge recording.

WEDNESDAY: In Avery Fisher Hall, a seventy-fifth-birthday concert for David Diamond, played by the Juilliard Orchestra, conducted by Gerard Schwarz. We know of Diamond's importance: pupil of Sessions and Boulanger; championed by Koussevitzky and Mitropoulos; author of nine symphonies and engaged on a tenth and an eleventh; influential teacher. I look forward to hearing a full Diamond panorama: the Rounds for String Orchestra (1944), the Kaddish (1989) for cello and orchestra, the Fourth (1945) and the Second (1943) Symphonies. But the performances are so unpleasant—loud, crude, driven, earsplitting at climaxes—that the merits of the music become hard to perceive. Back home, I put on Bernstein's recording of

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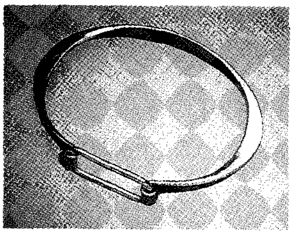

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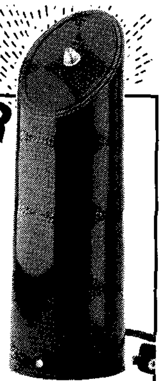

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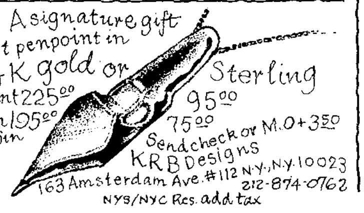

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Thursday: Each of Parnassus' three concerts this season contains a song cycle. In April, it will be György Kurtág's "Messages of the Late R. V. Trussova," with Adrienne Csengery the soloist. At the first concert, it was Richard Rodney Bennett's Five Sonnets of Louise Labé (1984), for soprano and eleven players. Bennett, an effortlessly able British composer, born in 1936, was prominent in the sixties, when he composed an opera for Covent Garden ("Victory," after Conrad) and two operas for Sadler's Wells ("The Mines of Sulphur" and "A Penny for a Song"), a symphony for the London Symphony and one for the New York Philharmonic, and much, much else. Now he lives quietly in New York, playing piano at J's or at Jan Wallman's, and still writing music. Labé's sonnets blaze with passion (four centuries after her death, in 1556, her native Lyons refused to allow a girls' school to be named for her); Bennett sets them to grandly passionate lines, soaring above or twining through an animated texture in which each part looks good to play. It is all deftly and admirably composed, and yet . . . With Bennett, there is often this vague "and yet." Sentences from his New Grove entry may suggest why: "He could, one feels, write in any style with equal precision"; "The apt sensitive rendering of the zany comedy in . . . 'A Penny for a Song' and the high romance in 'Victory' nevertheless leave a musically neutral impression." This is a well-made work. Is it a necessary import, justifying the time that must have been spent on its preparation, when there are newer British composers—David Home, Andrew Toovey, James MacMillan—still unheard in New York?

Candace Goetz was an excellent soloist, accurate and shining. She could have made more expressive play with the big portamentos that Bennett calls for, as in the voluptuous gestures at the start of the fourth sonnet, "Baise m'encore, rebaise moi et baise." The performance needs a few more public airings to become settled, secure, and flowing, but Parnassus is not an ensemble in steady, year-round employment, able to polish its repertory from concert to concert. What it does have is crack players and a committed conductor, Anthony Korf. They gave compelling accounts of Schoenberg's Three Pieces (1910)—strange, strong miniatures for a miniature orchestra—and of the famous Five Pieces, Opus 16, which were composed for a huge orchestra but were done here in the chamber reduction, for twelve players, by Felix Greissle, Schoenberg's son-in-law. When money is short, reductions can be valuable. (This month and next, the City of Birmingham Touring Opera is presenting a two-evening abridged "Ring," rescored by Jonathan Dove for an orchestra of eighteen, in seven British towns.) In any case, the X-ray presentation of Opus 16 holds its own fascination: the force of the musical invention becomes apparent, particularly in a performance such as this one, where each player is alert, each note held vital.

Friday: With "Shogun," at the Marquis Theatre, Paul Chihara joins the short list of concert-hall composers—Kurt Weill, Babbitt, Bernstein come to mind—who have written Broadway musicals. But "Shogun" hardly seems to be by the composer of the "Ceremony" series, of the Magnificat and Missa Carminum Brevis, of the quintet "Willow, Willow." That Chihara is an imaginative, delicate composer; this score is eclectic, synthetic, lowest-common-denominatorly. The protean Lloyd Webber seems the model for the few tunes that stick: the duet "Born to Be Together"; a song for the hero about sailing back to England. There are touches of Weill, moments of Eastern pastiche, and a readiness, odd in the Japanese setting, to drop into Latin-American metres—a near-calypso in Act I, a tango just beneath the surface of an Act II duet. Chihara must not be blamed for the banal scoring: the credits name both an orchestrator (David Cullen, who also scored "Joseph," "Cats," "Starlight Express," "Phantom") and an additional orchestrator.

Regular operagoers who venture here will be astonished by what people who go to musicals take in their stride nowadays: homogenized amplification that sets the eye searching the stage for who can be singing; singers with little vocal presence (the prima donna, June Angela, is pleasingly accurate and pure; the romantic hero, Philip Casnoff, lacks vocal resource); and, beyond that, bluntness—by operatic standards, inefficiency—of dramaturgy and of presentation. Compare the crude use of Japanese device—the suddenly thrown streamers of a Kabuki spider, the fireflies or butterflies suspended from wands manipulated by "invisible" stagehands—with the delicacy of such a production as the St. Louis "Jōruri."

The action proved harder to follow than that of any Metastasio opera. Verdi deplored irrelevant divertissements introduced to jolly a piece along. Act II of "Shogun" began with an irrelevant firefly festival and continued with irrelevant dance and song aboard, as it were, H.M.S. Pinafore. There was no clear finale but a clumsy sequence of three possible finales: a sort of "Faust" trio for the principals, incorporating earlier themes, which was well composed and needed only a choral close to bring the musical to a stirring end; then a solo for Lord Toranaga, whose machinations have made him Shogun at last; and then a full-company entry in new, glitzy costumes, with song and dance about karma.

SATURDAY: Chihara is a nisei, born in Seattle in 1938, taught by Boulanger and Schuller. Bright Sheng, born in Shanghai in 1955, came to America eight years ago (after study at the Shanghai Conservatory) and was taught by Davidovsky, Perle, Weisgall, and Chou Wen-Chung. His "H'un," commissioned by the New York Chamber Symphony, was first played at the Y, in 1987; this season, it was billed for five more New York performances—two at the Y and three, to be conducted by Bernstein, at the Philharmonic. The Philharmonic performances have been cancelled; at the Y, Mr. Schwarz and the Chamber Symphony gave a striking performance of this striking piece. The title means "wounds, cut marks, lacerations"; the subtitle is "In Memoriam 1966-76"; and the content, Sheng writes, is "my past and present emotions about . . . the Cultural Revolution in China and its cost to the country." A long stretch of harsh, violent music—potently shaped and controlled—is followed by a tense, extended elegiac coda.

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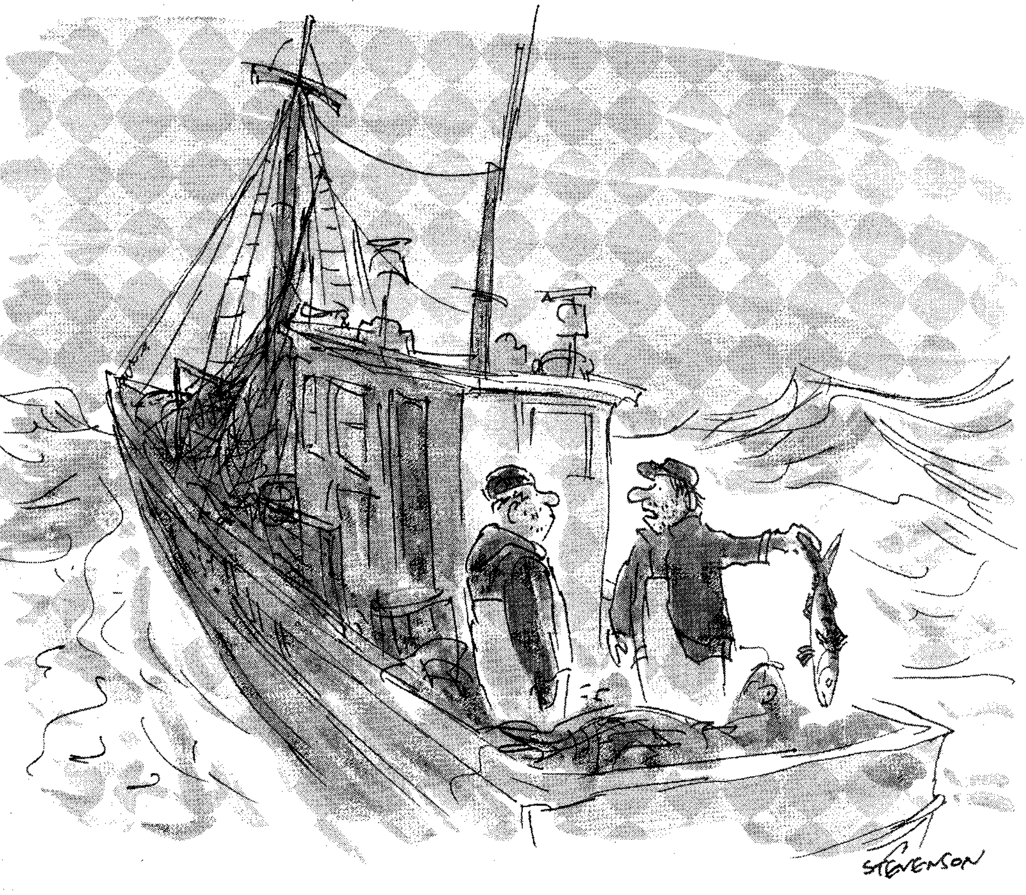
Middle of the Road

EVAN S. CONNELL'S novels about the painfully respectable Bridge family of Kansas City, "Mrs. Bridge" (1959) and "Mr. Bridge" (1969), are constructed like albums of snapshots: artful arrangements of moments from ordinary lives. Connell puts before us a succession of brief episodes (few are longer than three or four pages) written in terse, flat third-person prose, and the events he describes, which take place in the late thirties and early forties, are rarely dramatic: they have sequence but no consequence—chronology but no story. The Bridges' lives have a static, suspended quality, neither here nor there; the name itself is a sly and rather elegant joke on the characters, because these are people who stand squarely, solidly, and even proudly in the middle of nowhere, between a place they've never been and a place they'll never get to. Mr. and Mrs. Bridge—Walter and India—are pure exemplars of the middle: they're middle-aged and middle-class; they live in a medium-sized city in virtually the dead center of the United States; and they are neither truly happy nor consciously unhappy. Connell looks at the Bridges with the detachment of an anthropologist: the correct, conservative attitudes and behavior of this determinedly typical couple are rendered in such minute detail that they come to seem bizarre, exotic. And the relentlessness of this examination gives the characters some poignance as well: they're unaware of how strange their "normal" existence really is, and how poorly the rigid formality of their daily life expresses their emotions and desires. But the sympathy we occasionally feel for Mr. and Mrs. Bridge has very little to do with why the characters are so memorable, or why the novels are so readable. What keeps us turning the pages, despite the unvarying style and the lack of drama, is sheer morbid fascination: the Bridges are grotesques—monsters of moderation—and they hold our attention the way the most disturbing of Diane Arbus's portraits do.

Over the years, these novels have acquired the aura of neglected classics, and it's not hard to see why. They're unusual books, far more original and striking than much of the heralded fiction of the fifties and sixties, and Connell's coolly savage vision of middle-American life confirms many people's darkest suspicions about the sources of their parents' values: he suggests that the imposing rectitude of middle-class couples like the Bridges is simply an elaborate structure of repression, arching over a swamp of emotional chaos and moral panic. The trouble with the novels, actually, is that they lend themselves all too readily to formulations like that: we understand the Bridges too easily, too quickly, and too thoroughly, and Connell, to keep our interest, is forced to dredge up ever more extreme manifestations of the murky, unacknowledged horrors inside his characters' souls. He provides Walter, a sternly upright lawyer, with incestuous feelings for his elder daughter and with a nasty streak of anti-Semitism; India, a submissive and terribly sheltered country-club matron, becomes more and more pathetic as the years go by, her desperate chipperness treated with increasing contempt by her husband and children, her girlish innocence turning gradually into a permanent befuddled despair.



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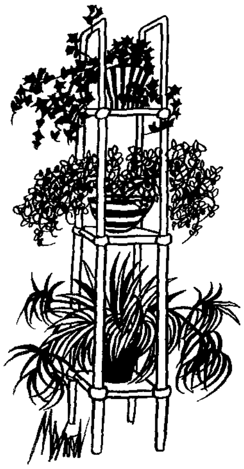
The books' episodic structure and miniaturist style present obvious problems for movie adaptation. In a way, it's easier to imagine the Bridges' saga as a TV series, a kind of twisted sitcom: a "Father Knows Best" in which the amiable daddy, Jim, has somehow metamorphosed into Leland Palmer, of "Twin Peaks." A more serious problem is the nature of the central characters: when the grotesqueness of Mr. and Mrs. Bridge is magnified to big-screen size, it is bound to become unbearable. As their faces loom over us in the dark, these figures can't help acquiring an oppressive weight, an authority as smothering (and monolithic) as that of the most overbearing parents, and they run the risk of alienating us completely. The Bridges are the sort of parents who make their children want to run away from home, and the sort of characters who make audiences feel like fleeing the theatre—or, at least (and perhaps worst), retreating into an attitude of amused disdain toward the people on the screen.

For a while, James Ivory's "Mr. & Mrs. Bridge," which draws from both novels, looks as if it were going to avoid all the pitfalls of the material. Ivory is working with his usual team, the producer Ismail Merchant and the screenwriter Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, and the Connell novels fall comfortably into the territory that the Merchant Ivory gang has staked out for itself in the past decade or so. A Merchant Ivory picture is invariably a comedy (or drama) of manners adapted from a respectable literary source: Henry James ("The Europeans" and "The Bostonians"), E. M. Forster ("A Room with a View" and "Maurice"), Jean Rhys ("Quartet"), Tama Janowitz ("Slaves of New York"), and Jhabvala herself ("Heat and Dust"). And Ivory shares quite a few of Connell's qualities: the meticulous, sometimes fussy, attention to physical detail; the flat, clean, neutral style; the air of cultured nonconformity; the dry, ironic tone that verges on haughtiness. At the beginning of "Mr. & Mrs. Bridge," the director seems eerily in tune with the novels' distinctive sensibility: the domestic vignettes are sharply dramatized and succeed each other with an even, confident rhythm; the nuances of behavior, language, and décor register and then resonate satisfyingly; the tone is exactly right, cool but not condescending. The movie takes us skillfully into the Bridges' odd, hermetic world; after about fifteen minutes in their pristine neighborhood, we feel as if we were inside one of those glass paperweights in which snow is always falling softly on white houses and tiny cheerful people. Eventually, and inevitably, we yearn for release from this bubble world, but the movie doesn't let us go until more than two hours have passed. At first, the picture gets by on its strange mood of chilling coziness, and when we tire of that—and we do, because it doesn't change or develop—the actors keep us engaged a while longer. Walter and India are played by Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward, and the performances are fascinating—both in themselves and in the way Ivory tries to use the stars' presence to help him get around the problems of putting Connell's schematically conceived characters on film.



With Newman as Mr. Bridge, there's not a chance that the character will simply repel us. Walter is a tyrant and a prig, a pompous know-it-all who lectures his family on thrift, chastity, self-control, the irresponsibility of artists, the superiority of America to Europe, and the evils of the New Deal. He's a windbag without even the (mildly) redeeming quality of seeming to enjoy the sound of his own voice or the flow of his language as he expounds his principles: he delivers his homilies with a grudging air, pinching off each sentence irritably, as if he could barely suppress his anger at having to explain such self-evident truths. He has no imagination and virtually no capacity for empathy, even with those he loves: he throws cold water on his wife's enthusiasms and dismisses her needs and desires when they don't suit him (nearly always), and his conversations with his children are usually conducted with the stilted impersonality of business meetings. Although the filmmakers have eliminated a few of the character's rottener traits (notably the anti-Semitism), Walter Bridge is still a creep, and that's how Newman plays the role, with narrowed eyes and a grim, mean set to his mouth. It's a scrupulous performance: he doesn't try to soften the character, or to distance himself from it with exaggerated effects—that is, with the kind of flamboyance that stars often resort to when they want to

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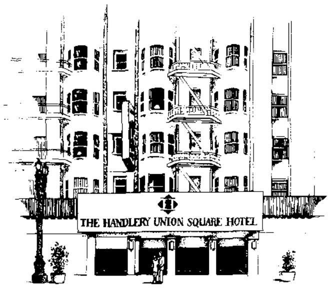
be sure we know that they're only acting, and that we shouldn't identify them with the unpleasant things the character is doing.

The fact that Newman is playing Mr. Bridge automatically makes the character more sympathetic than it would be if it were played by, say, Kurtwood Smith, who had the role of the martinet who drove his sensitive son to suicide in "Dead Poets Society." (This isn't an entirely frivolous comparison, since the actor who played the young suicide, Robert Sean Leonard, plays Walter's son in this movie.) But Newman does something better than make Mr. Bridge likable: he humanizes the character. The tone of his voice occasionally lends a trace of uncertainty to Walter's blunt pronouncements, the faintest suggestion that he isn't always as sure of the truth as he seems to be—that he's even aware, from time to time, of his own artificiality. We notice, too, that he sometimes has trouble maintaining the pitiless, no-nonsense gaze he uses to intimidate the people he's talking to: when he's confused, he lowers his eyes or looks off to the side, so no one will see the fear in them. By very simple means, Newman enables us to understand Mr. Bridge's insensitivity and emotional ineptitude: he gives life to a character conceived as a dead man.

While Newman's performance makes the character more humanly interesting and allows us to watch the picture without feeling oppressed by Walter's awfulness, it also has the effect of exposing the essential monotony of the material. A more rounded character requires a story with more variety and more narrative than Connell provides in his novels. But the screenplay, although it rearranges the sequence of events, retains the static, one-thing-after-another quality of the books' construction, and at a certain point the scenes begin to feel arbitrary. The filmmakers have chosen not to overwhelm us with horror, as the novels do, but without that obsessive piling on of damning evidence—without Connell's prosecutorial fervor—the story has no motor, nothing to sustain our interest. A stronger emphasis on the Bridge children—on the dynamics of rebellion and accommodation within their absurd domestic universe—might have given the picture some dramatic tension, some momentum. Instead, Ivory and Jhabvala concentrate on the down-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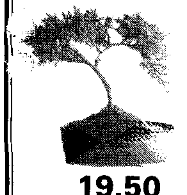

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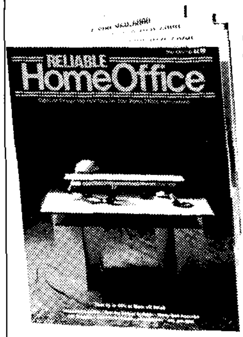
ward slide of Mrs. Bridge; and Woodward, like Newman, gives a delicate, subtle performance that first enriches and then muddles our responses to the character. India Bridge's naïveté is the flip side (in Connell's view, the female complement) of Walter's hardheadedness: in moments of desperation, she becomes silly, just as he, in similar situations, becomes cruel. Her children sometimes look at her with blank amazement—what planet is *Mom* on?—and then avert their eyes in embarrassment. On the page, India is a conceit: we experience her humiliations in a fairly abstract way. Woodward, however, embodies this foolish woman so vividly (and unpatronizingly) that she eliminates our sense of distance from the character. As the movie nears its end and India becomes more ridiculous, we begin to feel angry at how she and we are being treated by the filmmakers. When pain so intimate is presented apparently for its own sake—that is, without the possibility of dramatic resolution—it leaves a nasty, sour taste.

What's unusual about "Mr. & Mrs. Bridge" is the way everything that makes the movie effective in its opening scenes tends to undermine it later on. The filmmakers are, finally, too dogged in their fidelity to their source: too reverent toward material that needed to be re-imagined for the screen, and not alert enough to how their actors will alter our responses to the characters. When the picture is over, we feel as baffled and empty as the Bridges: as if we, too, had been suspended over a void; as if, like them, we had begun with a sense of purpose and promise and then discovered we'd gone nowhere. Somewhere along the road—between book and movie, between family album and family story—something important got lost, or lost sight of. Ivory's perspective on the Bridges seems to become clouded by a storm of minutiae: a surfeit of period detail, an ultimately blinding absorption in the trivia of everyday life. And the Bridges, as they're rendered here, simply aren't large enough either to move us or to terrify us. They're the Ambersons without the magnificence; and without it this middle-American family stands before us awkwardly, looking stranded and alien, like dim figures in snapshots—too self-conscious to respond to each other, and too indistinct to reveal what connects them to us.

—TERRENCE RAFFERTY



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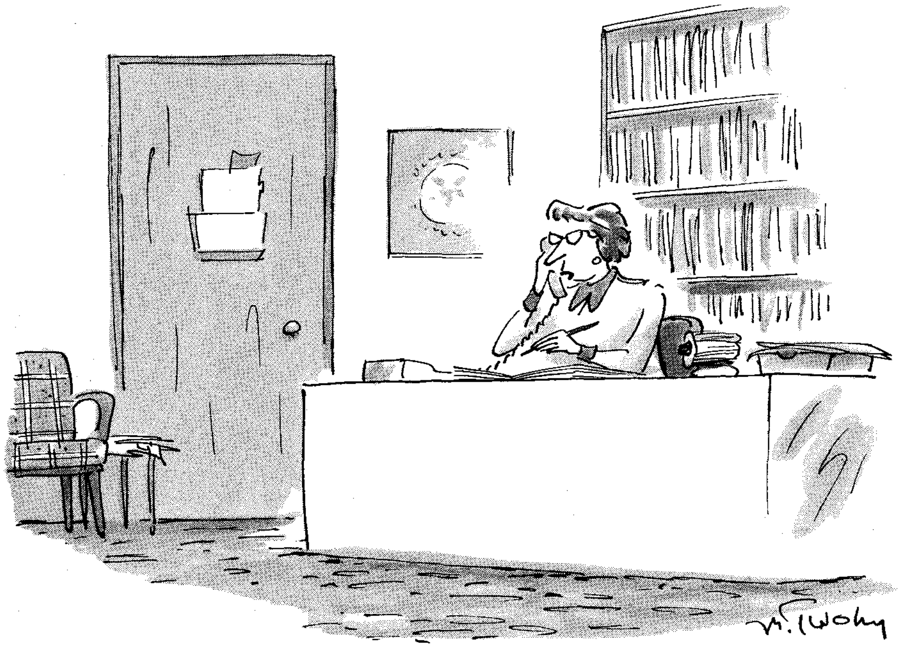
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

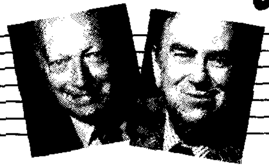
NOVEMBER 21

THOUGH the President's decision to send about two hundred thousand additional troops to the Persian Gulf has been dressed up as a policy decision—one that now gives us a force capable of offensive action in the region—what actually happened was that the military changed its estimate of what it needed to carry out the offensive option it had been supposed to be prepared for already. This development, which displeased certain Administration officials, who had thought that the two-hundred-thousand-odd-person contingent that was already in place was all the Pentagon wanted to carry out various options, including an offensive one, has set off a chain of events which has brought great discomfort to the Administration. When the President announced, two days after the election, that he was increasing the number of troops to be committed to Operation Desert Shield "to ensure that the coalition has an adequate offensive military option should that be necessary," he was, on the face of it, describing the purpose of the addition, but he wasn't, contrary to the impression most people took from the President's statement, presenting a change in policy. Though people fastened on the word "offensive," the more relevant word was "adequate." While the Administration had officially stated that the troops in Saudi Arabia were there for defensive purposes, we have supposedly had an offensive capability for some time now. The word "offensive" was put in the statement, after some dispute, because key officials knew that the President's announcement would touch off questions about the new troops' mission and that sticking to the official line—which had been taken in order to keep both Americans and our coalition allies calm—about a defensive role wouldn't be credible. By early September, civilian and military officials said that they were planning for all manner of contingencies, including an offensive attack on Iraq or a drive into Kuwait, and were suggesting in interviews how such an attack might work.

In fact, the whole idea of committing up to about two hundred and fifty thousand troops in the first place was supposedly to avoid precisely what just happened: a gradual buildup that became the subject of public debate. Early on, it was widely explained that Colin Powell, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who had served in Vietnam, had learned the painful lesson of the political difficulty of gradual escalation, and had asked at the outset for as many troops as he thought he would need for the Gulf over the long haul. By mid-October, the military was saying internally that it needed substantially more troops. Now an official explains that what the military wants to avoid is escalation *in the course of* a war, à la Vietnam. Also because of Vietnam, the Administration has avoided giving out precise numbers of how many troops would be sent—the numbers floating about are based on informed speculation—but this hasn't kept people from noticing the ever-growing buildup. On October 25th, Defense Secretary Dick Cheney suddenly appeared on all three morning network-news programs to announce the deployment of additional troops to the region, and Pentagon backgrounders said that number was about a hundred thousand. Cheney was careful not to state a ceiling. At the time, Cheney's statement was largely taken here as a trial balloon (and didn't cause much reaction). A senior official said that the top policymakers didn't know the full size of the Pentagon's request until a few days before the President's announcement. At the time of Cheney's announcement, the purported reason for the increase didn't seem to hold water: Administration officials said that there were now about four hundred thousand Iraqi troops in Kuwait and southern Iraq—but they had said the same thing in early September. Moreover, it shouldn't have come as a surprise that that's where the troops were concentrated. It was also said that the Iraqi troops had "dug in"—but that shouldn't have come as a surprise, either. The day after Cheney's announcement, a senior Administration official said to me, "Militaries are inherently conservative. If you give them time to think about it, they'll ask for more troops." This official also said to me then that the additional troops "aren't needed for new options." A senior Pentagon official says, "We have always had an offensive option. It was a question of how successful [illegible] would be. With each passing day, we became convinced that it wouldn't be enough. We're giving the President *complete* offensive options." More than one official has said to me that, despite the theory of civilian control, when the military says it needs a certain amount of troops to "get the job done" the request isn't likely to be denied. Some close observers think that this Administration, perhaps taking one of the



"The doctor is in court on Tuesdays and Wednesdays."



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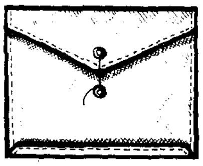

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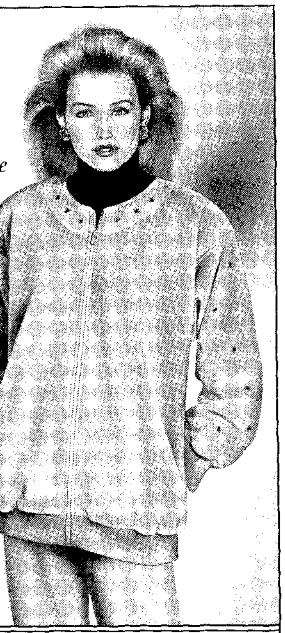
several possible lessons from Vietnam, is particularly loath to second-guess the military. Shortly after the President's recent announcement of more troops, a senior Administration official said to me, "We always had a sense that the military would need some more, but this is more than we thought. They want a decisive military capability; this is where they came out."

In his press conference announcing the troop increase, the President was, as he often is, elliptical, and he didn't actually say that he had changed his policy from one of defending Saudi Arabia to one of waging an aggressive war against Iraq, probably over Kuwait, but the conclusion, encouraged by the President, that it represented such a change was what set off an uproar in Washington and the rest of the country. The President couldn't announce that the military had changed its mind on what was needed to carry out various options, despite the fact that that's what happened. More than one civilian official refers to what happened as "the McClellan principle." The President had said all along that he was keeping his options open. The understanding from very early on was that military force was there not just to deter an attack on Saudi Arabia but also as an option if it was concluded that the economic sanctions didn't "work" and diplomatic efforts didn't yield an acceptable result. That way, if the Administration did resort to force it could say that it had given sanctions and diplomacy a chance. The various strategies for an offensive action were openly discussed by Pentagon officials. Former Air Force Chief of Staff General Michael Dugan's open, detailed discussion, in mid-September, of an offensive against Iraq that relied heavily but not solely on air power got him fired, but few thought he wasn't discussing a real option.

Once the Administration agreed to send more troops, it had to lay out a rationale. But the rationale caused still more problems. In background briefings, Administration officials explained that the President was growing impatient, and felt that the economic sanctions weren't having the desired political effect on Saddam Hussein: the additional troops, it was explained, were to demonstrate to Hussein that we're "serious." The problem with



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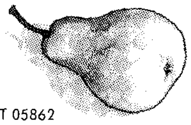

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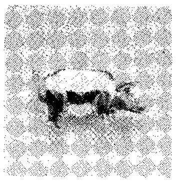

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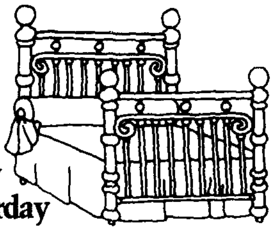

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this explanation is that a lot of people here don't think that Presidential impatience is a good enough reason to go to war, and they think he should give the sanctions more time. There is little question that the sanctions are having some effect, especially on military spare parts and refined petroleum products. Further, unable to export oil, Iraq is taking an economic beating. The problem with having sent some two hundred thousand troops, in the eyes of several observers here—instead of, say, forty thousand, with the sole mission of deterring an attack on Saudi Arabia—and demanding that Saddam Hussein withdraw from Kuwait unconditionally, was that it put us into a dead-end policy. We *would be more likely to have to use the* larger number of troops, the argument went, and the pressures of logistics, time, weather, and religious holidays in Saudi Arabia, as well as potential fractures in the alliance and eroding support for the President's policy, could well push us to use the troops before there was a chance to see if the sanctions "worked." Adding another two hundred thousand troops only intensified matters.

If the additional troops didn't represent a change in policy, they did suggest new logistical circumstances that many here found disturbing, as reflected in the outcry. It became all the clearer that the Administration was contemplating a ground war in Kuwait, against dug-in troops, which many military experts say would be extremely costly in American lives lost (as well as the lives of whatever allies *are alongside* us). These people would rely primarily on air power. In fact, they prefer General Dugan's plan. A well-placed congressional expert on the military says, "If they want to scare Saddam Hussein, they should bring back General Dugan." The other implication, to many minds here, of the announcement was that the pressures to use the troops would be all the greater because of the logistical difficulties of supplying and maintaining four hundred thousand troops in the harsh conditions of the Saudi desert for very long. (And at a cost of two billion dollars a month.) Therefore, it seemed all the less likely that sanctions would be given time to "work."

This concern was underscored when Cheney, shortly after the additional troops were announced, said that they would not be rotated; until then, the assumption had been that the troops in Saudi Arabia would have to be rotated, so that they could keep their edge. Members of Congress raised the rotation question in meetings with Cheney and Powell last week, and afterward House Armed Services Committee Chairman Les Aspin, of Wisconsin, said that they had said, "The fact that there is no rotation policy does not mean there will be no rotation." Asp[illegible] and Sam Nunn, Democrat of Georgia and chairman of th[illegible] Senate Armed Services Committee, pressed the point i[illegible]a meeting of the President and congressional leaders Wednesday of last week. But since such *a large proportion of our existing* forces would be in the Gulf, rotation of a force of this size could move us to a draft—and a whole new set of political questions. A Pentagon official says the draft wouldn't solve the rotation problem, because draftees would be new and untrained. In fact, were it not for the coincidence of the end of the Cold War, and troop reductions in Europe (the treaty was signed in Paris this week), the Administration would have had a lot more trouble finding enough troops for the Gulf. As it is, some are being shipped from Germany. On Sunday, Cheney said, "The question of a rotation policy has been put on the shelf for the time being." Powell said on television this week that the issue doesn't have to be decided yet, because most of the troops have been in the Gulf just over three months. A senior Administration official said to me last week, "People here underestimated the effect of no rotation." Yet in terms of the timing that everyone has been assuming for a possible offensive attack (though no one outside the Adminis[illegible]tration knows for sure what it is), little had actually changed. It had been a[illegible]sumed all along that if the Administr[illegible]tion went to war it would do so in the early months of next year (if not before). The numbers that were already in the desert were enough to have set military action in motion by a certain time if they were going to be used. The same factors would have applied.

THE President's advisers say that he hasn't made a decision as to whether to go to war, but, of course, that is what they would say. The President, who is often, and deliberately, hard to read, is especially hard to read on this one—which, if he truly hopes, as he and his advisers say, that the threat of war will bring Saddam Hussein to heel, is as it should be. The most difficult question the Administration may have to face is what would constitute success in the Gulf. Gradually, the Administration has hardened on the point that this is one it can't lose; the question is, what constitutes "lose," and that, an official says, is something that can be defined eighteen ways. For some people, in and outside the Administration, nothing short of the outright defeat of Saddam Hussein, and the dismemberment of his dangerous military arsenal, will do. The theory is that anything short of that would leave Hussein in a position to be a menace to other Middle East countries (including Israel) in the future. The opposing argument is that there are other ways to hem him in, and that he is already paying a high price for his aggression. The Administration is utterly aware that at any point Hussein might, however quietly and indirectly, offer a deal that falls short of the Administration's firm demands that Iraq withdraw from Kuwait completely and unconditionally and the former ruling family be restored. Both the President and James Baker, the Secretary of State, have openly suggested that if Hussein does withdraw "unconditionally" all sorts of things can be discussed among parties in the region, so, if Hussein wanted to coöperate, it could get down to a matter of choreography. The Administration is also aware that if Hussein said he would withdraw from almost all of Kuwait but keep an island or two to give him access to the Gulf, and perhaps part of an oil strip that lies across the Iraq-Kuwait border, it would be hard to convince Americans, as well as our allies, that we should still go to war. The Administration would try, however, to maintain the economic sanctions. And though they talk about it less now, in deference to Arab sensibilities, officials would still seek a long-term security arrangement in the area—whether or not there has been a war. Some officials want to add to the list of essential outcomes that Iraq's chemical, biological, and nuclear warfare capabilities (which are in different states of readiness) be eliminated, but, though this has been trotted out on occasion, it hasn't been made official doctrine—at

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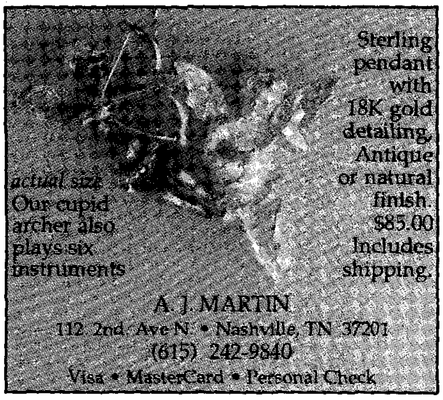

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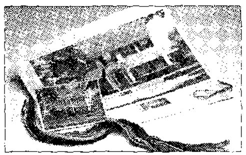

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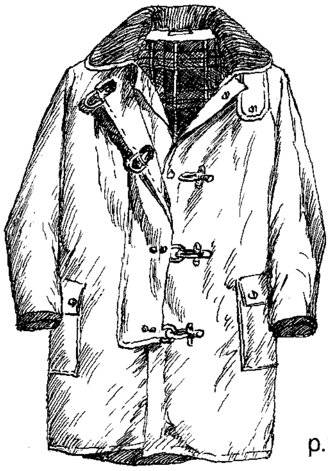

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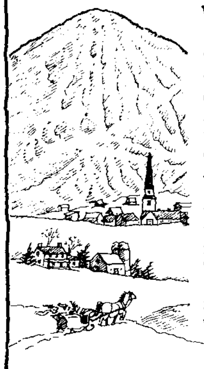

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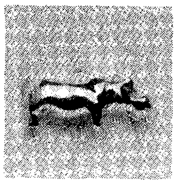

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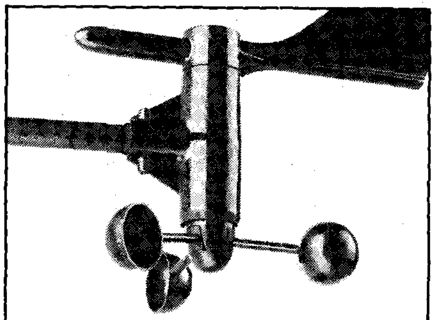
least, not publicly. Some people, inside as well as outside the government, say that there are ways to take care of these things—for as long as they can be taken care of, in any event—without going to war with Iraq. Baker said Sunday that the chemical and potential nuclear weapons were "a valid concern," though not on the list of stated objectives, and that it could be they could be dealt with through "very intrusive" non-proliferation arrangements. Such arrangements would be necessary after a war anyway.

There is a widely held assumption here, perhaps a wishfully held one, that Baker, a great political poker player, is working toward a peaceful resolution of the Gulf crisis—an assumption that Baker and his aides do nothing to discourage—but if Bush is hard to read Baker isn't much easier. There has been a rash of stories out of the State Department portraying Baker as the restraining hand within the Administration, the one that warns the President of the many dangers involved in going to war in the Gulf. A close colleague describes Baker's role somewhat differently, saying that in his capacity as a close friend of the President Baker makes sure that Bush gets all the right and necessary information. More than one official has described the Pentagon—as represented by Cheney and Powell—as the most cautious player in the Gulf policy mix, the President as the most hard-line, and Baker as somewhere in between. Brent Scowcroft, the national-security adviser, is said to be nearly as hard-line as the President. Another colleague of Baker's says that at first Baker was very hesitant about the policy of sending forces to the Gulf, mainly fearing the domestic consequences of "body bags" returning home—thus his ambivalent behavior in August—but has become increasingly committed to the policy of forcing Saddam Hussein out of Kuwait, one way or another. Cheney, too, is said to have become more committed to the policy over time. Baker and his top aides talk of what they regard as the long-term detrimental consequences in the Middle East of allowing Saddam Hussein to be seen to have gained anything at all for his aggression—and they may well believe it. But they are undoubtedly also aware of the potential long-term damage—there and here—that could be caused by a war.



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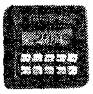

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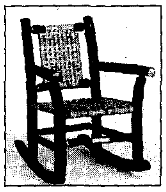

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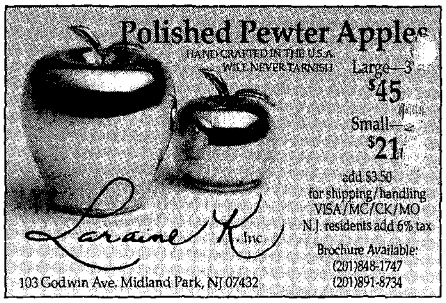

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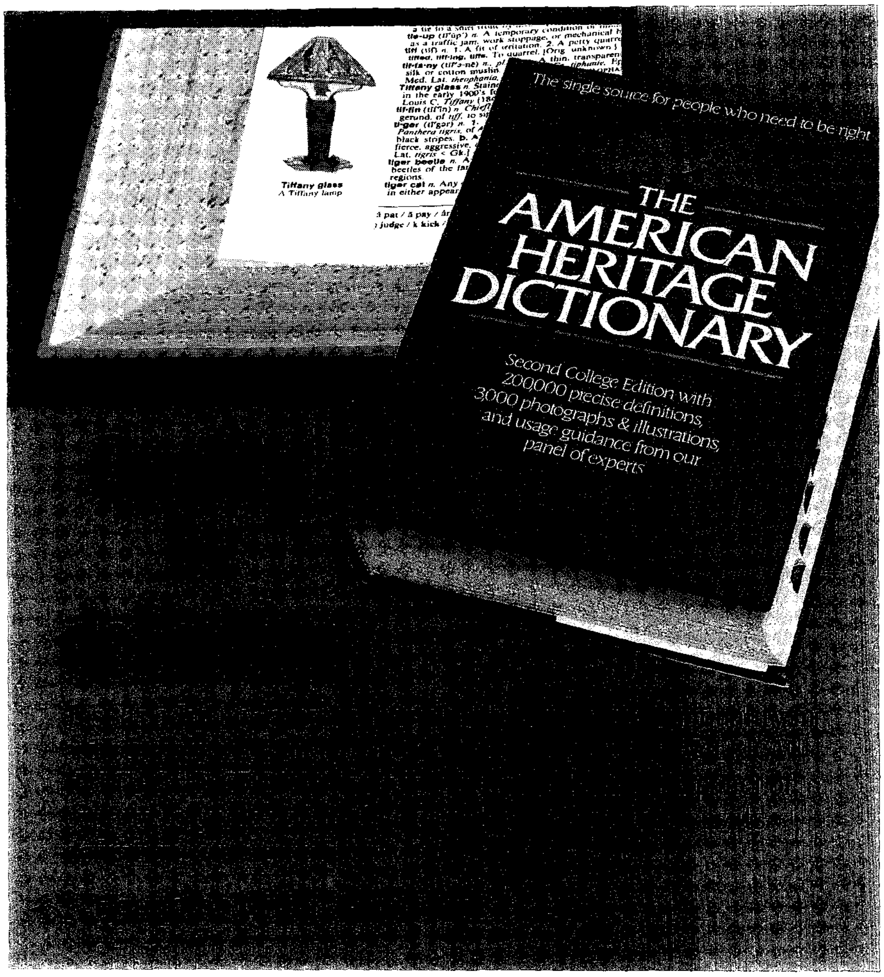
The possibility that we might go to war with Iraq had been understood by members of Congress for some time: before Congress adjourned, at the end of October, Democratic congressional leaders had warned the President publicly that he didn't have the authority to start a war over Kuwait, and had made special arrangements to come back in session if war appeared imminent (and the President didn't call them back). But people's minds had wandered while the fight over the budget dominated the news; we seem to have trouble as a nation focussing on two things at the same time. It was in part to recapture people's attention, and to try to stem the eroding public support for his Gulf policy—as well as to get off the subject of the budget, which was doing him no good politically—that the President again began talking about the Gulf the week before the election.

By almost everyone's admission, he fouled up. He sought to draw attention to the fact that Saddam Hussein is holding Americans hostage, though it had essentially been Administration policy not to make a big issue of the hostages, so as not to get trapped, as Jimmy Carter had. And, suddenly, the President made a big issue of the Americans still holed up in our Embassy in Kuwait. At first, the Administration was fairly casual about the policy about the Embassy (which had been ordered closed, along with all of the other foreign embassies, by Iraq), saying that it might be able to hold out for a while, but who knows? Now it has held out for quite a while, but is running short of food. (It apparently had a great deal of tuna fish.) The problem, according to officials, is that, though our diplomats could probably walk out free, other Americans who have taken refuge there might be shepherded off to join the other "human shields" at sensitive installations in Iraq. The President, appearing quite worked up, said "I've had it" with the treatment of the people in our Embassy—which led a number of people to wonder whether he was setting up another casus belli. The President was described by aides as feeling strongly about the hostages, but Presidents, we learned in the Iran-Contra affair, are supposed to be shielded from feelings about hostages. Some here wondered whether in this case, too, the President was setting up a pretext for war. And then, of course,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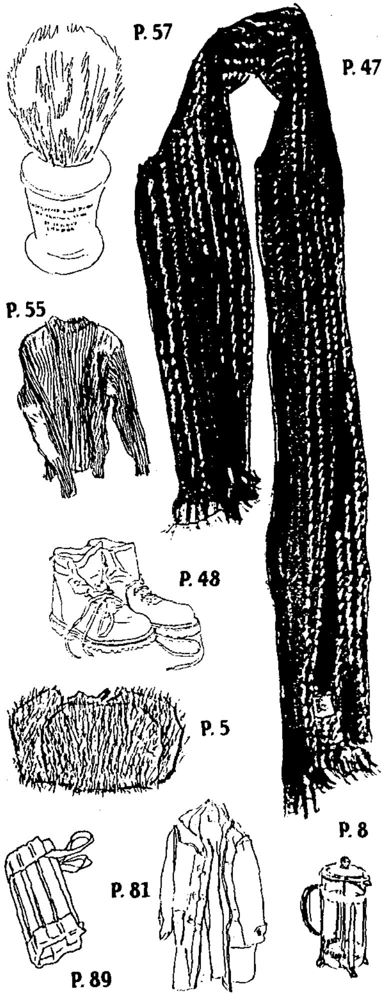

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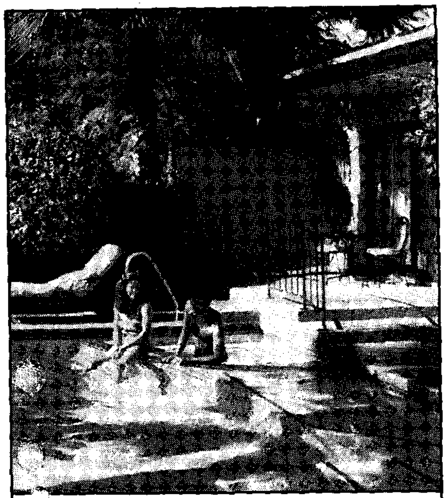
the President suggested that Saddam Hussein is worse than Hitler—a comparison that gave a number of his own advisers a headache. That Bush, a veteran of the Second World War, doesn't get it about Hitler and the feelings he still causes is puzzling.

EVEN the furor that followed the President's announcement that more troops would be sent to the Gulf indicated how reluctant politicians were to take him on directly. Several politicians resorted to indirection, to criticism at the periphery: "The President hasn't made the case," "The President hasn't explained it well enough," "The President hasn't consulted us enough." None of these criticisms addressed the question of whether the President was following a right or a wrong policy. On a dicey question, most politicians will avoid the main point as long as possible. When it comes to the most serious question of all—war—they are (with exceptions, of course) very reluctant to stick their necks out until they see how things are going. But the President's stated policy—that he is doing everything he is in order to avoid a war—puts dissenting politicians in a tricky situation. After all, the policy might "work": the President might succeed in getting Saddam Hussein out of Kuwait without war, or might succeed in getting him out in a brief and largely popular war. Some Democrats and others say that when they acquiesced in the early deployment of troops to Saudi Arabia they didn't understand what a large contingent the President would send there (thus increasing the pressure to use them)—even before the recent announcement. They were also concerned about the potential threat that Saddam Hussein posed to Israel. (They still are, but not at the cost of thousands of lives to liberate Kuwait.) It isn't just Democrats, of course, who have doubts about or oppose the President's policy. Some of its sternest critics are on the right, or are former Administration officials, or have served at the Pentagon. Among these is former Defense Secretary James Schlesinger, who felt that the original buildup was too large, the rhetoric too strong ("immediate, unconditional, and complete withdrawal" from Kuwait), and who feels that the President shouldn't put a deadline on the sanctions. Schlesinger also believes that there are ways short of war to hobble Iraq's nuclear and chemical capabilities.

If Bush does pull off a diplomatic solution—however hazardous the road to it—he will be hailed as a genius, and few politicians want to have been in the way. But more people here than are willing to say so aloud think that the current attempt to reach a diplomatic settlement through getting to the lip of war—if that's what the policy is—is much too dangerous. Sam Nunn, who had been raising questions since September, said on "Face the Nation" a week ago Sunday that we could be headed for a "'Guns of August.'" Nunn continued, "I think it would be a fundamental error for us to let logistics and weather conditions and religious festivals, or religious ceremonies, dictate the policy of war and peace." Nunn, who questions whether Kuwait is in our vital interests, says if the President wanted to frighten Saddam Hussein we didn't have to tell him we need time to further build up our offensive power. Nunn said to me recently, "We've had awesome offensive power there since mid-October." He added, "A very large buildup of military forces beyond that which we can sustain over a long period of time undermines the embargo strategy, because we can't be patient." Nunn has said he preferred the old strategy of deterring an attack on Saudi Arabia and giving the sanctions time. Among those Democrats who came out strongly against the President's adding forces, Senator Christopher Dodd, of Connecticut, drawing on the most painful symbol of Vietnam, said, "If we end up with ten, fifteen, twenty thousand kids coming back to this country in body bags, to liberate a scorched Kuwait, I'm not so sure you're going to find a tremendous amount of support or approval for the President having taken that action."

When Senator Richard Lugar, Republican of Indiana and an estimable man, suggested on November 13th, five days after the President's announcement, that the President reconvene Congress to debate and specifically authorize the President's Gulf policy, the Democrats smelled a trap. (Senate Minority Leader Robert Dole also called for a special sesssion.) Even though the White House was cool to, and ultimately opposed, the idea, the suspicion, apparently unfounded, was that the White House was originally behind the idea. Lugar, who supports the Presi-



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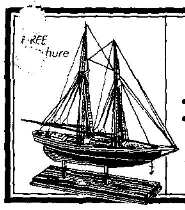

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dent's policy, argued privately to Scowcroft, who was opposed to a special session, that this was the best time to win congressional support for the President's policy, and says that if the support isn't there the Administration should know that before it goes to war. Though they had been insisting that the President could not go to war with Iraq without Congress's permission, the Democratic leaders wished to avoid such a debate because at that point they neither wanted to give the President permission, however explicitly, to go to war with Iraq, nor did they want to appear to be getting in the way of his espoused policy of trying to convince Saddam Hussein that we would go to war if he didn't surrender Kuwait. The principal Democratic leaders—Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell, House Speaker Thomas Foley, and House Majority Leader Dick Gephardt—are described as, for all practical purposes (barring an unavoidable provocation), opposed to a war over Kuwait, but feel they can't say that, under the circumstances. Yet the working assumption of the leadership was that if Congress were called into session and asked to back the President's policy, and perhaps give him the authority to go to war if necessary, it would have no choice at this point but to give him that authority. Mitchell had already taken the position the previous Sunday that there was no need to call a special session for a "hypothetical" discussion, since he had been advised that no decision had been made to go to war. When Foley and Gephardt met on Tuesday with thirty out of a group of eighty-one House Democrats who had long opposed the President's policy and wanted to debate it in special session, Foley explained the trap he thought was being set for the Democrats: If we oppose this deployment now, he said, we can be accused of hindering the President's ability to reach a peaceful settlement. However, Foley added, if the time came when it looked as if the President did intend to wage war the Democrats should accept the political onus of trying to stop him. But, given the various ways a war might start, they may never have the opportunity.

The President's stressing at the White House meeting with congressional leaders the following day that he hadn't changed his policy suited the Democrats' purpose of stating that they understood the President's policy as one

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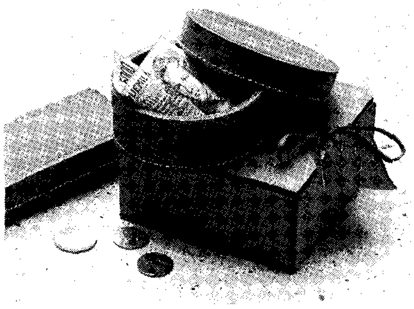

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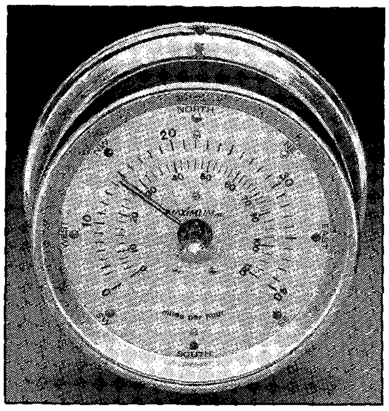

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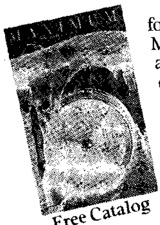

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seeking a peaceful resolution. (The President's also saying, as he brandished clippings from the Iraqi press, that the statements of U. S. critics were being used to tell Iraqis that America is divided over the President's policy incensed some of the Democrats present.) The President could honestly say he hadn't changed his policy, because it had been the policy all along to have an offensive option, and to use it if and when the timing seemed right. (The only thing that had changed was the military's estimate.) The irony may be that in announcing this troop increase, and explaining it as something designed to frighten Saddam Hussein, the President may have touched off a national debate that could increase Hussein's doubts that we would go to war. Domestic support for the President's policy is slipping. After the White House meeting, Mitchell and Foley, who may have been trying to hem the President in (just as they did after the President said he would accept "tax revenue increases"), solemnly stated that they understood that the President, as he assured the group, hadn't made a decision to go to war. Foley said, "The policy remains . . . the use of our forces there are for defensive purposes . . . and that has very, very strong bipartisan support in the Congress." Therefore, there was no reason for a special session of Congress. Foley and Gephardt, among others, are now suggesting that the President give sanctions twelve to eighteen months to work—but Administration officials say that we can't maintain four hundred and fifty thousand troops in the desert, or maintain Arab hospitality to them, or hold our international coalition together, for that long. Thus the new increment of troops may turn into a *fait accompli* that limits everyone's options.

In the days leading up to Thanksgiving, the President continued to struggle to find a way to explain what he's about in the Persian Gulf. The problem isn't that he hasn't stated some reasons (though he may also have some unstated ones); the problem is that he jumps about among the reasons—oil, then "It's not about oil," then "naked aggression," Hitler—and that he's not very good at articulation of serious purpose. (Actually, Administration officials say that oil is a very important reason.) This is where Bush's deficit as a public leader hurts him badly. He's dealt in slogans; he's campaigned rather than explained. (Baker last week came up with the idea that "if you want to sum it up in one word it's jobs.") The President is giving serious consideration to a major speech, trying once again to explain his policy, shortly after he returns from having Thanksgiving dinner with the troops in the desert tomorrow. The fact that he hasn't explained it well isn't the reason a large number of people oppose the President's policy. We have chosen to think that while Bush may flounder about on domestic policy he is steady on foreign policy. But he hasn't appeared steadily on the subject of the Gulf.

THE fact that the voters didn't, as they often don't, send a clear message in the midterm elections hasn't stopped people from finding messages —usually the ones they were looking for. As is often the case, the election results were an amalgam of the effects of personalities, local issues, and relative campaign skills, with a bit of national issues and concerns thrown in. Neither party can take a great deal of comfort from this past election—nor can the country. If, as many observers believe, the electorate was angry, and this anger, though it didn't result in the defeat of many members of Congress, did cause the narrower victory margins of many incumbents—and if, as the political consultants say, the anger is still there—members of Congress aren't likely to be braver in dealing with difficult national problems than they have been in the recent past. It was fear of that anger which made difficult decisions so hard to come by in the past year. The elections are likely to intensify the instinct, growing of late, to follow rather than to lead. This may apply to the President as well as to Congress.

If the election results looked like those of a fairly normal midterm election, the way they were arrived at wasn't normal. A prominent Republican consultant says, "The Republicans dodged a bullet." Yet the Democrats' pickup of one Senate seat and eight House seats (this doesn't include Bernard Sanders, a Socialist from Vermont) was not at all preordained earlier this fall. (The fact that fourteen governorships changed parties was a clear sign of voter restiveness aimed at a more immediate target—people who make more clear-cut decisions than those who go to Washington.) A few months ago, the Democrats were in a perilous situation with regard to the congressional elections, because Bush was riding high and they had no economic message—or any message at all. Barring a big national scandal, the Democrats are often at sea when they don't have an economic message—as they did in 1982, in the midst of a recession. In 1986, they had the good fortune of running against weak Republican Senate incumbents—people who had been swept in with the Reagan tide in 1980—and picked up eight Senate seats. This time, it was the Democrats who had the supposedly vulnerable Senate candidates—not accidental ones, like the 1980 Republicans, but ones the Republicans felt could be picked off as too liberal for the times. Further, to the extent that there is an anti-incumbency feeling it tends to be directed at the Democrats, who control Congress and seem more wedded to government, the source of the angry voters' frustrations. By mid-October, the Democrats had an economic message that came in two forms, only one of which they had anything to do with: first, as the economy continued to decline, a recession psychology, characterized by fear, had taken over; second, Bush unintentionally collaborated with the Democrats in their fashioning a "Republicans favor the rich" message. The first may have been the more important of the two, though they played into each other, and, together, helped blunt the anti-incumbency feeling—as the Democrats had hoped. It's impossible to know how many races the class issue in itself actually affected, not to mention determined; some Democratic consultants don't think it translated into very many votes. To a great extent, the Democrats benefitted from the fact that Republicans were at war with each other over the President's breaking his pledge not to raise taxes. But the voters didn't send a clear message on the subject of taxes. Some proposed tax rollbacks were defeated, as were some governors who had raised taxes.

The fact that the Democrats were able to exploit the "Republicans favor the rich" issue just before the election doesn't say very much for the long term. Robert Shrum, a consultant who was one of the strategists behind the Democrats' development of that issue, says, "We have a tenuous hold on a

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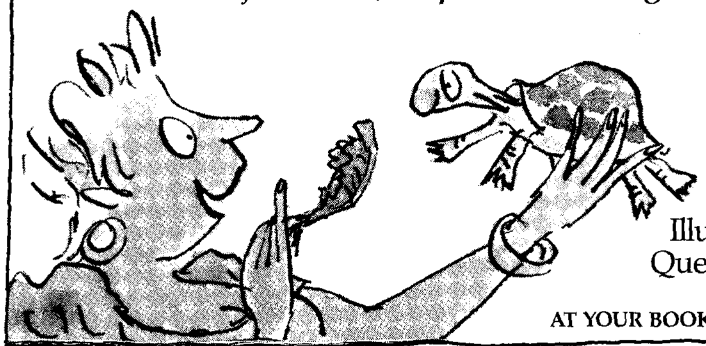

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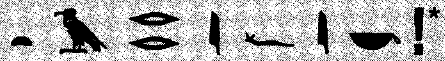

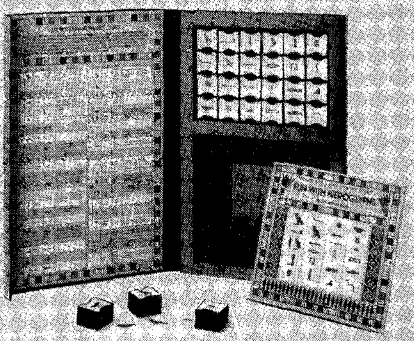

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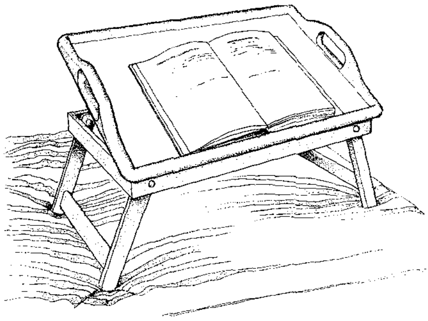

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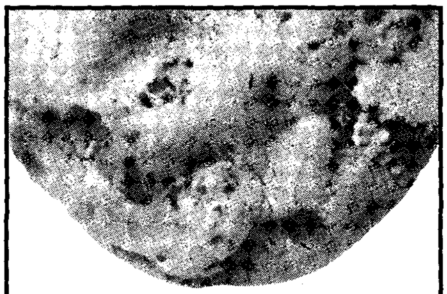

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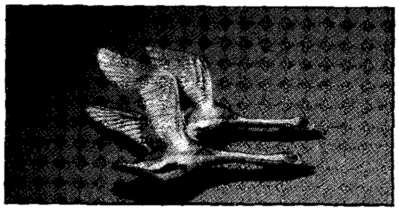
powerful message that we came to late in the game and that we might lose if we're not careful." Some Democrats are talking about again proposing the surtax on million-dollar incomes, the proceeds to be used for various programs, but they know that this horse is becoming tired. Others think this takes the Party right back into the "tax and spend" trap. (Actually, because the spending figures in the new budget agreement were padded, the Democrats have about forty billion in revenues to play around with over the next three years, and are considering what kinds of programs to spend it on.) Some Democrats want to use the proceeds from a surtax to give tax relief to the middle class. Such an idea is hardly consonant with the idea behind the recent budget—that people have to get used to the idea of paying more taxes—but as we get closer to 1992 consistency and responsibility are likely to recede further.

Some of the seriously contested Senate elections were settled well before the class issue came along, and were symptomatic of the collapse of the Republican strategy of targeting Senate Democrats by recruiting promising House Republicans to challenge them for reëlection. Five Republicans were thus recruited, and all five lost. (And three of their seats turned over to Democrats. It may be harder the next time to recruit House members to oppose incumbent senators.) It is now being said that this was a dumb strategy, but it wasn't: a House seat has traditionally been a good base for running for the Senate, and numerous senators started out in the House. It is also being said that the House Republican challengers didn't do better this year because they, too, were incumbents, but that's probably not the point, either. In three cases—Illinois, Rhode Island, and Michigan—the Republican candidates turned out to have their own liabilities, didn't run very good campaigns, and didn't make a convincing case as to why the incumbent should be thrown out. In Iowa, the election was closer, and turned on a number of factors, including abortion, which had an effect on some races, but not as many as Democrats had once hoped. (Republicans who are pro-life and were thrown on the defensive after the Webster decision have become more deft at dealing with the issue, and the Party no longer requires orthodoxy on this subject. It's



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the wafflers, including the Democratic candidate for governor of Ohio, who get in trouble. Under these circumstances, the abortion issue becomes a character issue.)

Jesse Helms' reëlection victory in North Carolina may have long-term implications. Although Helms might have won anyway—he was the incumbent running against a black liberal, Harvey Gantt, without a strong political base—the contest appeared very tight going into the last week, when, just in case, Helms poured it on, suggesting that Gantt's backing by homosexual-rights groups gave him a secret agenda that included "mandatory gay rights," and running the now famous ad on racial quotas. The ad, showing a white hand crumbling a job-rejection letter while a voice said, "You needed that job and you were the best qualified, but they had to give it to a minority because of a racial quota," and carrying the logo "Harvey Gantt supports Ted Kennedy's racial quota law," was an implementation of an issue the Administration had set up, and might well use nationally. Senator Edward Kennedy, though one of the most effective senators, has a fixed place in the demonology of the right, the use of his name (often with a smirk) intended to summon up some combination of liberal and satyr—and to answer all manner of arguments. Well before the President vetoed the civil-rights bill, calling it a quota bill (which it wasn't), a White House official told me the Administration felt that it had a good political issue in quotas. Since Nixon, Republicans have played the race card in Presidential campaigns. The Willie Horton issue in 1988 was simply the most notorious example. Bush, who could have stopped the Horton issue at any time, might well be tempted to play that card again. Perhaps not coincidentally, Vice-President Dan Quayle said in a recent interview with the Washington *Post*, "When the President says it's a quota bill, it's a quota bill, notwithstanding what Ted Kennedy may say about it." This week, William Bennett, the former drug czar, who has been designated the new chairman of the Republican National Committee (to succeed the ailing Lee Atwater), defended the Helms ad (Bennett had campaigned for Helms) and said he would welcome a debate with the Democrats over affirmative action.

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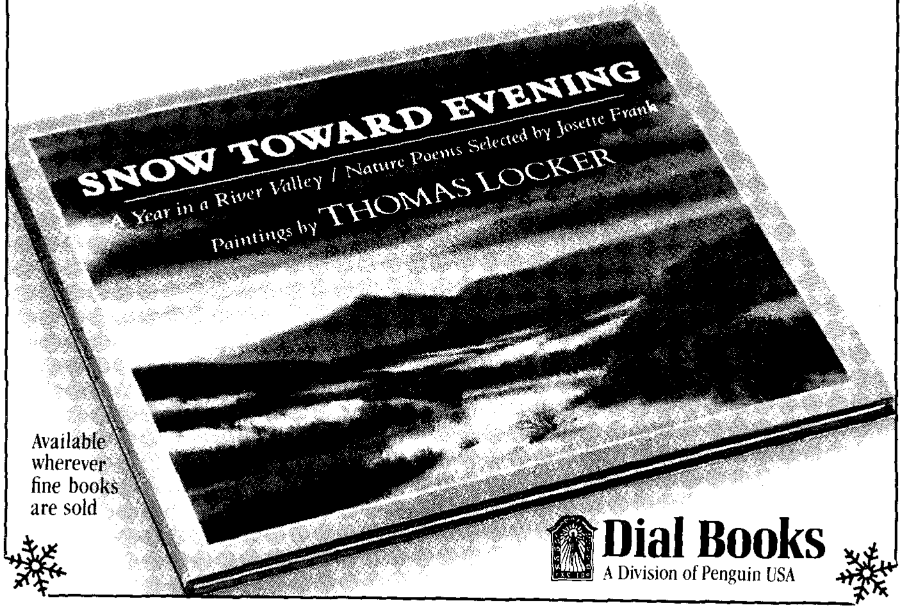
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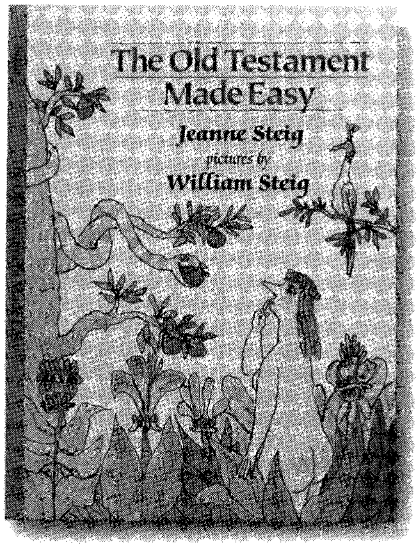

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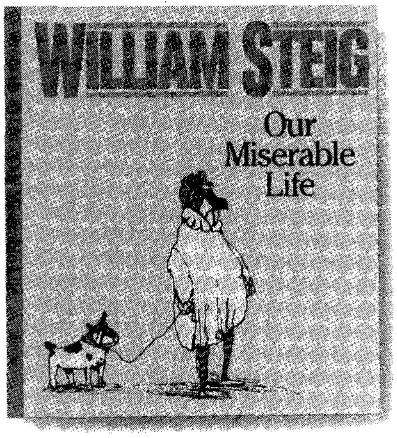

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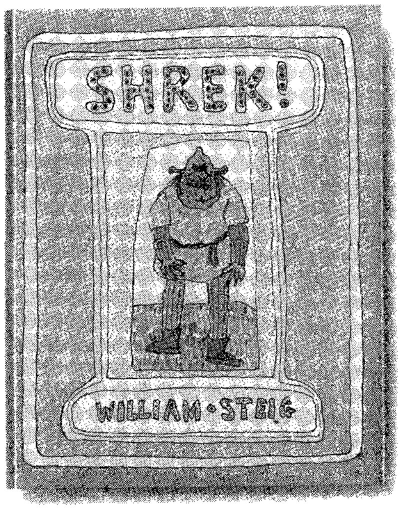

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tionably helped to stave off further defeats. It's not just the advantages in raising money (which didn't always work, but usually did), or the much discussed franking privilege; it's that the entire political system is rigged toward incumbents. Even the consultants prefer incumbents, because they want a lot of victories on their résumés. The point about incumbency can be overdone: there haven't for a long time been many real contests in the House, and there haven't been great numbers of incumbents rejected for a long time. (The lowest return rate in the postwar period was eighty per cent, in 1948; since then, the return figure has usually been above ninety per cent.)

By far most House districts have long been controlled by one party or the other. But there has been a change in degree. The newly fashionable response—the idea of term limits—is a particularly wrongheaded one. Many of the most valuable members of Congress—in terms of courage, longsightedness, sense of history, understanding of government—are those, in both parties, who have been there for many years. The problem isn't that Congress "isn't responsive." If anything, it's too responsive. Nor has Congress, contrary to much public comment, been unproductive—cumbersome, yes, but not unproductive. The idea of term limitation is essentially a gimmick, one that has been glommed on to nationally by some Republicans, including Quayle, and the President has publicly toyed with the subject. But surely Bush knows that some of his ablest congressional allies would be eliminated by such a proposal. Supporting term limits (the possibility that Congress would adopt a constitutional amendment establishing them is nil) is another way of beating up on the Democratic majority. The idea started with respect to state legislatures (three states have now adopted them), and there is, in fact, more of a case to be made for limiting the terms of state legislators, who aren't subject to the same conflict-of-interest restrictions as members of Congress. One lesson the Republicans should have got from the election—but probably didn't—is that campaign-finance reform is in their party's interest. If a major reason they can't gain control of Congress is that they are being outspent by incumbents, it would make sense from their point of view to put limits on spending. (This year, House incumbents outspent their

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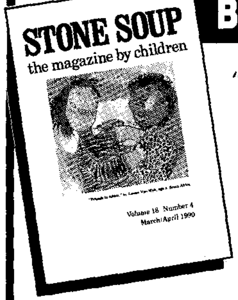

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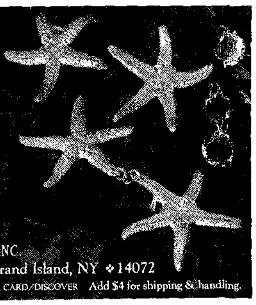

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opponents four to one.) But it has become Republican orthodoxy to oppose spending limits, on the theory that the only way to overtake incumbents is to outspend them. Campaign-finance reform failed this year because Republicans, though somewhat divided, ended up opposing meaningful reform—as did a large group of House Democrats, who know that the current system works in their favor.

The President's stumbling around in the last week of the campaign appalled many Republican operatives. However, the Republicans, now robbed of the no-taxes issue, and with the Cold War over, didn't have a national message. But once the President got off the subject of the budget, having been told by his advisers that it's a loser, and began talking about the Persian Gulf (however awkwardly), the Democrats had no national strategy. Though the Democrats suspected that Bush was using the Gulf issue to change the subject, and some Republican strategists admitted that that was the case, the Democrats didn't dare accuse him of cynically using the issue—that would have opened them to charges of cynicism. It wasn't until two days after the elections that Bush announced the decision to send more troops to the Gulf—a decision that had clearly been made before. Similarly, it wasn't until two days after the elections that the President acknowledged that the economy is stalled, and that he would be holding special meetings with his economic advisers. Some combination of Bush's changing the subject and of a trend naturally bottoming out stemmed the Republican slide going into the last few days. But though the Republicans didn't take a bath, they also didn't end up where they had once dreamed: virtually breaking even in this election, or even defying history and picking up seats despite being the party in power in the White House (Bush had brought few Republicans into Congress, so the Republicans started from a very low base), and putting themselves in position to win control of Congress in 1992. That is now a very long shot, and dreams of realignment—of setting up a permanent Republican majority in the South—were shattered by the electoral victories of Democratic gubernatorial candidates in Texas and Florida. (Republican Clayton Williams managed to lose Texas through his own buffoonery.) Though the Republicans won California, which will gain seven new House seats (the Democrats still control the California legislature), they didn't come out nearly as well as they had hoped in affecting reapportionment nationally.

The fairly public spectacle of the President's advisers in the final days fighting over what his speeches should be about, and the President appearing—as he can when he is in a campaign and tense—shrill and silly, left its mark on both the President and those of his friends who feel that he needs more and better advisers. There were, at the end, campaign stops the President didn't make because the candidates didn't want him there. (This is one reason Bush was by Clayton Williams' side so much at the end.) Bush is said to have felt strained and unhappy during the budget ordeal and in the closing days of the campaign.

The President's main domestic challenge now is that he has to decide, if he can, who he is and what he stands for. During his 1988 campaign, some of the less pleasant aspects aside, Bush, thanks to some of his advisers, was positioned as a Theodore Roosevelt Republican—one who would move forward (and away from Reagan) on education and the environment and ethics—and that's how he started out his Presidency. But, mainly at the urging of John Sununu, his chief of staff, his became a Presidency of vetoes, leaving him with a negative imprint on many of these issues. His domestic staff is now trying to ready a new agenda for him. (If he returns to the subject of capital gains, as in a recent press conference he suggested he would, he could be headed for a new imbroglio. A Democratic adviser says, "That would save us from ourselves.") Bush also has to figure out his relationship with the right wing of his party. His inability to bridge the chasm between the Party's more progressive wing (where he used to live) and the right (which he courted to win the nomination, and which is now threatening to oppose him in 1992) has been the source of much of his difficulty. But Bush, as he demonstrated in 1988, is a dogged, resilient figure. What happens to him in 1992 will have something to do with that, and something to do with whom the Democrats nominate and how he gets the nomination, and a lot to do with what happens in the economy and the Persian Gulf.

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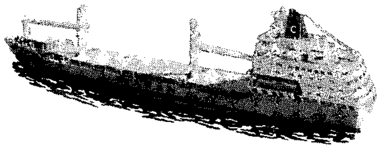

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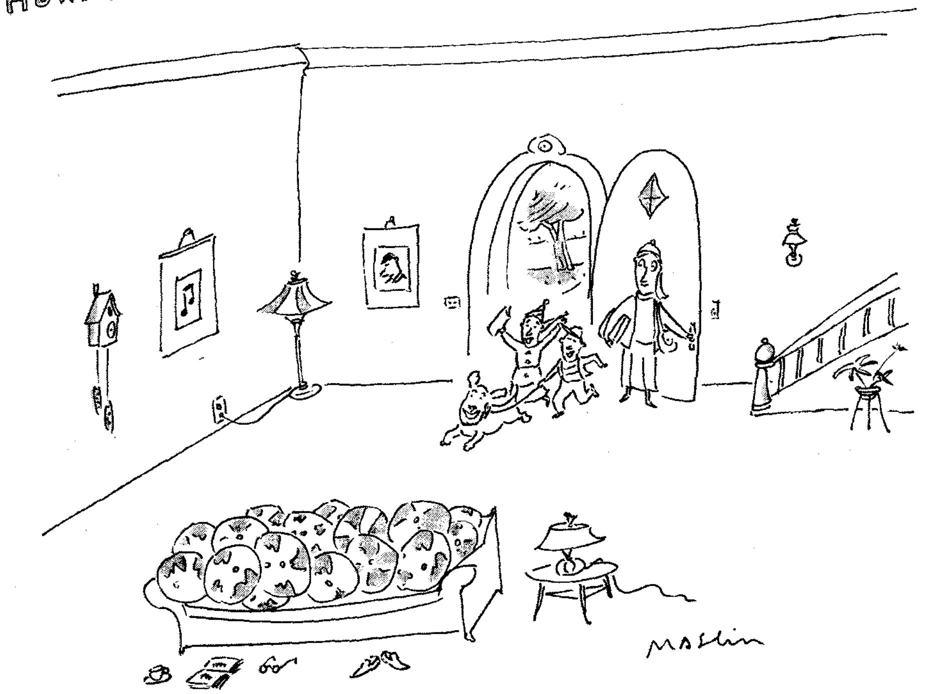
Denis Healey's autobiography, "The Time of My Life" (Norton; $29.95), is not as exceptional as the man himself, but it is only a little less so. A close reader may sense the gusto and the savage wit that set off Healey's parliamentary style during his long stint on Labour's front bench and fetched from some Tories the label "schoolyard bully." But these Healeyesque qualities do not emerge at all clearly. Still, the memoirs do reveal most of the essential Healey: his singular brilliance; the broad expanse of his culture; the passion of his commitment to the arts; his relentless sense of fun and his gift for friendship; his talent for cutting through abstract thought and, at another level, for mastering the ins and outs of complex strategic and financial problems that confronted him first when he became Britain's Defense Minister and later when he served as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Healey was the most gifted and the most stylish British politician of his generation. Germany's Helmut Schmidt was perhaps the only contemporary who could match his grasp of foreign, defense, and financial issues. Schmidt and Healey were—and are—friends as well as fellow social democrats. They were also colleagues, each having for a time been in charge of his country's defense and financial policies. The difference, of course, is that Schmidt became Chancellor and Healey, who aspired to his party's leadership, was denied it and so never became Britain's Prime Minister. "Politics has never been the whole of my life," Healey says toward the end of his memoirs. His wife and children, he writes, were more important to him than his career. His prodigal gifts offered numerous outlets from the political arena, and in the early days of his career Healey may have wondered at times whether he ought actually to be not in politics but somewhere in the arts, or perhaps even in journalism; throughout his career, he pieced out his income by writing for newspapers and various journals. Still, many Healey watchers saw a strong ambition to reach the top as causing him at times to trim when he should have sailed with the wind, losing old supporters in the process without gaining new ones.

Healey writes well—he does most things well—and he has produced the sort of book one would expect from him: literate, entertaining, and revealing. The memoirs of many public figures tend to justify their actions, to obscure what went wrong, and to settle a few scores. The better ones are usually non-self-justifying, and laconic in style. Healey's book falls in the latter category, in that it is largely not self-serving, but it is hardly laconic in style. The effortless achiever sometimes glosses over his achievements (as he also does his occasional political lapses). At Oxford, he had a Double First, but the reader hears more about holidays on the Continent, student politics, and the ups and downs of love affairs than about Balliol College and the tutors. "I learned as much about life and politics from my summer holidays in those years as I did at the University itself," he writes. All that ended in June of 1940. "I sat down . . . for the first of twenty-four gruelling papers in the examination for Greats on that hot summer day when the German motorcyclists roared into Abbeville, just across the Channel. . . . I was one of many who walked out without finishing the final Greek verse paper. Fortunately, the examiners made allowances and I got my First." This lapidary comment serves as the transition to the more formative experiences he had in the Second World War.

COMPLETELY SURROUNDED BY THROW PILLOWS, HOWARD KNOWS THERE'S LITTLE CHANCE OF ESCAPE.



Healey had a good war, and earned military honors for exploits that are still recalled from time to time; he was a specialist in assault landings, and became the military landing officer ("beachmaster") for the British assault on Anzio. However, the reader hears less about Major Healey the battle-hardened warrior than about people he served with; about how he amused himself between battles, going to the opera in Naples, introducing a young woman from the nursing yeomanry to Yeats' "Leda and the Swan"; and about weekends spent in places like the medieval town of San Gimignano, in Tuscany, and the fishing village of

Positano, in the south. "Unfashionable though it is to admit it, I enjoyed my five years in the wartime army," Healey says.

HEALEY, born in 1917, was nurtured by loving parents who were devoted to literature and, in his mother's case, to music and painting as well. His father, he says, was a romantic Irish nationalist, and "was deeply ashamed that Tim Healey, the persecutor of Parnell, bore the same name, although they were in no way related." His mother, after accepting his father's proposal, "insisted they went away to Fleshwick Bay in the Isle of Man for a trial marriage," Healey notes. "It was months before her mother would speak to her again. Both my parents could have come from an early novel by H. G. Wells—mother from 'Ann Veronica' and father, perhaps, from 'Kipps' or 'The History of Mr. Polly.' "

Healey's boyhood idol wasn't Nelson or Wellington but, rather, Leonardo da Vinci, "who explored the whole universe of knowledge with pen and ink." His appetite for literature began early and was sharpened by the subjects he read as a scholarship boy at Bradford Grammar School, which was ten miles from Keighley, the Yorkshire village where the family lived. (They later moved to a village called Riddlesden, to a house "looking . . . towards Haworth and the moors which inspired 'Wuthering Heights,' " Healey says. "Emily Brontë's poems have a unique resonance for me.") "I am often asked whether I would not have done better to learn something other than Latin and Greek," he writes. "At least for the work I have done since, there is no better training." At Bradford, he also experienced an "explosion" of interest in painting and the start of a lifelong passion for music. The piano has provided his "most rewarding hobby," he says, although his limitations remind him of Donne's words:

> And like a bunch of ragged carrots
> stand
> The short swoll'n fingers of thy
> gouty hand.

Healey writes that when he was a schoolboy "the arts so dominated my life . . . that I had little interest in politics," and adds, "My one act of political witness was to brave the wrath of all my teachers by resigning from the Officers' Training Corps in 1935. This was mainly because the poets of

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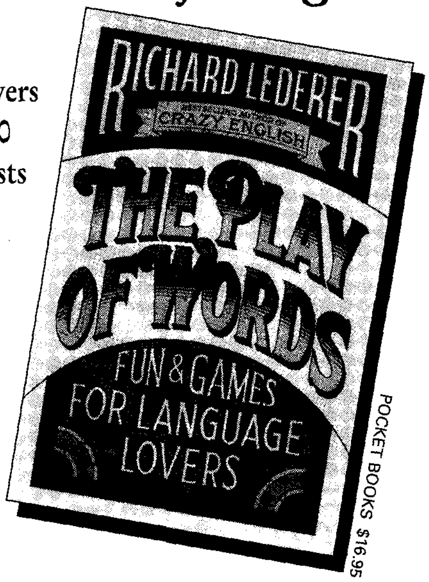

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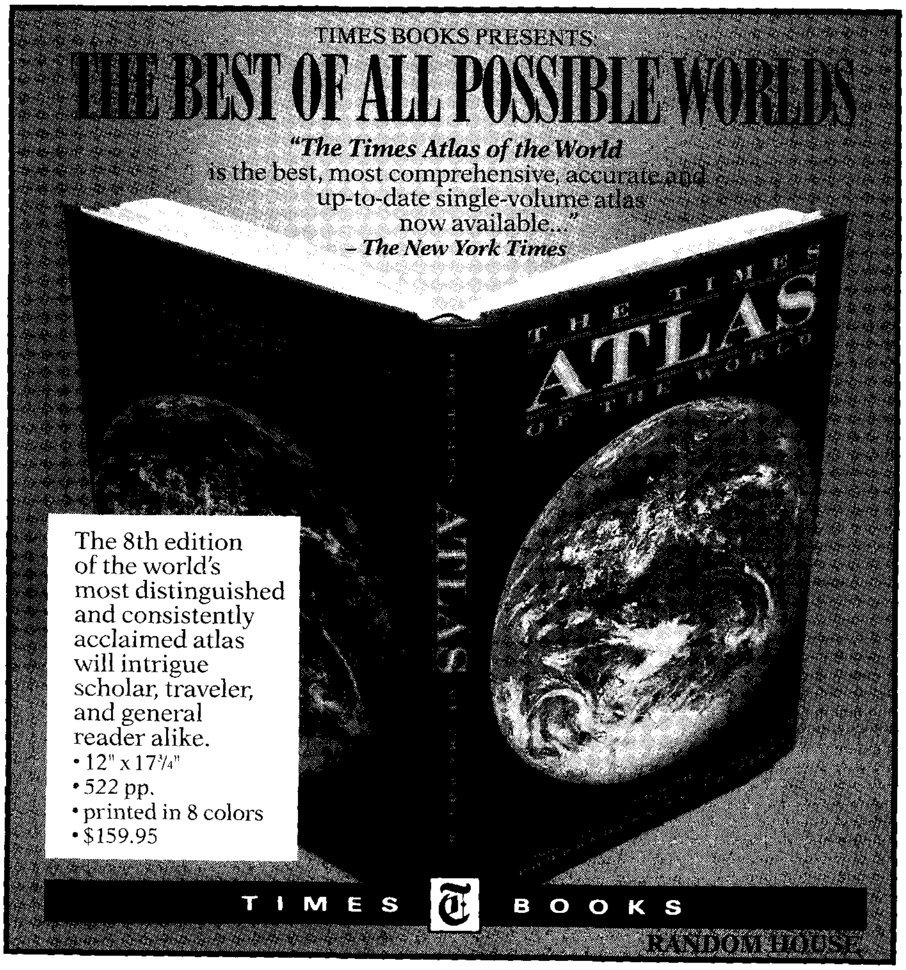

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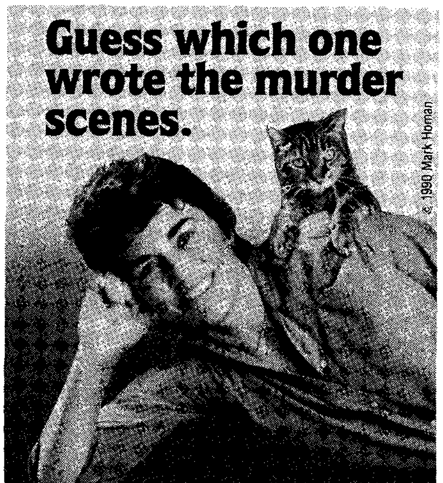
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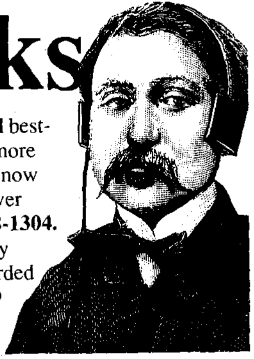
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the Great War, such as Wilfred Owen and Siegfried Sassoon, had converted me to pacifism."

The following year, Healey was at Oxford, having won a scholarship to Balliol, where he was "disappointed" to find politics, and not the arts, "so dominant." Still, like many of his Oxbridge contemporaries, Healey, who would become a cynosure of Labour's right, joined the Communists as a student, even though he found "the element of romantic savagery in . . . middle-class young communists somewhat distasteful." He writes, "Their Byronic posturing seemed to spring more from the need to sublimate some purely personal or class neurosis than from the harsh realities which confronted the rest of us." He says that he was "*inevitably cast as the* 'culture boss' of the Party and wrote the art criticism for *Oxford Forward*." Healey gradually lost interest in class warfare, and says that in his last year at Oxford he took so little notice of both university and world politics, which included the Soviet attack on Finland and the Hitler-Stalin Pact, that he "did not break with the Communist Party until the fall of France."

Healey is preoccupied by the links between politics and the arts, if only because of his "contacts with poets, painters, and musicians," he says. He goes on, "Without the arts, politics would before long have encrusted me in a horny carapace; my persona would have taken over from my personality, and the mask would have become the man." Because most artists need an audience for their work, he says, they are in politics whether they like it or not: "The moment they have to compete with others for money, fame, or influence, artists have to become politicians. Artistic politics, like academic or clerical or bureaucratic politics, has nothing to learn in virulence from the House of Commons."

Among modern writers, Virginia Woolf emerges as Healey's great favorite. His love for her work began at school. In the late seventies, Healey and his wife, Edna, bought a house for weekends at Alfriston, in the Cuckmere Valley, where "we found ourselves in the middle of Bloomsbury country." Of those days he writes, "Lydia Lopokova, the ballet dancer who married Maynard Keynes, was still living nearby. . . . Visitors would find her gardening at the age of eighty-six, stark naked except for a straw hat. Virginia Woolf's home was a few miles away at Rodmell. Her sister Vanessa, a painter, had settled even closer, at Charleston farmhouse."

Healey identifies with poets more than with other artists or with even the most accomplished political notables. "Through them we can hear what Wordsworth called 'the still, sad music of humanity.' " His father wrote poetry by the yard, which, Healey says, "was suffused with a wistful melancholy which recalled A. E. Housman." Healey's favorite poets, who include Emily Dickinson and William Blake, are an eclectic lot, but there is a clearly dominant figure in his pantheon—Yeats, a fellow Irish Prot, whose personality and life fascinated Healey nearly as much as the poetry did. He dwells on what he calls "personal affinities" with Yeats: "His family was of Yorkshire origin; as a child in Sligo he loved listening to a stable-boy called Johnny Healey reading Orange ballads to him—alas, no relative of mine, since he was anti-Fenian! My rooms at Balliol looked across the Broad to where Yeats had lived in the twenties. . . . His sense of humour could be Rabelaisian, and he had a pretty though sometimes savage wit."

Yeats, hopelessly impractical on many issues—he never mastered the telephone—could show considerable cunning, especially about money. Healey writes, "When they told him he had won the Nobel prize for literature, his first question was: 'How much?' A man after my own heart."

HEALEY'S career in elective politics was launched toward the end of the war, while he was still in the Army. A letter from a Labour Party figure in Keighley offering him a choice of two safe Conservative seats to run for arrived while he was in Italy and was planning a British landing in northern Yugoslavia. Healey picked one, got three months' leave when the war was over, and arrived back in London just in time to treat the Labour Party Conference in May of 1945 (his first such outing) to a slashing attack on the upper classes. He recalls that after the speech "George Thomas, later Speaker of the House of Commons and Lord Tonypandy, congratulated me with the words: 'Denis, you have the most wonderful gift of vituperation!' " He didn't exaggerate. This "gift" combined with another Healey hallmark—an inability to suffer fools—to damage his larger prospects. A friend of his once told me, "Harold Wilson could always dish the left [of the Labour Party] without leaving a mark, whereas Denis does it with gusto, leaves marks, and wonders why he was never elected to lead the Party."

Much—indeed, most—of what Healey says about his faction-ridden, turbulent party consists of reflections on the leadership of Harold Wilson during his seven years as Prime Minister. Healey was in the Cabinet throughout the Wilson era, and he seems to equate his party's decline with Wilson's squalid leadership style: "He had no sense of direction, and rarely looked more than a few months ahead. His short-term opportunism, allied with a capacity for self-delusion which made Walter Mitty appear unimaginative, often plunged the government into chaos. Worse still, when things went wrong he imagined everyone was conspiring against him." From time to time, there was talk within and beyond the Labour Party of changing leaders, and Cecil King, who owned the Mirror group of newspapers (which supported Labour), tried repeatedly, Healey says, "to get me to conspire against Wilson, and to promote me as leader of the Labour Party or of a Coalition Government." Healey invariably declined to take part in such schemes. He nonetheless tended at times to act in a way that some saw as too clever by half, others as Jesuitical, with regard to issues that could affect his political position.

As for what ails Britain, Healey seems to see ineluctable pressures at work: "We knew in our hearts that Acheson had put his finger on something important when he said that Britain had lost an empire, and not yet found a role. But we could ignore his underlying message because his metaphor was highly inappropriate; international politics is not a stage on which actors can choose their parts. And the problems faced by modern industrial democracies will not yield to simple prescriptions, however skilfully promoted and aggressively administered." This comment is not persuasive. In context, it points up what to me was the gravest of Healey's intellectual and political miscalculations: his unwillingness to accept the notion that Britain's proper role in the postwar

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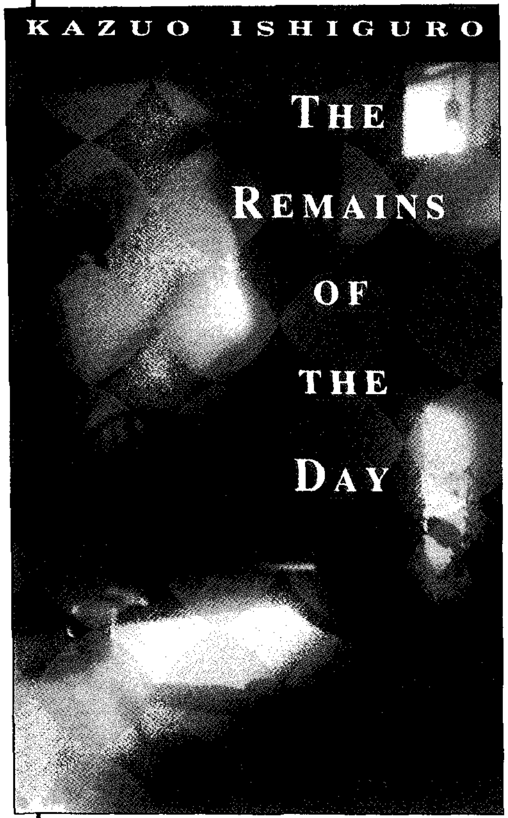

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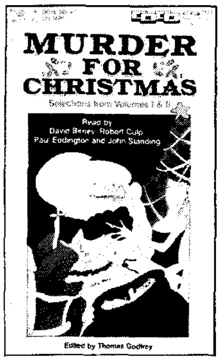
order was clear—to take part in and provide a strong measure of leadership to Europe's effort to build a tightly knit community that could repair centuries of strife and disunity, not to mention two civil wars in this century.

Healey variously describes himself as "pragmatic" and "agnostic" with regard to British membership in the European Community. He found the arguments of the advocates—"Euro-fanatics"—to be "intellectually disreputable." Healey doesn't say so, but on at least one occasion he did a flip-flop on British membership in the E.C., probably in deference to the strong-little-Englander style of the Labour Party then. Almost from the beginning, the E.C. imparted a vigor to Europe that it hadn't known since the Age of Exploration. British advocates of the E.C. understood that Washington would one day require an interlocutor who could speak for Europe, and that Britain, if it remained adrift from the E.C., would lose influence in Washington. Although Healey is pro-American, has great knowledge of America, and was for many years a figure of consequence within the so-called special relationship, he never embraced the logic of his country's position. In two passages of his memoirs he seems to see Sweden as a model for what Britain should become. "My admiration for Scandinavian socialism was one of many reasons why I thought Britain should not join the Common Market," he writes. Yet the Swedes are thought to be on the verge of applying for membership in the E.C.

Even now, with nothing left to gain or lose politically, Healey remains an unregenerate anti-European. Toward the end of his memoirs he expresses doubt that the E.C. can achieve an advanced form of unity. "Personally I do not regret it," he says. "A continental sacro-egoismo could be even more dangerous to peace than a national sacro-egoismo." Oddly, and doubtless illogically, I found myself wondering why Healey feels as he does about Britain's joining the Continent, since, apart from the case for joining, which is simple and strong, few if any of the leaders of postwar Britain's political parties are as strongly attracted to or as comfortable with the cultures of the Continent or its chief languages—French, German, and Italian—as Healey. (It wouldn't surprise me to learn that he gets around in Russian, too.)



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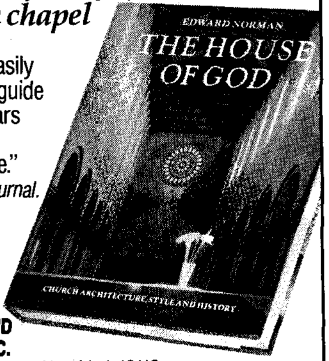

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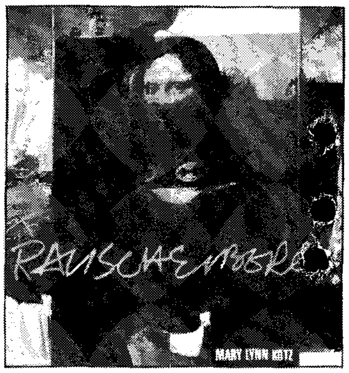

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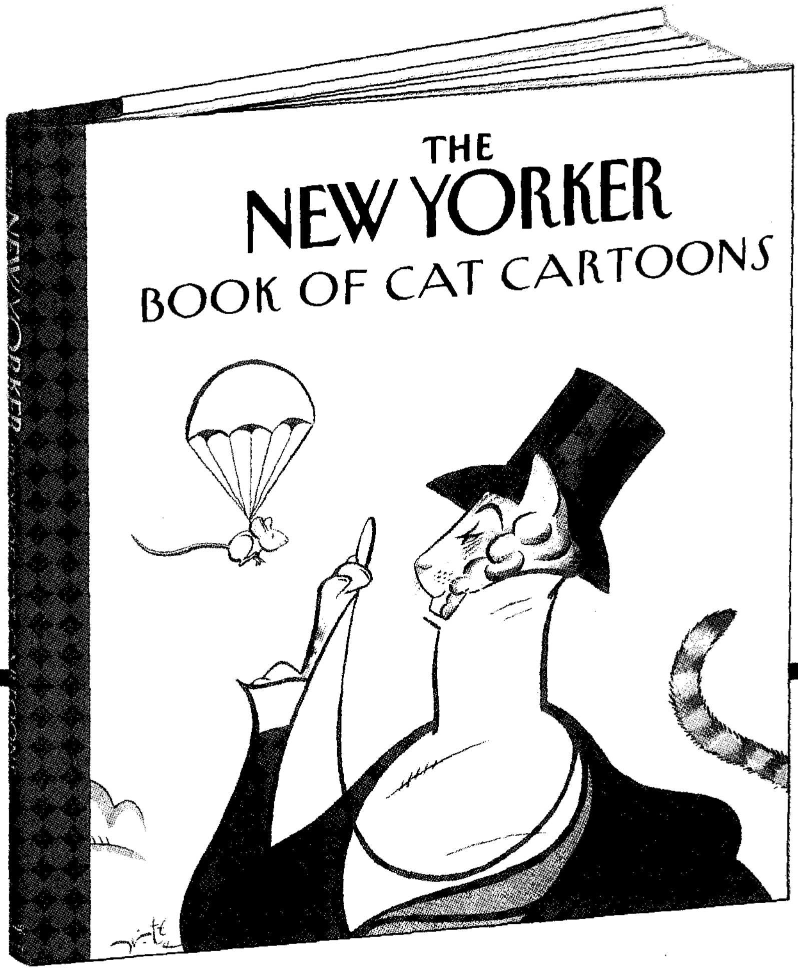
The memoirs abound in sharply drawn sketches of major political personalities—European and American—whom Healey has known and worked with. The sketches are entertaining but compressed. The reader is denied some of Healey's insights into pivotal figures, not least American ones. He worked closely with Robert McNamara, whom he describes as having "exceptional qualities" that "were offset by some weaknesses." He goes on, "Wiry to the point of emaciation, with rimless spectacles, hair plastered flat on his skull, and the vocabulary of a management consultant, he gave the impression of being a desiccated calculating machine. . . . He was in fact a passionate, if puritanical, humanist. . . . We used to have breakfast together in Brussels before every meeting of NATO Defence Ministers. He usually flew there overnight from Vietnam, in a bomber with no windows so that he could sleep. I once asked him how things were going in Vietnam. 'Just fine,' he replied. 'Next month we'll be dropping twice the tonnage of bombs we are dropping this month.' "

Healey recalls Richard Nixon as "sweating with anxiety" at the start of their first meeting, in London, and says, "He was more lacking in self-confidence than any leading politician I have known. Once we started talking, however, I found him intelligent and well-informed, an impression he made on the whole Cabinet later that morning, when Wilson invited him to attend it."

Lyndon Johnson, Healey says, was "one of the few politicians with whom I found it uncomfortable to be in the same room," and he explains, "Johnson exuded a brutal lust for power which I found most disagreeable. . . . He boasted acting on the principle 'Give me a man's balls, and his heart and mind will follow.' . . . Nixon and Johnson both had great flaws as human beings; yet in spite of all, they left office with achievements other Presidents might have envied."

Healey's casual references to minor personalities of other countries are arresting, and occasionally startling. In his sketch of Chou En-lai, whom he describes as "the most impressive political leader I have ever met," he notes, "He was beginning to feel his age, and kept referring to my youth. This was not altogether agreeable, since, like Wilson Mizner, I hate careless flattery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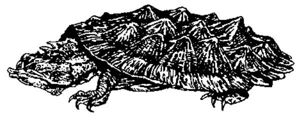

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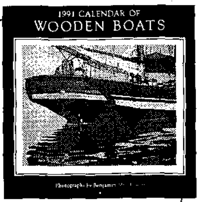

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The six years in which Healey served as Defense Minister were his most satisfying, even though, he says, at the end of this experience he "appreciated all too well the accuracy of Coleridge's description of a shadow—'unmeaning as moonlight on the dial of the day.' " He leads the reader effortlessly through the thicket of Whitehall's bureaucratic politics—the eternal squabbles with the Foreign Office, the Treasury, and No. 10. He loved getting away from all that, and his travels as a senior minister are rich in anecdote and often revealing. In 1970, for example, the Germans made him a Knight of the Order Against Pomposity. "It is said that a German joke is no laughing matter," he writes. "So it proved. I turned up in Aachen at four o'clock one afternoon after a gruelling day with the Rhine Army. For the next four hours I had to exchange witticisms in German over schnapps and a type of champagne called *Kalte Ente*—'cold duck.' At eight o'clock we went to a banquet with about two thousand guests. After another four hours' drinking, this time with food as well, I had to enter a golden cage with a jester's hat on my head and make a speech on television in German, finishing with a song in the Aachen dialect. There was an audience of about thirty million people, in the Low Countries as well as Germany. Drinking continued until four in the morning. At eleven next day we all met for a *Kater-Fruhstück*, or 'hangover breakfast,' of salt herring and beer. When I resumed my visit to the British forces that afternoon my hosts found me untypically subdued."

Healey spent five years, from 1974 to 1979, as Chancellor of the Exchequer—a job for which he was less well prepared, at least intellectually, than he had been for that of Defense Minister. He compares himself to Hector Berlioz, who, he says, "had found it necessary for much of his life to earn a little extra by writing weekly articles as a *feuilletoniste*." Healey adds, "He hated it, saying that there could be nothing worse—except being Finance Minister in a Republic; in nineteenth-century France that was the exact equivalent of Chancellor of the Exchequer in a Labour Government."

Healey's account of this difficult and thankless task is entertaining, mainly because he saw economics itself as tedious and full of humbug. The only economist he had any time for was Joseph Schumpeter, a former Finance Minister of Austria who taught at Harvard. "Shortly before he died, he said that he had always had three ambitions—to be the world's greatest economist, the world's greatest horseman and the world's greatest lover," Healey recalls. "He had failed, he said, in one of those ambitions—because there were no horses at Harvard." Schumpeter's work became Healey's polestar while he was Chancellor. Healey drew a number of conclusions from his experience at the Treasury, especially about taxation. He notes, for example, that "any substantial attempt to improve the lot of the poorest section of the population must now be at the expense of the average man and woman, since the very rich do not collectively earn enough to make much difference, and the average man does not nowadays want to punish those who earn a little more than he, since he hopes ultimately to join them."

Healey's observations are uniformly interesting and in most cases sensible. Indeed, he is exceptional partly because he demonstrates nearly as much common sense as he does intellectual flair. It is mainly on why he failed in his bid to become leader of the Labour Party, along with his position on the E.C. and Britain's role, that he is unconvincing. Yet there is no reason to question his disavowal of personal ambition as ever having been his "consuming passion." He says, "I have always wanted to do something rather than to be something."

Reflecting on his years in high office and the shards of his earlier life, Healey writes, "I would have been no better off as a successful poet or painter. At the end of his life Yeats summed up his achievements with the line: ' "What then?" sang Plato's ghost. "What then?" ' Even Leonardo . . . would mutter as he traced the delicate wheels of running water on the complex architecture of the human skull: '*Dimmi se mai fu fatto qualche cosa*?'—'Tell me if anything was ever done?' "

—John Newhouse

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